How Motorists Lose Millions by Not Knowing Tires

Goodyear tire sales just trebled last year—jumped to $8,500,000. Yet these patented tires, for most of the year, cost 20% more than other good tires.

All because Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires get rid of rim-cutting entirely. And because Goodyear tires are 10% oversize. These two features together double the worth of a tire. Now these premier tires—because of enormous production—cost the same as other standard tires. And 64 leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyears for 1911.

Motor car owners can save millions of dollars by proving the facts told here.

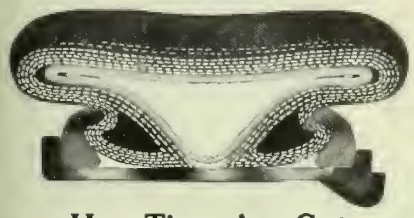
No Rim-Cutting

Rim-cutting ruins more automobile tires than any other single cause.

Even when the tire is but partly deflated, common tires are cut where they can't be repaired. When a tire is punctured, rim-cutting wrecks it—often in a single block.

You can never run home on a punctured tire—however short is the distance—because of that rim-cutting.

Now a Goodyear invention gets rid of this trouble entirely. Let us tell you how.



How Tires Are Cut

The picture above shows an ordinary tire—a clincher quick-detachable—fitted in a universal rim.

This is the standard rim for quick-detachable tires. It has been adopted by all the big rim makers. Nearly all motor cars for 1911 will be equipped with this rim. The same principle is used in demountable rims.

Goodyear tires—like other tires—are made to fit any rim. We picture this rim because, from now on, it will be almost universal. Any car which lacks it can be equipped with it.

The two rim flanges which grip into the tire are removable and reversible. You unlock one flange and slip it off when you wish to remove the tire.

The tire shown above—the ordinary clincher tire—has hooks on the base to fit into these rim flanges. That is how the tire is held on.

When you use such a tire, these rim flanges must be set to curve inward—as shown in the picture—to grasp hold of this hook in the tire.

These hooks—as all motor car owners know—are prone to "freeze" into the rim flange. It's a hard job to pry them out.

But the main trouble lies in that thin edge next the tire. When the tire is deflated, as shown in the picture, note how that sharp hook of the rim flange digs into the side of the tire.

That is what causes rim-cutting. It may wreck a clincher tire in a moment if you run it flat. A very large share of all tire ruination is caused by that thin rim edge.

The 63 Braided Wires

The Goodyear Way

The picture above shows a Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire fitted in the same universal rim. The movable rim flanges are simply reversed so they curve outward when you use this tire.

The Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire has no hooks on the base—nothing to fit into these rim flanges—nothing to pry out.

When the tire is deflated—as shown in the picture—it comes against the rounded edge. Rim-cutting is simply impossible.

We have sold half a million No-Rim-Cut tires. We have run them deflated in a hundred tests—as far as 20 miles. In all this experience there has never been a single instance of rim-cutting. When you specify Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires you are rid of this trouble forever.

How We Control It

We control this feature because we alone make a practical tire which cannot stretch at the base. We do this by vulcanizing into the base 63 braided piano wires.

These 63 wires can't stretch. Even when the tire is completely deflated, it is utterly impossible to force it over the rim flange.

When the tire is inflated these braided wires contract. Then the base of the tire is held to the rim by a pressure of 134 pounds to the inch.

The tire can't creep on the rim—can't slip over the rim under any condition. That we positively guarantee. No tire bolts are needed to hold it, as with clincher tires.

This braided wire feature—which we control—makes the hooks on the tire unnecessary. So you can set the rim flanges with the round edge toward the tire. And that round edge never cuts the tire.

Our rivals, of course, have tried other ways to secure a non-stretchable base. Some use a single wire—some a hard rubber base. But the braided wires, which contract with inflation, are utterly essential. Otherwise the tire will creep.

That is why other tire makers who make hookless tires still advise the clincher. We control the only way yet invented to make hookless tires safe.

Goodyear Tires 10% Oversize

Another fact is that Goodyear tires average 10 per cent oversize. That means 10 per cent more tire to carry the load. It means, on the average, 25 per cent additional mileage at no extra cost.

That is a vital matter, for motor car makers—in these days of close figuring—rarely leave leeway for extra load.

In deciding on tire sizes, passengers are figured at 150 pounds each, and the car at its weight when stripped. But you add extras—a top, glass front, gas tank, gas lamps, extra tires. And passengers sometimes weigh more than 150 pounds.

The result is a blow-out. It often occurs when the tire is new. Skimpy tires, at the lowest estimate, add 25 per cent to tire bills.

When you specify Goodyears you get 10 per cent oversize with no extra cost. That takes care of the extras—it avoids overloading. It saves you, on the average car, that 25 per cent.

Those are two of the reasons why thousands of buyers paid 20 per cent extra last year to get Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. Now our multiplied production enables us to sell these tires at the price of other standard tires. Don't you think it worth while to insist on them?

Other Reasons

There are many other reasons told in our book, "How to Select an Automobile Tire." Won't you send us your address for it?

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Seneca St., Akron, Ohio

We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires

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(119)

The Silent Waverley ELECTRICS

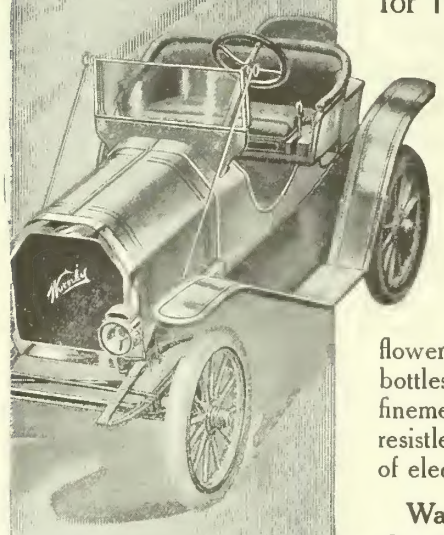
Model 81
Four-Passenger Brougham

Luxury's Triumph in 1911 Electrics

See the Waverley at the Shows!

It might well be thought that electrical science and coach building art had reached the *ne plus ultra,* in the 1910 models of the Silent Waverley.

But the lifting of the curtain on Waverley achievements in the models for 1911, at the shows, reveals luxury surpassing even these triumphs.



The increased width of body—the grace of the additional curve in the swell sides of the extension front—the unusual window space—the generous front and back seats with plenty of room for four—the upholstering in the richest goat morocco, English broadcloth and carriage lace afforded by world famed markets — additional pockets—umbrella holders—cut glass flower vase—toilet case with watch and salt bottles—every accessory of comfort and refinement figures in a creation that appeals resistlessly to the tastes of the most exacting of electric carriage users.

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THE HIGH HAND

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

A Distractingly Pretty Girl

OUT of the chaos of mediocrity he came, Jim Warren, of Warburton—up through the murk of the foundry, the din of the steel room, the clangor of the machine shop; up by brawn and brain, until one day quite naturally he took his place at the big flat-topped desk in the superintendent's office, away from and yet within sound of the roar of machinery and the thunder of trip-hammers. He loved the mighty smashing and the crashing of the trip-hammers. There was something sinister and merciless in the ponderous power behind the straight-out spurt of sparks from white-hot metal; and yet, so gentle was it, so perfectly could that vast power be held in check, that a steady hand might shell peanuts with it and not so much as bruise a kernel. He liked to remember that there had been a time when he could shatter the crystal of a watch with a ten-ton blow so accurately calculated that the hands of the watch, a hair's breadth away, were not touched. He used to do it occasionally for the amusement of visitors to the factory. One such incident he had always remembered. Mr. Chase, manager of the factory, had brought two persons into the room where the trip-hammers toiled—a man and a girl. He hadn't noticed the man, for the girl had filled his gaze—a child of fifteen she was, slim and wonder-eyed. She had seemed so out of place there in the grime and the smoke and the glare of the furnaces.

The three of them paused outside the circle of flying sparks; and fascinated, breathless, she watched him as he worked. Finally Mr. Chase, with some remark to the child, laid his watch upon the anvil beneath the great hammer and nodded to Jim Warren. The hammer descended once. Mr. Chase picked up the watch and handed it to the girl. Its crystal was crushed to a powder. She held it to her ear for an instant, then laughed delightedly and placed her own watch, a tiny, fragile trinket, upon the anvil. Again the hammer fell. Jim Warren had never forgotten the expression on her face as she came forward timidly and took the watch in her hand. Its crystal had merely been cracked! He had never seen her again, but he remembered that she smiled back at him as she went out.

That had been eight or nine years ago. Shortly afterward he had been placed in charge of the machine shop, and three or four years later had taken his place at the superintendent's desk. Lean and sinewy he was now as in those days in the hammer room—as hard of fist, as strong of jaw; but many refinements had come to him. The grime had worked out. His eyes were bluer here in the office, away from the glow of the furnaces; his hair was redder and his freckles stood forth in all their pristine glory against his cleaner, fairer skin. Remained that haunting suggestion of a grin about his mouth, a whimsical eccentricity radiating out of honest optimism; remained his ready laugh and his sheer, healthy animalism; remained his love for his work and the cleanliness of mind which grew out of it. And to this had been added something, a personal absolutism, a necessary touch of authority, an utter self-reliance and that indefinable quality which comes from wide reading and wider understanding.

For a time Jim Warren had been content with the future as he saw it. Some day when Mr. Chase chose to retire he would be made manager of this big factory with its fifteen hundred men; perhaps he might become even a stockholder, for he had saved something out of his two thousand a year—this was his state of mind until his field of vision was unexpectedly widened and a great, dazzling perspective opened before him. In that instant ambition was born. It came through a casual question put to him by old Bob Allaire, a grizzled veteran of the foundry.

"Why don't you go into politics, Super?" the old man had asked. "Us fellows who work for a livin' are good and plenty tired o' this here Francis Everard Lewis. He's too busy makin' his own pile to do anything for us and we'd put out a labor candidate in a minute if we could find the man. Might not do much this time, but looks to me like you might have a chance next time. There's fifteen hundred of us in the shops and twelve hundred'd vote for you for anything from street-sweeper to President. Only reason the other three hundred won't vote for you is 'cause they're under age; but if the wust comes to the wust"—and the old man chuckled—"we'll make 'em vote anyhow."

The possibility of a political career had never occurred to Jim Warren until that moment, but the thought stole through him warmingly, as the glow of wine. He seemed preoccupied as he made his way back to the office and, once there, he sat for an hour staring out unseeingly upon the ugly litter of the iron yard. After all, this work of his was very monotonous, humdrum, prosaic, uninteresting. Suddenly that contented future that he had grown to look forward to grew empty in prospect. It meant nothing. Even as manager—and it might be a dozen years before he won that place—there would be nothing beyond. But in the political field there would be no limit to ambition; he might go on, and on, and on!

Knowing nothing of politics beyond the casual chitchat of the newspapers—and he had read little of that—Jim Warren started out to learn something. It was not that he had decided to take a hand in the game; he was merely looking over the rules. The further he went in his quest for information the more astonished he was at the conditions he found in his own particular city and his own particular state. Commonplace enough they were, but marvelous and incomprehensible to Jim Warren, because he had known nothing of such things in the beginning. He had heard rumors, yes; but here he was finding them to be true!

On the one hand was Francis Everard Lewis who, beginning as a penniless lawyer a dozen years previously, had risen to opulence in the ten years he had been in the legislature from the Warburton district on a salary of eight hundred dollars a year! He had no other income and made no further pretense of practicing his profession. Yet not only had he grown rich but he had become political dictator of his end of the state. His power was absolute, his will undisputed within his own kingdom. He made men and unmade them at a word; he made laws and unmade them at a nod; his host of followers stuck like hound to heel.

Jim Warren wondered.

On the other hand, Big Tom Simmonds, a saloonkeeper who, in those scant years when his machine was able to wrest the city of Warburton from Lewis' grip, was monarch of all he surveyed. His throne was a small round table in an obscure corner of his barroom.

In power he was a despot, jamming ordinances of his own liking down the throat of his city, grabbing a contract here and there, selling a franchise now and then; and when out of power he spent his time planning to get back. He, too, had grown opulent and fat. There was no enmity between Francis Everard Lewis and Big Tom Simmonds. They understood each other perfectly.

Commonplace enough, all this, as I have said, but Jim Warren's clean mind, failing to understand how such conditions had become possible, reeled at the rottenness of it all. Two or three things he could lay his calloused hands on and understand. First and foremost, of course, Lewis was a crook, else he could never have done the things he had done and grown rich at it; he could never have held his power save by corruption and the prostitution of office, and bribery; and if he had given bribes some one had received them! Big Tom Simmonds was of the same type, cast in a coarser mould.

Did He Actually Expect to be Elected? He Actually Did

So this was the particular brand of political knavery that afflicted his city and state! An unpalatable mess, on the surface at least; but what a gorgeous opportunity for a young man who was immune to the lure of gold! In the matter of legislation he would be useless singlehanded, but if he got in right what a stunning row he could kick up! But getting in right—how could it be done? He would have to pass in review before one or both of the bosses—Lewis and Simmonds—and kowtow to the earth. But if he could get his hooks in ——

It was in contemplation of this evil brew that an idea came to Jim Warren—the big idea! Slowly, as the big idea disseminated itself through his gray matter and he was able to get a good grip on it, a grin grew on his face. The grin became a chuckle, the chuckle a deep-throated laugh. Then suddenly his freckled face became grave, his sky-blue eyes deeply thoughtful, his whimsical mouth hard-set.

"Obviously," he said to himself, "this game is played with

marked cards. I think I'll mark me a pack and sit in. If I can get by once with any job, city or state, I'll"—he laughed nervously—"hang it, I'll be the next governor."

II

"WHEN a wise man wants water," says the Yogi, "he goes to the well." Likewise, when a wise man wants a political job he goes to the source of supply. So, unashamed, Jim Warren called at the Hotel Stanton, where Francis Everard Lewis lived, and inquired for him. The clerk was sorry, but Mr. Lewis was out of town and wouldn't return for two or three days. However, there was his confidential man, Mr. Franques—"that gentleman standing just by the marble column, looking this way."

Jim Warren had heard of Lewis' henchman, so he turned now and looked at him curiously. He had expected a round-paunched, red-faced, short-legged, diamond-bespangled individual—a sort of sublimated heeler type; he saw, instead, a tall, lank, swarthy, graven-faced, dusty-looking person, well past middle age, with a pair of evil eyes in the head of him. It just happened at that instant that Franques was making an inventory of Jim Warren's person; and Jim Warren felt, oddly, that some one was going through him with a search warrant. Quite involuntarily he put his hand on his watch, after which he went forward and introduced himself.

Yes, Franques knew who he was—superintendent of the Atlas Plow Works, wasn't he? If his business with Mr. Lewis wasn't personal —— Political? Oh, yes. Would he mind stating it? Mr. Lewis was a very busy man and matters of this sort were usually referred to him, Franques. Perhaps they could talk better at a little place he knew around the corner. If Mr. Warren would go ahead he would join him there in five minutes.

So, in this casual manner, they met and talked—that is, Jim Warren talked while Franques listened—talked with a naïveté and frankness and directness that Franques had never met before in a grown-up man. It was a candid statement of his desire to get into the political game and an outline of his hopes and his ambitions, made without reserve. Coupled therewith was a casual mention of the fact that he had twelve hundred labor votes laid by for a rainy day; and as labor wanted a candidate there was no reason why the loyalty and zeal of those twelve hundred should not win others.

"But will those men disregard party ties to vote for you?" Franques wanted to know. His beady eyes were fixed intently, searchingly, upon Jim Warren's face.

"They will," Jim Warren asserted without hesitation. "I've worked with 'em for years; they're friends of mine. They believe in me. They would do things for me."

"And what particular office do you want?"

"I don't know," Jim Warren confessed, with a grin. "What have you got?"

Franques disregarded the question. "Suppose," he asked in turn—"suppose Mr. Lewis or—or some one else, say, should interest himself in your behalf?"

"I'd do the proper thing by him, of course, whatever it is."

"And then, suppose he shouldn't?"

"Well"—again that grin—"I'd just naturally have to get into the game anyway. I don't know if you know it, but there's quite a lot of feeling against Lewis among the men who work and twelve hundred votes will do to start with. I could poll the vote of my factory solidly against Lewis or any other man. I'd rather have Lewis' support. Do you get it?"

That's about all there was to that first interview. Jim Warren went out and Franques sat musing for a long time with a strange light playing in his evil eyes. Vaguely he felt that at last he had found a man he had been looking for. Jim Warren's red head and his square jaw and the wholesome manner of him were political assets. A man of his personality would have to be reckoned with if, by any chance, he should get into the game.

"But he's a fool in politics—simple as a child," he mused. The thought seemed to please him, for his thin lips writhed in a smile. "I think, Jim Warren"—he added after a moment—"I think we may be able to do some business—you and I."

Meanwhile Jim Warren passed down the street with an exultant grin on his freckled face, his heels clicking cheerfully on the sidewalk.

"I think, Mr. Franques," he observed enigmatically—"I think I slipped one over on you that time!"

Three or four days later there was a second interview between Jim Warren and Franques. This time Franques did most of the talking.

"I'm Afraid He's Ruined it. He's a Mischievous Little ——"

"I've been feeling out public opinion, Mr. Warren," he began slowly, "and frankly I am surprised at the sentiment in favor of a labor candidate—surprised at the strength of that sentiment. There seems to be a certain ill feeling toward Mr. Lewis that ——"

"There is," Jim Warren agreed.

"And a particularly strong feeling for the right man—Jim Warren."

"Yes?" Jim Warren gasped.

"Also," Franques went on unemotionally, "I've been making some inquiries about Jim Warren. I am informed that Jim Warren is a man who will do a thing if he says he will do it."

"He will."

"I am informed that if Jim Warren makes a bargain he will stick to it."

"He will."

"I infer that if Jim Warren should be placed in a public office and it should be in his power to—to favor the man who had placed him there, he would do it."

"He would."

"I infer that if I should make a proposition—an unusual one—to Jim Warren he would either accept it or turn it down and keep his mouth shut."

"He would."

"I imagine Jim Warren would be grateful enough to the man who had made him politically to be guided to a certain extent by that man's advice in public affairs."

"He would."

For a long time the eyes of the two men met unwaveringly. There was nervous exultation in Jim Warren's face; Franques' was inscrutable as stone.

"In view of all this," Franques broke the silence, "I'm going to make a proposition that will astonish you. You may take it or leave it. I shall only ask a promise of absolute silence on your part if you refuse it."

"I promise," said Jim Warren.

And Franques made his proposition. Jim Warren listened, while his sky-blue eyes grew large with wonder, amazement, pleasure; his grin became a fixture; his sinewy fingers were interlaced. The big idea was coming through! Lewis' henchman was making it possible! It was all as if this proposition had been planned to further the big idea! . . . Franques stopped abruptly.

"Yes or no?"

"Yes!" said Jim Warren.

"Very well—that's all there is to it!" Franques arose. "I think I've explained everything that's necessary. My motives are not germane to the matter in hand. Of course you understand we must not see each other again; we must be wholly disassociated. Any communication between us, however urgent, must be through indirect channels."

"I get you!" said Jim Warren.

Shortly before four o'clock the next afternoon Jim Warren sent an office boy to the heads of the various departments of the shops with the request that immediately after the whistle blew at quitting time the men should assemble in the iron yard; he would detain them only a moment. There, mounted on a heap of pig-iron, he addressed them.

"Boys," he said, "I just want to tell you that I'm a candidate for the legislature, to succeed Francis Everard Lewis. He has held the job for ten years, and has built one tenement house for every one of those years—on a salary of eight hundred dollars per! He stands for the octopus; I stand for you fellows. I'm after his scalp. Are you with me?"

There was an astonished silence for one second, then a yelp of approval. Through the tumult came shrilly the voice of old Bob Allaire:

"Go to him, Jim; go to him!"

"There's a little job of housework to be done in the capitol that'll make the cleaning of the Augean stables look like an odd job for a carpet-sweeper," Jim Warren went on. "Take it from me, I'm going to do that bit of housework. Before I finish the crooks'll be diving out of the windows."

That was Jim Warren's first political speech.

III

JIM WARREN left the revolving door of the Sandringham National Bank fairly spinning behind him as he entered and strode across the tessellated floor to the nearest wicket in the polished brass grating. The wan wisp of a clerk raised his tired, uninterested gaze from his books; as he met this redheaded person face to face he smiled. They always did; that was one of Jim Warren's political assets.

"Hello!" Jim Warren greeted cheerily. "Is President Chisholm here?"

"Yes, sir; but just at the moment he's engaged," replied the clerk. "Perhaps the cashier or his assistant ——"

"No; it's a personal matter," Jim Warren interrupted. "I've a letter of introduction to him. Please tell him I'm here—Jim Warren, of Warburton."

The clerk nodded and summoned a page who took the message and vanished in the labyrinthine corridors.

"Mr. Chisholm will see you in ten minutes, sir," he reported on his return.

"All right, sonny."

Day by day at a given time the picture in the outer office of a bank is always the same. There's the special officer leaning bulkily against a pillar with the weight of the world on his brow; a fat woman at a small table drawing a check and making a hard job of it; a nervous, bald-headed man trying to negotiate a note for seven hundred and thirty-eight dollars, said note being unindorsed; four or five heterogeneous persons lined up in front of the paying teller's window, and here and there some one waiting.

In this instance there were two persons waiting—Jim Warren and a girl—a pretty girl, a distractingly pretty girl. Jim Warren glanced at her because she was pretty; and his gaze lingered because of a vague impression that he had seen her somewhere before. There was something oddly familiar in her graceful slenderness, in the tilt of her head, in the set of her straight shoulders. The girl glanced at him quite casually and for an instant their eyes met. Somewhere at some time he had seen her before.

Enter—the dog: just plain dog with a leg on each corner and a tail at the far end; a spotted dog, with his wanton hide tucked full of reckless deviltry. He had followed a customer into the bank and, having nothing better to do, decided to make friends with this redheaded man. Jim Warren snapped his fingers; the dog crouched playfully and barked.

"None of that, young fellow!" Jim Warren warned. "That big man over there with all that uniform on will get your number!"

"Woof!" said the dog.

Given one dog, one redheaded young man and a distractingly pretty girl ten feet away, it was inevitable that something should happen. Something did. The distractingly pretty girl began it by dropping a glove. Jim Warren stepped forward to restore it. The dog, quick to see the opportunity for a game, beat Jim Warren to it. In just eight seconds the dog, with the glove dangling from his mouth, was all over the shop, with Jim Warren in hot pursuit. The bulky special officer looked on heavily.

"Goodness!" said the distractingly pretty girl.

"Confound you!" said Jim Warren. "Come here and I'll kick all the spots off you!"

"This is bully!" said the dog.

And there they went. Patiently and systematically Jim Warren chevied the dog around the office. A dozen times he stretched out a hand and grasped—the air. Finally he stopped and glanced helplessly at the distractingly pretty girl. She smiled; he grinned.

"Don't trouble yourself," she protested. "It doesn't matter, really."

"I'll get it," Jim Warren declared. "Come here, you brute!"

"Woof!"

"Nice doggie! Bring it here!"

"Woof! Woof!"

Scoldings, coaxings, threatenings, beggings—they all came to the same. Finally the special officer deigned to unbend his bulk and join in the chase. Attacked in the rear the dog whirled. At that psychological instant Jim Warren's fingers closed on his tail and the game was over.

The distractingly pretty girl was smiling when he returned the glove to her.

"Thank you so much," she said.

"I'm afraid he's ruined it," Jim Warren apologized. "He's a mischievous little——"

He stopped suddenly and stared at the watch on her bosom—a tiny, fragile trinket. When he looked up her eyes were fixed on his. He had seen her before, but—where? When? How? As he looked it occurred to him there was something of his own perplexity in her face.

"It doesn't matter, really," she was saying. "It's too bad you should have put yourself to so much trouble."

"No trouble at all," he replied vacantly. Again his eyes traveled to the watch on her bosom. "I beg your pardon," he said hastily.

Seemingly oblivious of his embarrassment, the girl smiled again and the incident was closed. The uniformed page spoke to him.

"Mr. Chisholm will see you now, sir."

Jim Warren was just about to pass through the door into the president's private suite when he met a man coming out—a smug, complacent, roundfaced individual with puffy eyes. Jim Warren recognized him instantly. He was Dwight Tillinghast, speaker of the legislature; he had seen photographs and cartoons of him too often to make a mistake. Tillinghast stared at him oddly and, after Jim Warren had disappeared inside, turned and glanced back at the door.

Evidently the distractingly pretty girl had been waiting for Tillinghast.

"Papa," she queried, "do you know the young man you met at the door?"

"His name is Warren," he replied absently—"Jim Warren, of Warburton."

"Who is he?"

"Nobody particularly," was the reply. "Another upstart who has announced himself for the legislature against Lewis."

"Oh!" said the distractingly pretty girl. She followed him out the door in silence. "His face was familiar somehow. I must have seen his photograph in one of the newspapers."

"I dare say."

They walked on. The distractingly pretty girl didn't mention the incident of the glove. There was no reason why she shouldn't have; she just didn't.

IV

MR. CHISHOLM didn't trouble himself to rise when Jim Warren entered; for a moment he didn't even look around—merely continued writing. Jim Warren sat down.

"Well, Mr. Warren?" he queried abruptly at last. "You have a letter of introduction to me?"

"From Mr. Chase, of the Atlas Plow Works," Jim Warren volunteered.

Mr. Chisholm looked interested.

"Oh, I didn't know," he said half apologetically. "Glad to see you."

He read the letter, then turned in his chair and settled back for a good look at his visitor.

"So you're the young man who's been kicking up the row in Warburton?" he asked.

"The same." Jim Warren grinned.

"It seems your announcement for the legislature to oppose Lewis has started things going down there?"

"It's done all of that." Jim Warren grinned again. "And I haven't really begun yet," he explained. "One or two labor organizations have declared for me and Lewis' machine was a bit surprised—that's all."

"I see. What are your politics?"

"Haven't any. I'm going to be elected to the legislature on suspicion—suspicion that if I'm not entirely honest I am, at least, a darned sight more honest than some of the other men Warburton has sent up here—Francis Everard Lewis in particular."

Mr. Chisholm smiled courteously.

"But you'll have to have the indorsement of one of the machines, of course?"

"Not enough to notice. What's going to happen is the machines will go cahoots to clean me up. Lewis and Simmonds will make some sort of deal—and I may add, Mr. Chisholm, that I'm going to whale the life out of all of 'em."

"Well, this is interesting," and the smile broadened on Mr. Chisholm's face. "Of course I know nothing about it, but I've always heard the machines there were invincible."

"They have been, but I'm just on the verge of getting a strangle-hold on 'em and it's all off. I am going to get their goat."

Mr. Chisholm laughed outright. It was so unusual an occurrence—his laughing—that his secretary turned and stared at him. Jim Warren winked at her solemnly.

"Well, if you win what can you do?" Mr. Chisholm felt refreshed, exhilarated by contact with this man; the lines of his face relaxed; he was enjoying himself. "You are only one man—you'll have only one vote. Of course you'll have to tie up with one of the big parties if you are elected."

"Not this summer." Jim Warren grinned again. "I'll play the hand as it's dealt. Whatever else I do, I am going to clean that capitol of crooks; and, as I understand it now, that'll leave no one there but me and the elevator man." He paused. "He may go," he added.

The business of being president of a bank tends to make skeptics of men. Mr. Chisholm was a skeptic.

"So you're going to reform the state, are you?" he asked slowly. "That's what all reformers say. I don't mean to reflect on your intentions," he hastened to add. "I am merely stating a platitude."

"I get you," and Jim Warren nodded. "I'm the exception, you see. Previous to this all freshmen in politics have gone in to take the dilemma by the horns. Well, I'm going to take it by the tail. Not only will I make Lewis quit in this fight but I'm going to be the next governor of this state"—there was not the slightest trace of doubt in his manner—"and if I like that job I may decide to be President—I don't know."

For an instant Mr. Chisholm merely stared at Jim Warren the while he permitted himself to philosophize upon the rashness of youth, the absurdity of exaggeration, and a few other things to the point; then suddenly the ease of his manner fell away from him. Mr. Chisholm became again the curt, busy banker that he usually was.

"I believe, Mr. Warren, you came to see me on business?"

"Yes; but before we go any further would you mind answering just one question? Is Dwight Tillinghast connected with your bank in any capacity?"

"No; he's merely a depositor. Why?"

"I merely wanted to know. I met him as I came in. My business is very simple: I want to rent a box in your safe-deposit vault."

"Is that all?" Mr. Chisholm seemed to be surprised. "One of the clerks will attend to it for you."

"Not the way I want to do it," Jim Warren explained. "I want to deposit in that box a sealed packet, with the stamp of the bank upon it; and I want attached to that your affidavit and two others stating that the packet was deposited this day. I'll keep the key of that box, but it is never to be opened except in the presence of all those persons whose names appear upon the sealed packet inside. Of course you'll have to give the necessary orders for all this, and——"

Mr. Chisholm swung about in his swivel chair and faced Jim Warren.

"There's a lot of red tape about it," he objected.

"I know it," Jim Warren agreed complacently. "It was because of this I took the trouble to bring a letter of introduction from Mr. Chase. It will be a bit of trouble too, especially as I expect to put other sealed packets in the box from time to time in the same manner."

Mr. Chisholm glanced over the letter of introduction for the second time. The Sandringham National Bank was the general depository of the Atlas Plow Works, thanks to Mr. Chase, the manager.

"Well, of course there's no objection to this rigmarole," Mr. Chisholm said curtly at last—"no objection; only a great deal of trouble."

"I'm sorry," said Jim Warren cheerfully. "Now, if you'll fix up some sort of paper stating in what manner and under what circumstances the box is to be opened—I understand, of course, that will become a part of the bank records?"

"Naturally," said Mr. Chisholm. The necessary paper was drawn up in duplicate. "Now the packet, please."

Jim Warren produced it, a long, legal-looking envelope that seemed to contain only a single sheet of paper. Mr. Chisholm weighed it in his hand with growing curiosity.

"For Heaven's sake, what's in it?" he asked, half smiling. It was not that he meant to be inquisitive; it was merely that the extraordinary precautions Jim Warren was taking to protect this lonesome sheet of paper seemed out of all proportion.

"I told you I was going to clean house at the capitol, didn't I?" Jim Warren laughed. "Well, that's the broom."

Patiently enough Mr. Chisholm fulfilled Jim Warren's wishes in the matter and, with a word of thanks, Jim Warren went his way. His under jaw was thrust forward, his sky-blue eyes for the instant had lost their twinkle.

"Governor of this state!" he mused. On the crest of a hill a short distance away rose the dome of the capitol. "Governor of this state! No man can stop me!"

For no particular reason there flashed across his inner vision the image of a girl—a distractingly pretty girl. She was smiling.

"Where did I see her before?" he wondered idly.

The Big Idea Was Coming Through!

V

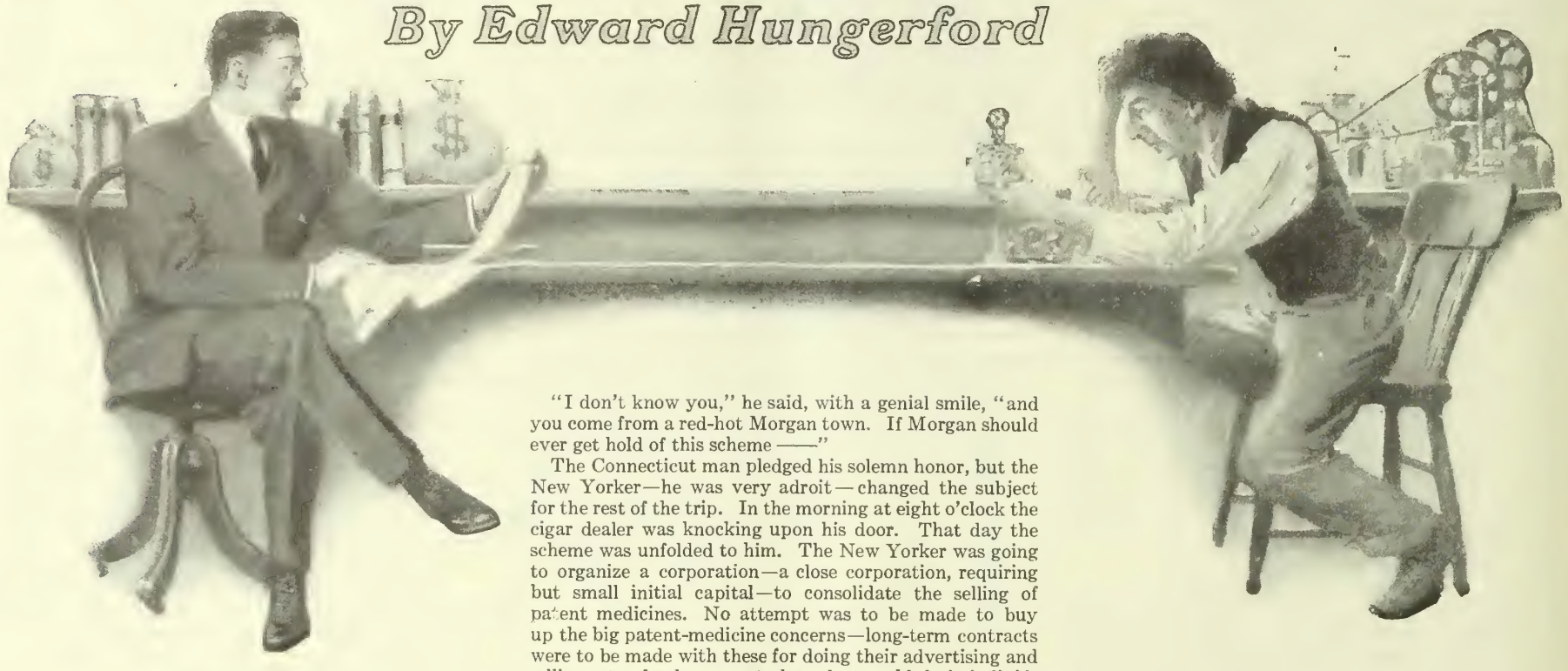
FRANCIS E. LEWIS was a nearsilk-stocking in politics—suave, soft-spoken, bold, cynical and conscienceless, selfish of his own power, merciless in his vengeance; altogether a young man—he was thirty-six as against Jim Warren's thirty-two—altogether a young man to be reckoned with and consulted and pacified. Assiduous attention to the interests of people who had interests to protect had lifted him to his commanding position politically, had furthered his ambitions socially and had exalted him financially. As he climbed, the mere friction of contact had given him a superficial polish; but beneath that flimsy veneer were cunning and avariciousness and an unholy lust of power. From the viewpoint of the octopus he was an ideal man; and, this being true, the octopus was pleased to be permitted to eat out of his hand.

(Continued on Page 37)

LAUNCHING A CORPORATION

How the Pirates and Merchantmen of Commerce Set Sail

By Edward Hungerford



A MAN who owned a small cigar store in a Connecticut city came down to New York one Sunday evening. He did not reach the big city very often and on this particular occasion he decided to ride in the parlor car of the Twilight Express—he thought he might justify the expenditure of seventy-five cents by the extra-fine class of men with which he would rub elbows in the parlor car. At dinner he did more than rub elbows with one of these. He fell into brisk conversation with one who admitted he was a New Yorker, a capitalist and a promoter—whatever that might mean. He called the dining-car conductor by his first name and must have had some pull with that officer, for they were permitted to sit in the dining car and smoke for a long time after their dinner was finished. In that long time the New Yorker told some of his ambitions—and his troubles.

This Connecticut Yankee was no fool. He knew all about gold bricks. He never took chances in turkey raffles around Thanksgivingtime for fear he might possibly lose; so you can see the bucketshops had no fascination for him. He was not only not a fool but he was very thrifty in a small way. He owned a parcel or two of real estate and he kept pudgy little accounts in three banks.

The New Yorker had never been inside a savings bank. He was quick to admit that. A theoretical four per cent interest, which was most often three and a half in practice, did not attract him when there was so much money in big business. The Connecticut man's eyes glistened at that mention of big business. His friend bought him two more drinks. Then he gave some statistics of the earnings of big business—of the advantage of consolidation under corporations—particularly consolidation in retailing. The New Yorker had long since discovered the countryman's business. He drew attractive stories of the profits of a company successfully consolidated.

The Promoter's Tearful Tale

THIS promoter was adroit. He admitted that he was nearly broke. He had held a fine thing—was putting it over in great style—when a man hitherto trusted had betrayed him. He thought that the secret had been carried straight to J. Pierpont Morgan and that Morgan had stolen the thing away from him. The cigar dealer lived in a town where the name of Morgan is particularly respected. That and the suspicion of a tear that stood in the capitalist's eye—he was only being regarded as a capitalist—softened his heart. There were more drinks.

It was a pity that the capitalist was so cleaned out by Morgan's adroitness—for now he had a bigger and better thing. Under double-handed and riveted promises of secrecy he hinted at his plan. He was going to consolidate the selling of certain articles—things that had the proverbial hot cakes stalled, like drugs on the market.

The Connecticut man's curiosity got the best of him.

"What?" he demanded.

The New Yorker put his finger upon his lips.

"I don't know you," he said, with a genial smile, "and you come from a red-hot Morgan town. If Morgan should ever get hold of this scheme ——"

The Connecticut man pledged his solemn honor, but the New Yorker—he was very adroit—changed the subject for the rest of the trip. In the morning at eight o'clock the cigar dealer was knocking upon his door. That day the scheme was unfolded to him. The New Yorker was going to organize a corporation—a close corporation, requiring but small initial capital—to consolidate the selling of patent medicines. No attempt was to be made to buy up the big patent-medicine concerns—long-term contracts were to be made with these for doing their advertising and selling, at a far lower cost than they could do it individually. The New Yorker had studied his scheme carefully. He had its details down fine. It was interesting and the little cigar merchant began to figure his available cash upon the cuff of his shirt.

Why the Cigar Man Was Thankful

IT WAS all that New York promoter could do to keep the stranger in his town from giving him his money; but he did not want it—at just that time. A little later he went up into Connecticut, made a great pretense of examining the cigar man's credentials and business standing and then took a thousand dollars of that merchant's hard-earned money. In return for his investment the merchant was made president of the National Prescription Company, which had a cable address and all the other paraphernalia of enterprise. He signed a few beautifully engraved certificates of stock, had his cards engraved, with his new office as a casual reference in the corner, and prepared to enjoy great wealth.

About the time the promoter from New York was off in Indiana or South Carolina or some other state, getting a new president for the National Prescription Company, the Connecticut man woke up. He went straight into the office of the president of the nearest savings bank and told his story to that officer. The banker listened to an old story with a show of interest, then asked:

"How much did you say he got you for?"

"A thousand dollars."

The old banker laughed.

"You go home and buy your wife that new dress you promised her and let the girl go to college. You owe them that as a thank-offering for having been let down so easy."

There are dozens of such corporations launched every sunup, pitiful waifs to embark upon the seas of adversity and never to return to the harbors of safe finance and good dividends. Because of these derelicts, hopelessly water-logged from the very moment of their launching, the new corporation of decent parentage is often looked upon with suspicion. It takes courage to plan a new company, to prepare for the marketing of its securities; it takes an infinite patience—the thing long since called genius—to attend to a thousand and one details that go to bringing a corporation into life from out of the infinite unknown.

In the beginning, the idea itself must have its inception in the mind of some man of imagination—not more than two or three men of imagination, at the most. These will gather to themselves a few others—bound by sympathy, interest, ability. A nucleus of the corporation is formed. The plans are discussed and rediscussed. A lawyer comes into the conference—the delicate details of the official birth are intrusted to his hands. He prepares papers, finally makes a trip to see the secretary of state at the capitol. There was a time in the history of New York companies when the lawyer's pilgrimage with the papers of incorporation was to the capitol at Trenton, not Albany. The laws of New Jersey were more adapted to the founding of corporations than those of New York and the legal necessities of the sister state were met by establishing the formal headquarters of the companies, officially born there, in Jersey City. These formal offices were delightfully technical. Half a dozen companies of national importance and reputation might share a room of six by eight feet; but the names were in gilt letters on the door and once a year a quorum of directors held a perfunctory five-minute session in the little room—so the formalities of Jersey law were met. A big banking house in Jersey City made a specialty of renting its upper floors for those headquarters of New York concerns. It was only ten minutes' ride on a Cortlandt Street ferryboat from Wall Street. But in recent times New Jersey tired of selling incorporation papers at bargain rates. A New York concern that tries to get its license marked down has got to go a considerable distance from Manhattan Island.

If John D. Rockefeller were to build a new garage in a neighborhood not anxious for garages he might be fairly cautious as to how he launched his idea. For instance, he might put up a small portable garage, get the neighborhood well used to it, then quietly substitute a permanent structure for the portable one and gradually come out into the open as the owner of the property. That is about the way a big modern corporation is launched. The papers, filed with as little ado as possible in the office of the secretary of state, name a set of fairly inconspicuous souls as the directors of the new corporation—a modest sum, perhaps, as its capitalization. The inconspicuous souls may be the office-boys and under-clerks in the office of the lawyer who drew up the incorporation papers.

The Dummy Directors Resign

AFTER those documents have been made authoritative under the great seal of the commonwealth the directorate of the company, with a unanimity of purpose, will vote itself out. The new directorate will represent the real men who are launching the corporation, who are staking their reputations and their money upon its success. They will give the first directors gold pieces and the original directorate will perhaps hold a celebration dinner at an uptown table d'hôte. There is a young man within half a mile of the Battery in New York who boasts that he has already been a director in three hundred corporations and that his term of service in any one of them has never exceeded thirty days.

With the master minds of the new company sitting as directors the capital is placed at a decent figure and plans are made for the floating of the securities. That may be an easy matter—or one mighty difficult—depending on the value of the idea that the new company will exploit. If it is difficult the work of promoters will be brought into play. They may recommend an advertising campaign—rarely successful in selling stock because of the flood of airline railroads from New York to San Francisco, of

National Prescription companies, of gold-mining and silver-mining corporations that have raked in loose change and eventually demanded the attention of the post-office authorities and the criminal courts. Indeed, you may set it down as an axiom in the flotation of corporations at the present time that the amount of stock offered for public use is in inverse ratio to the value of the company. The real "good things" in corporations—the companies that build big bridges and contract with railroads to occupy them as lifetime tenants, the holding companies, the inner realty combinations, to give a few instances, rarely offer their securities to the outer world. Where a company must come to the public with an open hand for money it must plan with keenest care. If it does advertise it must advertise through sedate banking houses, whose reputation is without a blemish—it must steer its publicity course far away from the scarecrows that have brought a certain indefinable blemish upon the very name of corporation.

Sometimes a big company—seeking a nation-wide control of steel products or locomotives or tin cans or kerosene—will avoid the advertising columns with studious care, for fear of being shouldered up against some adroitly written gold-mine prospectus, but will seek puffing through the news columns. Tips and options will be distributed with fine skill—a market will be created in a fashion decidedly indirect. If the company seeks to absorb outside capital it will probably place young men on the road. These young men will be changed rapidly and often. Their campaigns are short, but are expected to bring results. Here is a fellow who says he has relatives in Buffalo, knows some bankers in Franklin, Pennsylvania, and happens to have heard that there is a bundle of money in Portland, Maine, awaiting investment. He is sent into those local fields with his propositions. When they are exhausted he will be forced back upon further ingenuities. Perhaps he knows a man who has advantageous connections in Cincinnati. He will get letters to those advantageous connections, go out there, use his visiting privileges at the clubs, get close to men—always men with money to invest. It is a highly specialized form of salesmanship and takes a clever salesman to turn the trick.

Exploiting a Useful Invention

BUT the fact remains that the bonanza companies are not the ones that are paying traveling and entertainment expenses of stock salesmen to Buffalo, to Franklin, to Portland or to Cincinnati. They are the tight corporations in the fullest sense of that word. You want to know of a tight corporation? Here is a typical one:

A railroad man, traveling west last spring, ran into an inventor. The inventor had a car appliance that he was trying hard to place and—lacking a pull, to say nothing of just a little push—he had been rebuffed at each of the big railroad offices. Everybody there had been too busy to talk with him, but the railroad man was interested. Gradually he drew the inventor into a guarded statement of what his device would do. When the inventor was done the railroader knew that the idea, if feasible and economical, would be adopted by every big road in the country.

"What do you want for your rights?" he asked casually.

The inventor was discouraged—he had made little secret of that. Moreover, he had small opinion of his own ability.

"Ten thousand dollars," he said, rather carelessly.

The railroad man reached into his wallet and brought forth five one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Give me a receipt for these," he said in his blunt way. "It's my option; but if your idea is what you've represented it I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars for it."

The other day he sat in his room in a downtown office building in New York and told an acquaintance about his find—every railroad car in the country will have to carry that appliance within a dozen years.

"My friend of the train has his twenty-five thousand—and more," said the railroader. "I've given him enough stock in the company to bring him in an income of five thousand a year for the rest of his life."

The acquaintance grew envious.

"I don't suppose there is any more of that stock to be picked up?" he hinted.

"Not at any price," said the railroader frankly. "We've got a good thing, so we've made it a close corporation. I let in my boss here. He's carried me a good many times—when I've honestly thought I wasn't worth it and wondered at his patience—and he is entitled to his reward. Then we've let K—— in. We had to have K—— in, because we needed a good salesman and I know none better than he."

"Then you'll need a factory expert too," offered the acquaintance. "I know just the right sort of a duck for you."

The railroader shook his head.

"There ain't goin' to be any core," he laughed. "We won't need any factory, but every big steam road in the country will have to rig up our appliance in its shops. They're just going to pay us royalty on our rights. We can handle the whole business in three six-by-nine rooms and just keep peeling off the thousand-dollar bills every month."

We have already spoken of the method employed in the formation of the great industrial corporations. The inception of the idea of the great United States Steel Corporation, with its really vast capitalization of one billion one hundred million dollars, has not been told heretofore, and yet it is filled with a genuine interest.

The Birth of the Steel Corporation

ABOUT the time of the Spanish War a party of fairly distinguished New Yorkers was dining at a restaurant on the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue in that city. Among the better-known guests were J. Pierpont Morgan and Andrew Carnegie—seated with but a single guest between them. At that time Morgan, who was just beginning to be understood as the real master of Wall Street, and Carnegie, who was at the height of his fame and activity as an ironmaster, were not particularly good friends. In a lull of general conversation a bit of persiflage started between Morgan and Carnegie. The Scot was airily complimenting the big Yankee who came out of Connecticut upon his abilities as an organizer. Morgan was not slow in responding. He never is. He spoke briskly of the one man who could give Pittsburgh a national fame.

"Yes—steel," said Carnegie. "There would be something worth your while as an organizer."

"It's the easiest thing in the world if one went at it right," said Morgan.

And in that moment, in that flash of ideas from the mind of one master to the mind of another master, a billion-dollar corporation was born. The market at that time had had its generous fill of big consolidations. It was generally supposed, then, to have absorbed most of the loose change lying around the country. Nevertheless Morgan kept at the idea and said to Carnegie, without a trace of raillery:

"It's easy. If you will undertake to harmonize the warring elements in the steel business I'll do the rest."

"I will complete the organization," said Carnegie, "and tomorrow I will call upon you at your office to make the plans."

Each man leaving that dinner thought, perhaps, that he was getting a bit of advantage over the other. It is hardly to be believed that either then thought the mighty steel corporation—gathering together under a single management the greatest single industry of America, in the full flush of its triumph—ever could be brought to reality.

In course of time Carnegie completed his contract—he was always known as a great harmonizer. That has been from the beginning a great secret of his success as an executive. Carnegie having done his part, Morgan essayed to do his. The corporation was launched, with the usual precautions of secrecy, through the safe channels of New Jersey. Its incorporation was noticed by only perfunctory paragraphs in the newspapers. One day a reporter stumbled on the significance of the big new company, what it was really seeking to accomplish, and the first wedge was driven toward the sale of an enormous quantity of stock and bonds. Those securities—expressed in the terms of a nation's ransom—did not go in a minute.

Indeed there was a time in a dull season when there was nothing whatever doing in Steel. Then some one started something—and it has never been believed that the head of the House of Morgan ever had anything to do with the old-time Tammany tip that went scurrying through the deep-cañoned streets of New York. Those on the inside got the tip. It went out through the police—from political chief to inspector, from inspector to captain, captain to sergeant, sergeant to roundsman, even to favored "pounders of the beats." Men who stood behind popular bars and were ranked with the owners, city editors who caught the secrets of the town, were also honored with the tip. It was:

"Something doing in Steel. Buy it at fifty and watch her kite up."

They all bought—close to fifty. Among those who bought was the late Timothy P. Sullivan—"Little Tim," the idol of an idolized clan. "Little Tim" went in heavily—for a matter of some thirty thousand shares. With all the favored cops and newspaper men he got out his spyglasses and began looking for the airship.

One city editor got out at forty-six, as the last remnant of his savings had slid out of sight; a big police inspector, with an almost national reputation, put a mortgage on his brownstone front and sneaked away at forty-one. "Little Tim" hung on—plucky soul that he was—till Steel bumped on thirty-six. Then he too got off—marked nearly half a million dollars off to the bad on his Tammany tip. He never got over that tip. In a little while he was ailing—in a little longer while he was gone; and whole crowded blocks of New York's congested East Side mourned his going. There had been a Tammany tip years and years before by which Commodore Vanderbilt had once salted a plethoric board of aldermen with a sly hint as to his Hudson River Railroad and then had turned about face in his tracks—but that was years and years ago, and no one expects a New Yorker to be a historian.

How to Loosen Purse-Strings

MORGAN made good in Steel. He always does make good—whether it is rejuvenating three or four broken-down railroad properties or trying to handle the great transportation problems of cities like New York and Chicago. That is why the hint of Morgan back of a new corporation will get the tight purse-strings unloosening. You talk of Morgan, you hint of James R. Keene, and you will have the investors just lining up at the trust company with their checks ready.

Just now you talk of Orville Wright and flying machines and how you might control half of the ready money of the land and no questions asked. The other day a metropolitan newspaper printed a letter from "Old Subscriber," who stated circumstantially that the reason why the Wrights were exhibiting at high prices, instead of accepting their true rôle as manufacturers and turning out great quantities of aeroplanes to an aviation-hungry nation, was because they were reaping the benefits of a delayed success. Manufacturing only a small number of machines, and demanding huge guaranties for showing these, the letter-writer thought a just compensation for their early trials in raising money.

As a matter of fact, from the beginning the Wrights never went begging for money. The men whose money they accepted were forced to give it to them without questions and without conditions. Six years ago a man

(Concluded on Page 34)

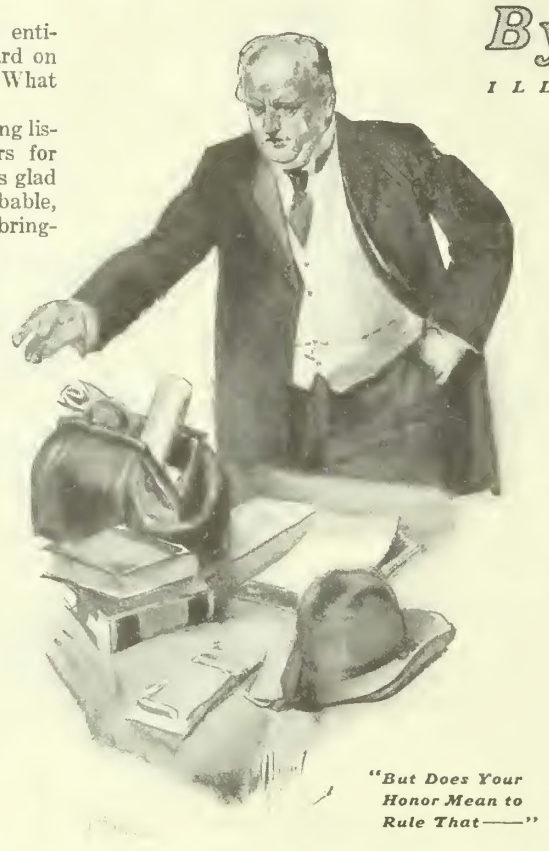
DOLLY BROWN, OF VASSAR

By Paschal H. Coggins

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"HARRIS, you're entitled to be heard on this question. What have you to say?"

The governor, having listened to the lawyers for nearly two hours, was glad of a change. It is probable, however, that in thus bringing the prisoner to the front he was moved chiefly by a desire to learn what manner of man it was who had created such consternation in Jackson and the other southern counties.



"But Does Your Honor Mean to Rule That——"

Disconcerted by the abruptness of the appeal, Harris opened and closed his lips several times without audible result. Then, prompted by one of the two deputy sheriffs who were honoring him by their undivided attention, he arose from his chair. For a moment he stood there, six feet two, big-jointed, coarse-featured and as stolid as a bullock, his gaze turning from the governor and groping among the throng of spectators that crowded the rear of the audience room. Finding what he sought, his eyes came back to the face of his questioner.

"I've got a lawyer," he said, "and he'll talk some for me. Gov'nor, I ain't guilty. I didn't hol' up th' California stage and I didn't kill Bill Southwell over t' Jackson last spring. Th' sheriffs down there, they lay everything t' Bigfoot Pete that they don't see somebody else do. So's the Express company, jest th' same way. I didn't do it. He knows about it."

His hand shot awkwardly out toward a young man who, apparently awaiting the psychological moment, had just pushed his way through the crowd and now advanced to the governor's desk. Harris, reassured, resumed his chair.

The governor, who had believed himself through with the lawyers for the present, frowned discouragingly. Peter Harris' counsel—whose physical contrast to his client was somehow suggestive of a pleasure yacht gayly adjusting her toy brass cannon to convoy and defend some battle-scarred man-of-war—accepted the frown as the signal to open fire.

J. Dolliver Brown, Esquire, was evidently the recent product of some Eastern college. Also, he reflected much credit upon his tailor. When he had made perfectly sure that the governor's stenographer had correctly inscribed his name upon the record he adjusted his vest, equalized appearances in the matter of cuffs, established his necktie in the exact center of his throat and entered cheerfully upon his task of enlightening the governor.

To everybody's astonishment, he came vigorously to the support of the district attorney of Jackson County, insisting that his client should be permitted to meet the more serious indictment in his own state before being compelled to face a hostile jury in another jurisdiction. He had much to say about "domiciliary rights" and a "jury of the vicinage." He hinted, moreover what was not so very wide of the fact—that the arm which was reaching out after Peter Harris was not, after all, the arm of the state of California, but of a certain powerful and far-reaching corporation.

"But, Mr. Brown," finally interrupted the governor, with a note of exasperation in his voice which he could not quite conceal, "it has been very strongly suggested in the course of this hearing that the trial of your client in Jackson County will be followed by his execution."

For just an instant the crudity of this suggestion seemed to block the young lawyer's mental process. Promptly recovering himself, he leaned slightly across the desk and, in a tone of mingled confidence and respect, allayed the governor's fears.

"Your Excellency, he isn't going to be convicted."

Thus enlightened, the wearied executive sank back in his seat, grasped the arms of his chair to keep himself from asking any more questions and endured to the end. With growing earnestness throughout, Mr. Brown asserted and reasserted his client's innocence. In his peroration he reached the climax of his eloquence in the declaration that he would exhaust every power of his brain to protect Peter Harris from the malice of the great express company whose object, he alleged, was not justice, but vengeance.

Nobody, however, took him very seriously. The only response vouchsafed his argument was a sarcastic inquiry from the California counsel:

"What difference could it make to a fish, once in the basket, whether he was to be broiled over one fire or fried over another?"

To which J. Dolliver nodded a most cheerful although not very enlightening assent.

At last, when all had been said, the governor consulted briefly with his attorney-general and, without further ado, signed the extradition papers. Peter Harris, alias Bigfoot Pete, was delivered to the agent of the state of California for trial in Siskiyou County for the crime of highway robbery. By mid-afternoon he was on his way to Portland to take the next day's boat for San Francisco. Considerations of safety forbade the effort to transport him by land from Salem to Yreka.

For nearly two years Harris had been rather vividly before the public eye. No doubt, in some measure, his often reiterated defense was true; crimes that he had not committed were added by an excited populace to his already ample score. At any rate hundreds of people crowded the Portland wharf to witness his departure. Among the number was J. Dolliver Brown, Esquire, flanked by a little group of eagerly expectant reporters. If they were there upon some hint of his they were not disappointed. At the final moment Harris vigorously resisted deportation. He was deaf to persuasion and he weighed somewhat better than two hundred and fifty pounds. More officers were summoned to the scene of action—or, rather, of inaction—and measures of coercion were applied. At last, handcuffed and in chains, in the presence of the excited crowd he was literally dragged across the gangplank. His counsel, viewing the spectacle from the summit of a convenient pile of lumber, uttered some brief and pregnant protests which, under the pens of the young reporters, appeared as headlines for the next day's stories.

Incidentally most of the accounts included short biographical notices of Mr. Brown himself, who, the anxious public were informed, had but recently turned his back upon the manifold attractions of Poughkeepsie, on the distant and storied Hudson, to cast his lot and life with the newer and more strenuous life of Salem, on the Willamette.

As the vessel steamed down the mid-channel of the broad Columbia toward the sea the young lawyer turned to the little group of newspaper men and—with something in his voice that might have been tears—remarked:

"Gentlemen, this is the saddest moment of my life. Will some of you kindly lead me to a place where they sell ginger ale?"

When the place had been found it was Blaylock, of the Post-Herald, who mounted a chair and proposed a toast—as friendly in intent as it was personal in application—which fixed on the young lawyer from Poughkeepsie a sobriquet that clung to him until he raised a beard and took to smoking a churchwarden.

"Here's to Dolly Brown, of Vassar!"

Some three weeks after his extradition Peter Harris was placed on trial in the town of Yreka for the Goose Lake robbery. Meantime the newspapers had repeatedly catalogued his crimes—actual and reputed—published his photograph, retold the story of his capture and enlarged upon his futile and grotesque resistance to extradition. Recapitulating the number and boldness of his achievements, they added his name to that bead-roll of famous banditti which, beginning two generations earlier, was headed by the redoubtable Mexican, Joaquin Murietta. To everybody but himself—who had not been allowed to read the newspapers—he had become a lion.

There had been much futile speculation as to which of the great legal lights of the criminal bar would champion his case before the jury. As no answer to this question reached the public, there arose a rumor that at last the heretofore defiant knight of the road had realized his fate and would meet the indictment with a plea of "Guilty." To this suggestion Tom Brisbane, the eloquent young district attorney of Siskiyou, remarked that it really wasn't important. With Harris in the dock and a jury in the box, the trial would be merely a matter of "open and shut." Nevertheless Brisbane shared the general curiosity when, at the opening of court, one of the older lawyers arose and moved the admission of "J. Dolliver Brown, Esquire, formerly of Poughkeepsie, New York, but now a member of the bar of Salem, Oregon." Nor was his curiosity allayed when a dapper young man of the sophomore brand—the like of whose cuffs and collars had not yet been seen in Yreka—arose and bowed his acknowledgment to the judge, turned and bowed his thanks to the gentleman who had moved his admission, and solemnly resumed his seat.

Three Masked Men Suddenly Appeared and Covered the Stage and Contents

For just an instant, as the glance of Judge McCurdy passed from the youthful figure of the defendant's counsel to the table of the prosecuting attorney, a gasp of amazement marred the judicial dignity. The contrast bordered on the grotesque. Beside Tom Brisbane was the stolid bulk of old Jeff Wyler, an ex-judge

and notoriously the most savage criminal lawyer at the San Francisco bar; and just behind the two loomed the massive shoulders and inscrutable face of Hume, the chief detective of the great express company.

It ought, perhaps, to be explained that any interest which the corporation in question may have taken in this particular trial was not wholly gratuitous. Upon its ledgers there was carried what its bookkeepers facetiously referred to as "Peter Harris' Running Account." Its items at that time footed up something like seventeen thousand dollars and they all balanced into "Profit and Loss." Naturally the San Francisco manager was anxious to close out that branch of the business as early and as efficiently as possible. So, to render doubly sure Brisbane's assurance that the trial would be but the mechanical opening and closing of the judicial trap, the old gladiator of the police court had been retained and Hume had come in person to see that there should be no slipping of the cogs in getting the evidence before the jury. Against this trio was the college boy with his mathematically accurate pronunciation, his budding mustache and his appallingly cheerful confidence that the Lord would provide; but the court clerk laid the open docket before his Honor, and the moment for speculation had passed.

"The State of California vs. Peter Harris, alias 'Bigfoot Pete.' Indicted for Highway Robbery. Gentlemen, are there any preliminary motions? If not the trial will proceed. Mr. Clerk, call the jury into the box."

This was the only ordeal of the trial which Brisbane feared. The feeling in the community was so universal and outspoken against the prisoner that the district attorney seriously doubted the possibility of finding twelve men who could reach the jury box through the fire of any reasonably vigorous cross-examination. To his amazement, however, the defendant's counsel passed juror after juror with the most inoffensive and perfunctory questions. Once he did interpose a challenge, but it seemed to be based not so much on any objection to the juror as upon a desire to assure himself that the legal apparatus was in working order. In less than half an hour the jury was chosen and sworn to try the cause.

Brisbane, elated at having passed the danger point, made some comment to Wyler and Hume. Wyler replied with a grunt and an oath. Hume, with his eyes fixed on the profile of the youngster at the bar of the court, stroked the stubble on his tight-set jaw and said nothing. He had met several varieties of men on the Pacific Coast, but he wasn't quite sure that the young man from Poughkeepsie might not have a class all to himself. It had been said of Hume that, under certain circumstances—usually when everybody else was anxious to talk—he could keep silent in five different languages.

By Ben Hubbel, the driver of the ill-fated stage, the state made clear the geography of the stage road so far as it concerned the case on trial. From Yreka it ran in a northeasterly direction almost to the northern boundary of Siskiyou County. At a point some three miles west of Goose Lake it turned abruptly to the east and pursued that course to within a quarter of a mile of the lake shore. There it struck into the old Columbia mail route, which a few hundred yards farther north crossed the state line into Oregon.

It was about midway of this eastern course, on a bit of road that swept around the northern base of what was known as Porcupine Ridge, that the robbery occurred. Hubbel had pulled up at the Manzanita Spring, where a barrel had been sunk in the ground to supply water for travelers and horses. While he was busy with the bucket three masked men suddenly appeared from among the rocks just back of the spring and covered the stage and contents with three double-barreled shotguns. No time was allowed for argument. A brief ten minutes later Hubbel was pulling on up the grade actuated by the possibility of a load of buckshot from behind, and the stage was lighter by some five thousand dollars than when it stopped for water. The narrative was rather commonplace.

Examining the prisoner in the dock, Hubbel identified him as the leader of the gang. His story was fully corroborated by two of the passengers, and the members of the sheriff's posse who had made the capture described how they had overtaken Harris on one of the trails leading into the fastnesses of the Cascade Mountains. In his cross-examination the defendant's counsel questioned these witnesses minutely as to the position of the stage, the condition of the light and the direction from which the robbers made their attack; but he failed to weaken their evidence in any important particular. Only once, however, did the young lawyer show signs of personal discomfiture, and then he manifestly invited his own trouble.

Repeatedly, and with not a little shrewdness, he threw out hints that his client had rather courted than shunned the opportunity to submit his case to the determination of a California jury. For a time Brisbane took no notice of these suggestions, but in the end they became too exasperating to be ignored. He concluded the state's case by calling to the stand a witness who gave his name as Grebe Moore and his occupation as deputy sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.

He wore a pepper-and-salt suit and a green necktie, and was distinguished by a conspicuous bald spot upon the left side of his bullet-shaped head. During the hearing before the governor at Salem he had been perpetually at the elbow of the Jackson County district attorney.

"That is All, Mr. Plumb. Your Honor, the Defense Closes"

By Mr. Moore the prosecution brought before the jury the history of the proceedings in Oregon, including the desperate resistance by which, to the very end, the prisoner had sought to avoid being taken to California. On cross-examination J. Dolliver not only failed to weaken this narrative but irritated the witness into a yet more vivid picture of the events.

"See here!" he exclaimed at last, turning squarely upon his inquisitor; "there's not the least sense in trying to make out that your man was willing to come. He was got out of the state of Oregon jest the same way you'd collar a bulldog and drag him out of his kennel—every leg braced stiff and every toe raking the ground as he comes. He was brought down to California by force of law and muscle, and that's all there is to it."

And he was right. That was all there was to it. Brown's arms dropped limp by his sides and without another word he sank into his chair. Brisbane, waiting long enough to give the jury the full effect of the witness' closing eloquence, arose and announced that the state had no further evidence to offer.

Up to this time Judge Wyler, to the disappointment of the spectators, had taken no active part in the legal battle. This disappointment was beginning to express itself in a growing restlessness throughout the audience when the defendant's counsel arose to open the case for the prisoner. Again all became attentive.

"May it please the Court," he began, "the defense in this case will not trespass long upon the time of court or jury. We have but a single witness to put upon the stand; he is one of your own citizens. Personally I am not so fortunate as to know him by sight, but I have ventured to ask one of your officers to summon him to the courtroom. Is Mr. Bryant T. Plumb in court?"

He was; and the expression of surprise upon his face as he took the oath on the witness stand announced his mystification. The appearance of the first witness—and, as now announced, the only witness—for the defense was Judge Wyler's cue. Bounding from his chair and advancing to the bar of the court, he demanded of the defendant's counsel what he proposed to prove by this witness. There was so much of a bellow in his voice that the imagination of his auditors might easily have supplied the "horns, hoofs and a cloud of dust." For a long moment the young man from Poughkeepsie contemplated his new antagonist in an apparently agreeable silence. When the inspection was complete he answered the question.

"I propose to examine Mr. Plumb as to the reputation of the defendant for honesty and integrity, and—possibly—upon one or two other points."

He gazed into the eyes of his wrathful adversary—whose capacity for sudden fury was, in truth, merely one of the assets of his business—with the artlessness of a child. His proposition was so preposterous and his manner so unsophisticated that the old swashbuckler could find no more efficient retort than a snort of amazed contempt. He looked at Brisbane and Brisbane looked at him, but nothing seeming to come of it he indignantly gathered his coattails and resumed his chair.

Thereupon, to the astonishment of everybody—including probably Peter Harris, looking out from the dock—Mr. Brown actually put the witness through the preliminary questions leading up to proof of reputation. Nor did he flinch from the final test.

"Mr. Plumb, what is Peter Harris' reputation in this community for honesty and integrity?"

"In Siskiyou County he is universally regarded as a horsethief and a highway robber."

"Then, I take it, sir," Mr. Brown went on almost before the witness had ceased speaking, "you are not conscientiously biased in favor of the prisoner?"

"Most certainly not."

"Well, then—by-the-way, don't you hold some official position in this county? If so, what is it?"

"I am and for more than fifteen years have been the county surveyor of this county."

"County surveyor! Ah, yes. Then, perhaps, you are familiar with this road referred to by Mr. Hubbel."

"Yes, I know the road. Part of the Goose Lake route was surveyed under my directions."

"A portion of it runs to the north of what has been called Porcupine Ridge. Do you recognize the locality?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is, I believe, some special name given to that particular portion of the road—at least among those of you who are most familiar with your local highways. What is that name?"

"I—I think I've heard it called the Outside Curve."

"How do you suppose it happened to receive that name?"

The question came so casually as to suggest the impulse of a mere passing curiosity.

"Oh," the witness answered in the same careless tone, "one can hardly tell how any little half mile of country road gets a name of its own. People like to invent names and have them stick."

"Mr. Plumb, why is the particular piece of road which passes to the north of Porcupine Ridge known to the local surveyors as the Outside Curve?"

The words in which the question was repeated were not loudly spoken and yet they reached and startled every ear in that crowded courtroom. Judge and jurors were suddenly sitting erect in their chairs with every faculty alert. Brisbane and Wyler, conscious of a sudden danger without at once realizing its nature, sprang to the rescue. Rather by instinct than reason the old lawyer interposed.

(Concluded on Page 30)

AFTER THE FOREST FIRE

By ENOS A. MILLS

FOREST fires led me to abandon the most nearly ideal journey ever begun through the wilds, but the conflagrations that took me aside filled a series of my days and nights with wild, fiery exhibitions and stirring experiences.

It was early September and I had started southward along the crest of the continental divide of the Rocky Mountains in northern Colorado. All autumn was to be mine and upon this Alpine skyline I was to saunter southward, possibly to the land of cactus and mirage. Not being commanded by either the calendar or the compass, no day was to be marred by hurrying. I was just to linger and read all the Nature stories in the heights that I could comprehend or enjoy.

From my starting place, twelve thousand feet above the tides, miles of continental slopes could be seen that sent their streams east and west to the two far-off seas. With many a loitering advance—with many a glad going back—intense days were lived. After two great weeks I climbed off the treeless heights and went down into the woods to watch and learn the deadly and dramatic ways of forest fires.

This revolution in plans was brought about by the view from amid the broken granite on the summit of Long's Peak.

Far below and far away the magnificent mountain distances reposed in the autumn sunshine. The dark crags, snowy summits, light-tipped peaks, bright lakes, purple forests traced with silver streams and groves of aspen—all fused and faded away in the golden haze. These splendid scenes were being blurred and blotted out by the smoke of a dozen or more forest fires.

Little realizing that for six weeks I was to hesitate on fire-threatened heights and hurry through smoke-filled forests, I took a good look at the destruction from afar and then hastened toward the nearest firefront. This was a smoke-clouded blaze on the Rabbit Ear Range that was storming its way eastward. In a few hours it would travel to the Grand River, which flowed southward through a straight, mountain-walled valley that was about half a mile wide. Along the river, occupying about half the width of the valley, was a picturesque grassy avenue that stretched for miles between ragged forest edges.

There was but little wind and, hoping to see the big game that the flames might drive into the open, I innocently took my stand in the center of the grassy stretch directly before the fire and more than an hour before the flames burst upon me. This great smoky fire-billow, as I viewed it from the heights while I was descending, was advancing with a crooked, formidable front about three miles across. The left wing was more than a mile in advance of the active though lagging right one. As I afterward learned, the difference in speed of the two wings was caused chiefly by topography; the forest conditions were similar, but the left wing had for some time been burning up a slope while the right had traveled down one.

All Plant Food Was Consumed

The Flying Elk

FIRE burns swiftly up a slope, but slowly down it. Set fire simultaneously to the top and the bottom of a forest on a steep slope and the blaze at the bottom will overrun at least nine-tenths of the area. Flame and the drafts that it creates sweep upward.

Up on a huge lava boulder in the grassy stretch I commanded a view of more than a mile of the forest edge and was close to where a game trail came into it out of the fiery woods. On this burning forest border a picturesque, unplanned wild-animal parade passed before me.

Scattered flakes of ashes were falling when a herd of elk led the exodus of wild folks from the fire-doomed forest. They came stringing out of the woods into the open, with both old and young going forward without confusion and as though headed for a definite place or pasture. They splashed through a beaver pond without stopping and continued their way up the river. There was no show of fear—no suggestion of retreat. They never looked back.

Deer straggled out singly and in groups. It was plain that all were fleeing from danger—all were excitedly trying to get out of the way of something; and they did not appear to know where they were going. Apparently they gave more troubled attention to the roaring, the breath and the movements of that fiery, mysterious monster than to the seeking of a place of permanent safety. In the grassy open, into which the smoke was beginning to drift and fall, the deer scattered and lingered. At each roar of the fire they turned hither and thither excitedly to look and listen.

A flock of mountain sheep, in a long, narrow, closely pressed rank and led by an alert, aggressive bighorn, presented a winning appearance as it raced into the open. The admirable directness of these wild animals put them out of the category occupied by tame, "silly sheep." Without slackening pace they swept across the grassy valley in a straight line and vanished in the wooded slope beyond. Now and then a coyote appeared—from somewhere—and stopped for a time in the open among the deer; all these wise little wolves were a trifle nervous, but each had himself well in hand. Just glimpses were had of two stealthy mountain lions, now leaping, now creeping, now swiftly fleeing.

Bears were the most matter-of-fact fellows in the exodus. Each loitered in the grass and occasionally looked toward the oncoming danger. Their actions showed curiosity and anger, but not alarm. Each duly took notice of the surrounding animals, and one old grizzly even struck viciously at a snarling coyote. Two black bear cubs, true to their nature, had a merry romp. Even these serious conditions could not make them solemn. Each tried to prevent the other from climbing a tree that stood alone in the open; around this tree they clinched, cuffed and rolled about so merrily that the frightened wild folks were attracted and momentarily forgot their fears. The only birds seen were some grouse that whirred and sailed by on swift, definite wings; they were going somewhere.

In the Wake of the Flames

WITH subdued and ever-varying roar the fire steadily advanced. It constantly threw off an upcurling, unbroken cloud of heavy smoke that hid the flames from view. Now and then a whirl of wind brought a shower of sparks together with bits of burning bark out over the open valley.

Just as the flames were reaching the margin of the forest a great bank of black smoke curled forward and then appeared to fall into the grassy open. I had just a glimpse of a few fleeing animals, then all became hot, fiery and dark. Red flames darted through swirling black smoke. It was stifling. Leaping into a beaver pond I lowered my own sizzling temperature and that of my smoking clothes. The air was too hot and black for breathing; so I fled, floundering through the water, down Grand River.

A quarter of a mile took me beyond the danger-line and gave me fresh air. Here the smoke ceased to settle to the earth, but extended in a light upcurling stratum a few yards above it. Through this smoke the sunlight came so changed that everything around was magically covered with a canvas of sepia or rich golden brown. I touched the burned spots on hands and face with real, though raw, balsam and then plunged into the burned-over district to explore the extensive ruins of this fire.

A prairie fire commonly consumes everything to the earth-line and leaves behind it only a black field. Rarely does a forest fire make so clean a sweep; generally it burns away the smaller limbs and the foliage, leaving the tree standing all blackened and bristling.

This fire, like thousands of others, consumed the litter carpet on the forest floor and the mossy covering of the rocks; it ate the underbrush, devoured the foliage, charred and burned the limbs and blackened the trunk. Behind was a dead forest in a desolate field—a territory with millions of bristling, mutilated trees—a forest ruin impressively picturesque and pathetic. From a commanding ridge I surveyed this ashen desert and its multitude of upright figures all blurred and lifeless; these stood everywhere—in the gulches, on the slopes, on the ridges against the sky; and they bristled in every vanishing distance.

Not a Seed Tree Was Spared. After Twenty-six Years There Has Been No Reproduction

Over the entire area only a few trees escaped with their lives; these were isolated in soggy glacier meadows or among rock fields and probably were defended by friendly air-currents when the fiery billow rolled over them.

When I entered the burn that afternoon the fallen trees that the fire had found were in ashes; the trees just killed were smoking, while the standing dead trees were just beginning to burn freely. That night these scattered beacons strangely burned among the multitudinous dead.

A Forest Fire on the Grand River in Colorado. The Trees Burning are Lodgepole Pine

Close to my camp all through that night several of these fire columns showered sparks like a fountain, glowed and occasionally lighted up the scene with flaming torches. Weird and strange in the night were the groups of silhouetted figures in a shadow-dance between me and the flickering, heroic torches.

The greater part of the area burned over consisted of mountain slopes and ridges that lay between the altitudes of nine thousand and eleven thousand feet. The forest was made up almost entirely of Engelmann and Douglas spruces, alpine fir and *flexilis* pine. A majority of these trees were from fifteen to twenty-four inches in diameter and those examined were two hundred and fourteen years of age. Over the greater extent of the burn the trees were tall and crowded—about two thousand to the acre. As the fire swept over about eighteen thousand acres the number of trees that perished approximated thirty-six million.

A Thousand Years' Work Undone

FIRES make the Rocky Mountains still more rocky. This bald fact stuck out all through this burn and in dozens of others afterward visited. Most Rocky Mountain fires not only skin off the humus but so cut up the fleshy soil and so completely destroy the fibrous bindings that the elements quickly drag much of it from the bones and fling it down into stream channels. Down many summit slopes in these mountains, where the fires went to bedrock, the snows and waters still scoot and scour. The fire damage to some of these steep slopes cannot be repaired for generations and even centuries. Meantime these disfigured places will support only a scattered growth of trees and sustain only a sparse population of animals.

In wandering about I found that the average thickness of humus—decayed vegetable matter—consumed by this fire was about five inches. The removal of even these few inches of covering had in many places exposed boulders and bedrock. On many shallow-covered steeps the soil-anchoring roots were consumed and the productive heritage of ages was left to be the early victim of eager running water and insatiable gravity.

Probably the part of this burn that was most completely devastated was a tract of four or five hundred acres in a zone a little below timberline. Here stood a heavy forest on solid rock in thirty-two inches of humus. The tree-roots burned with the humus and down crashed the trees into the flames. The work of a thousand years was undone in a day!

The loss of animal life in this fire probably was not heavy; in five or six days of exploring I came upon fewer than three dozen fire victims of all kinds. Among the dead were groundhogs, bobcats, snowshoe rabbits and a few grouse. Flying about the waste were crested jays, gray jays—"camp birds"—and magpies. Coyotes came early to search for the feast prepared by the fire.

During the second day's exploration on the burn a grizzly bear and I came upon two roasted deer in the end of a gulch. I was first to arrive, so Mr. Grizzly remained at what may have been a respectful distance restlessly watching me. With his nearness and impolite stare I found it very embarrassing to eat alone. However, two days of fasting had prepared me for this primitive feast; and, knowing that bears were better than their reputation, he was kept waiting until I was served. On arising to go I said to him: "Come; you may have the remainder—there is plenty of it."

The fire was followed by clear weather and for days the light ash lay deep and undisturbed over the burn. One morning conditions changed and after a few preliminary whirlwinds a gusty gale set in. In a few minutes I felt and appeared as though just from an ash-barrel. The ashen dust storm was blinding and choking, and I fled for the unburned heights. So blinding was the flying ash that I was unable to see; and, to make matters worse, the trees with fire-weakened foundations and limbs almost severed by flames commenced falling. The limbs were flung about in a perfectly reckless manner, while the falling trees took a fiendish delight in crashing down alongside me at the very moment that the storm was most blinding. Being without nerves and incidentally almost choked, I ignored the falling bodies and kept going.

A Yellow Pine, Forty-Seven Years After It was Killed by Fire

Several times I rushed blindly against limb points and was rudely thrust aside; and finally I came near walking off into space from the edge of a crag. After this I sought temporary refuge to the leeward of a boulder with the hope that the weakened trees would speedily fall and end the danger from that source. The ash flew thicker than ever did gale-blown desert dust; it was impossible to see and so nearly impossible to breathe that I was quickly driven forth. I have been in many dangers, but this is the only instance in which I was ever irritated by Nature's blind forces. At last I made my escape from them.

From clear though wind-swept heights I long watched the burned area surrender its rich, slowly accumulated store of plant food to the insatiable and all-sweeping wind. By morning, when the wind abated, the garnered fertility and phosphates of generations were gone, and the sun cast the shadows of millions of leafless trees upon rock bones and barren earth. From this burn the waters were still to take their toll.

Of course Nature would at once commence to repair and would again upbuild upon the foundations left by the fire; such, however, were the climatic and geological conditions that improving changes could come but slowly. By 1996 only a good beginning could be made.

For years the greater portion of the burn would be uninhabitable by either birds or animals; those driven forth by this fire would seek home and food in the neighboring territory, where this influx of population would compel interesting readjustments and create bitter strife between the old wild-folk population and the new.

Mountain Fire-Fighting Tools

THE forest fire that I have just described originated from a campfire, which a hunting party left burning; it lived three weeks and extended eastward from the starting place. Along most of its course it burned to the timberline on the left, while rocky ridges, glacier meadows and rock fields stopped its extension and determined the side line on the right; it ran out of the forest and stopped in the grassy Grand River Valley. Across its course were a number of rocky ridges and grassy gorges where the fire could have been easily stopped by removing the scattered trees—by burning the frail bridges that enabled the fire to travel from one dense forest to abundant fuel beyond. In a city it is common to smother a fire with water or acid, but with a forest fire usually it is best to break its inflammable line of communication by removing from before it a width of all fibrous material. The ax, rake, hoe and shovel are the usual fire-fighting tools.

A few yards away from the spot where the fire started I found the following, freshly cut in the bark of an aspen:

J S M
YALE 18—

A bullet had obliterated the two right-hand figures.

For days I wandered over the mountains, going from fire to smoke and studying burns new and old. One comparatively level tract had been fireswept in 1791. On this the soil was good. Lodgepole pine had promptly restocked the burn, but these trees were now being smothered out by a promising growth of Engelmann spruce.

Fifty-seven years before my visit a fire had burned over about four thousand acres and was brought to a stand by a lake, a rocky ridge and a wide fireline that a snowslide had cleared through the woods. The surface of the burn was coarse, disintegrated granite and sloped toward the west, where it was exposed to prevailing high westerly winds. A few kinnikinic rugs apparently were the only green things upon the surface and only a close examination revealed a few stunted trees starting. It was almost barren. Erosion was still active; there were no roots to bind the finer particles together or to anchor them in place.

Tree Growth on Most Mountain Ridges is Scattered

One of the most striking features of the entire burn was that the trees killed by the fire fifty-seven years ago were standing where they died. They had excellent root anchorage in the shattered surface and many of them probably would remain erect for years. The fire that

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THE LAST MAN IN GRANITE

How the Chronicle Stayed On—By John S. McGroarty

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

A Gray Timber Wolf Went Loping Across the Street a Few Blocks Farther On

MOST of the old-timers who helped to make the mining camp of Granite are dead. Two or three of them are spending an old-age oblivion somewhere in Europe, their daughters married to noblemen. A few others are scattered somewhere in quiet almshouses. But most of them—fine, stirring men that they were—are asleep in the hills to wake no more.

Even Chas is dead—Chas, who was the last man in Granite. His full name was Charles T. Messingwell, and he was the founder, editor and publisher of the Granite Chronicle. He was not the first man in Granite, though it came to pass at one time that he was the last.

Granite was already a large camp when Messingwell first came to it. The hoist had been built, the engine installed, pay ore was being regularly freighted out, and at least a dozen shacks had been erected at that time. Chas once stated, in a historical review, which he printed in a special New Year's number of the Chronicle, that the population was exactly three hundred and forty-eight souls when he arrived. He had taken a careful census to determine whether Granite could support a newspaper.

Chas also stated in his historical article that the three hundred and forty-eight souls referred to formed an altogether insufficient population upon which to found a publication, especially in view of the presence of several children, three Chinamen and one hundred and eight grown white persons who could not read. But the rest of the population, Chas said, was so enthusiastically in favor of the establishment of the paper, and so generous in its financial encouragement, that he never hesitated a moment.

And he never regretted his decision. "The Chronicle has come to stay" were the fateful words with which he began his salutatory in the first issue. And it did stay. And Chas stayed with it.

Throughout the years that followed his arrival the editor of the Chronicle was the camp's best-loved and most devoted citizen. The very dogs in the streets knew and loved Chas, which was the name by which everybody called him. It came from the style he used in printing it at the head of his editorial column: "Chas. T. Messingwell, Editor and Proprietor." Berg, who kept the clothing store, was responsible for the title. He took Chas to be a whole name, not knowing it was merely an abbreviation. So Berg fell into the habit of saying, "Hello, Chas!" and the name in that form became established on the lips and in the hearts of all.

In a small isolated community the human beings who compose it are sure to form strong affections as well as strong dislikes. But Chas never had an enemy in Granite from first to last. He was the friend of the entire population, from the general manager of the mining company down to the most ineffectual "swamper" in the meanest saloon. If he crossed the firing line of a gunfight no trigger was pulled until he had safely passed. He once sympathized with an effort to start a church and a Sunday-school in Granite, but even that failed to "put him in bad" with anybody, and with the faro banks least of all. It was his overwhelming love for the camp and everything animate and inanimate in it that saved him at all times and under all circumstances.

Granite was his hobby, his sole aim in life, his idol. Had the Chronicle's circulation become general throughout the outlands, and its statements credited, there would not have been a sane man in the nation who would have failed to cast his lot with that lone outpost in the Rockies.

And, as mining camps go, there was no better than Granite in the days of its glory. It bears the marks of it to this very day, as it will continue to do, perhaps, while time lasts. For who will take the trouble, for no reason at all, to tear down the walls of its deserted buildings that were set stone upon stone from the quarries of the adamantine hills? The road that leads to the place is no longer traveled. The last ounce of gold has been wrung from the once gloriously rich veins and fissures of the mountain. The great stores and offices and gambling halls are now windowless and silent, the habitations of bats and lizards and wild beasts. It was a great camp, but its day has passed.

There never was a human habitation more reluctantly deserted; so many years of plenty had been there, so many years of the big money, so long a stretch of lively existence upon which the outside world trespassed so little. Granite had lived its own life in its own way, looking after its wounded and burying its dead unmolested by restraints and innovations from without, welcoming the wild flowers in the spring and sitting cozy and warm about its own firesides through the snow and the cold of winter. It lived long enough to let men grow a little old with it, who had come to it young, and it was they who hated most to go. But the time came, at last, when go they must, old and young alike—the young who struck down the trails whistling as they went, and the old who snapped their heartstrings, one by one, before they followed.

Those days of desertions, when every morning beheld some old-timer and some old-time family packing up to leave, were days of tragedy in Granite. Everybody took the matter hard. There were many silent handshakes and not infrequent tears. Every day the force of men at work grew pitiably less. The gambling houses and saloons were closed, and only Meeks' grocery and Berg's clothing store at length remained.

The Loneliness Came Back More Terribly Than Ever

It was cruel for all, but for the editor of the Chronicle it was like the end of the world, the final soul-crash of the universe. He alone among them could not accept the sentence of doom. He could not believe that Granite had played out. Day and night he begged and pleaded with the people to remain.

"Why, people," he would say, "there's other veins lying under Granite. We'll take more gold out yet than we ever took before. Don't you be foolish, people, running away like this. You'll be sorry, I tell you. Old Granite is going to come up again, stronger than ever."

But they only shook their heads sadly. The end had come and they knew it only too well.

"No use, Chas; no use," they said. "God knows we hate to go, but we've got to do it."

One day, when Chas went into Berg's store he found old John Kevlin buying a new pair of overalls, the only kind of clothes John ever wore. It looked suspicious, because the suit John had on his back was not at all badly worn. Chas felt his heart sink.

"See here, John Kevlin, you ain't going to run away too, are you?" he demanded.

Old John hung his head in silence, ceasing his examination of the new overalls. Chas, who had long been the guardian angel of the camp, was now its accusing angel, and people were getting to be afraid to face him.

"John Kevlin, look me in the face," Chas again demanded. "Are you going to desert Granite?" The accusing voice was tremulous with indescribable sorrow.

The guilty head hung a moment longer, and then old John blurted out:

"I can't starve, Chas; and there ain't no more work for me here."

This was the hardest blow that had yet come. John Kevlin had the honor of being the first subscriber to the Chronicle. Never a week in all the years had he failed to read it, to praise it, and to boast of its editor. Old John had stood shoulder to shoulder with Chas in the glorification of Granite, and the two had always been great cronies.

Ay, it was the hardest blow yet, and Chas leaned back against Berg's counter pale and limp as a rag. It was some little time before another word was spoken. Then, in a broken voice, Chas said:

"All right, John; go ahead and run away like the rest of them—you that know better; you that know Granite ain't even been scratched yet. Go ahead, but you'll be sorry—and ashamed."

It was too much for John. He pushed the overalls back.

"I guess I don't want them clothes, Berg," he said. "I ain't leavin' Granite yet." Turning, he walked slowly away, but as he reached the door he called back:

"I'll see you later, Chas."

Next morning John Kevlin was not in camp. He had stolen away in the night, a moral coward and, as it would seem, a false friend. But it is known that when he told Chas he would "see him later" he fully meant it. In the new camp to which he went he got up a subscription list for a new paper and tried all that was in his power to induce Chas to come and start it. But Chas never even replied.

Fast flew the evil days till there were only three men left, and these three were Chas, Berg and Meeks the grocer. Lonelier with its empty homes and silent marts of trade was Granite then than it had ever been in its virgin desolation. And sad is the parting of old friends and neighbors, bearing hardest on those who stay behind. They who go have at least something to look forward to. Berg and Meeks were subdued and saddened enough that last day in the old, once-joyous place, but there were silver linings of expectations to their clouds. Chas alone was the one utterly broken man among them—the one who was not going away.

"The Chronicle has come to stay," had been written and was not to be unwritten. And what was the Chronicle but Chas?

Meeks, in common with everybody who had lived in Granite, loved Chas, and Berg fairly idolized him. In the old times of happiness and plenty it was a rare Sunday evening that had not found Chas seated at dinner in the warmth and welcome of the Berg household, Mother Berg beaming upon him and the little Bergs clambering upon his knees after the meal was finished.

On this last day it was Meeks who first spoke, saying:

"Chas, are you ready to load your traps on the wagons and go with Berg and me?"

"I'm not going," replied Chas, his voice sounding hollow.

"But, man, you can't stay here all alone by yourself!" cried Meeks in angry distress.

"Sure, I can," said Chas doggedly. "I'm no quitter, Meeks. You'll find me here when you and the rest come sneaking back."

Meeks was not a strong man in an argument, having spent most of his life in the grocery business giving in to people and taking their insults. He had no answer for the stubborn, insane ultimatum of the editor. He leaned against Berg's counter, wiping his dry and speechless lips with a hand that shook nervously.

It was obviously Berg's turn to take hold of the dilemma.

"Chas," said the gentle-hearted old Jew, "you must be nutty. Ain't it you can't live here by yourself? And ain't it you kin come back if the camp picks up again, if you want to? You don't gotta go and act crazy, Chas. Go ahead now, quick, and pack your traps on the vagons."

But there was no sign of weakening. Somewhat more sadly, but as doggedly as ever, Chas replied:

"No, Herman, I'm not going to leave Granite."

Berg now became desperately exasperated. He had had no idea that Chas would make good his threat to remain in the camp with no living soul to keep him company. Berg had been sure that the editor would weaken when it came to a "show-down." And now, when it was so terribly evident that Chas meant what he said, Berg's heart went down to the soles of his boots in sorrow and despair. He devoured the editor with eyes of unbelief. For several moments he could not speak a word, but at last he said slowly, in a half-choked voice:

"You don't—mean it. You—certainly don't—mean it, Chas."

The man who had resolved to stay in Granite alone, to live in that desolation with no human companion to sympathize with him or to befriend him in case of need, was surely an extreme sentimentalist, the type of man that has furnished the stake with martyrs. Soft-hearted as a woman in the everyday ways of life when life ran its even tenor, the editor of the Chronicle was also a man of unyielding soul in the hour of stress. The no-surrender blood of tenacious ancestors was red in his veins.

It Required Ten Long Days and Nights to Nurse Charles T. Messingwell Back to Life

Chas now saw, however, that he was cruelly distressing his friends, and this was a thing he had never done before in all his life. He was sorry and he hastened to bring the painful interview to a close. Throwing his arm affectionately about Berg's shoulder, he spoke his final word.

"Herman," he said, "you have been the best friend that a man ever had. I shall miss you as a son would miss his father, and as I know you will miss me. But this thing that we are going to do now can't be helped. You must go and I must remain. If it doesn't take too long you'll come back some day, and you'll find me here waiting to welcome you, gladder than you can ever know. You always understood me, Herman; and you always sympathized with me and my queer ways. You mustn't quit now, but just let me work it out in my own way. I told the world in black-faced brevier that 'The Chronicle has come to Granite to stay.' That was fifteen years ago, Herman; but those words still hold good. The Chronicle came to stay and it will stay. So there, now, you and Meeks vamose; and God bless you and bring you good luck!"

It was no disgrace to Herman Berg that he cried like a child that day when he said good-by to the friend he loved. The tears were still in his eyes as he turned the road on the plains far below and caught the last fading glimpse of Granite, dim and lonely on the distant mountainside that held now one true and faithful heart alone of all the true hearts that once were there. And it was a long time before either Berg or Meeks spoke a word to each other, they were so deep in the sadness of their thoughts.

"Vouldn't it be hell if Chas gets sick and dies back there all by himself?" said Berg at last.

"He is a damn fool," said Meeks sorrowfully.

"No, Meeks, no," quickly retorted the Jew. "He is not a fool. He is what we call a idealist. He is a dreamer. Yes, Chas is a dreamer."

"Well, I hope he wakes up and gets out of Granite," said Meeks. "I guess he's a little crazy."

"Ach, you don't understand; you don't understand," sighed Berg. "You have always been in the grocery business. You know not what is a idealist. Poor Chas, poor Chas. I don't know how it ends."

And so they went their way to the new camp, where awaited their families and some of the old friends.

Chas had not lingered to watch them as they drove across the plain. Had he done so he could have kept them in view for a good two hours, but he had not the heart to do it, perhaps. Anyway, he turned instead to his office, threw off his coat and began industriously to stick type for the next issue of the Chronicle.

That night he slept soundly, but the next day was not so easy.

Try as he would, his strong will wavered as the awful silence and loneliness of the deserted camp enveloped his very soul. He steadily kept his back to the window that faced the camp and commanded a view of the main street, and he toiled at the case like a galley slave at the oars. But every now and then he would start suddenly, like a man jumping from the nightmare of sleep. And once he collapsed utterly, burying his head in his hands and sobbing as though his heart might break. It took him a long time to come out of that, yet he conquered himself at last, resuming his labors, pale and hollow-eyed, but with a firm and steady hand.

Chas was one of the best of the old-time printers who flourished before the days of linotype machines. He was fast and accurate, and he could do the trick which often stood country editors of his class in good stead in the old days—he could set up his stuff direct from the case without resorting to the necessity of writing copy. Standing in his shirtsleeves, his suspenders slipped down over his hips, he composed steadily and fluently with brain and fingers, fantastically ignoring the fact that the Chronicle was now absolutely without a constituency, including both its subscription list of readers and its advertising patrons. With the postal arrangements abandoned there was not even the hope of a mailing list. But all this had no effect whatever on Chas. He did not allow himself to dwell on his loneliness or to think about the friends of whom he had been bereft by Fate. He knew he dared not do that, else he would go mad, as you would go mad were you to brood upon scattered graves wherein are laid the loves of which the years have robbed you.

At the week's end the Chronicle went to press as usual, and it was an exceptionally entertaining and instructive issue, although considerably short on local news. It contained a great deal of general mining matter, however, gleaned mostly from the exchanges that were the last to reach Granite. And there was a fine, enthusiastic article entitled "Granite Redivivus," picturing the old camp rising, like Phenix from the ashes, in a new splendor that would outshine in glory all the wonders of the past. The

only reference to the conditions of the hour was contained in a paragraph at the head of the editorial column. It ran as follows, set in leaded brevier in the customary manner, and without even a headline to attract particular attention:

The exodus of the citizens and people of Granite which began some weeks ago is now quite complete; consequently there is a noticeable dearth of local items in our present issue, which will probably continue for a while. The return of the prodigals is, however, assured. As will be seen from our pages this week, the future of Granite is beyond question. The present exodus will result in a return from temporary exile of all the old, familiar faces, with many added new ones. During the interim we shall continue our labors as usual. The Chronicle has come to stay.

Aside from this there was nothing to indicate the true situation. With a trustfulness and generosity not common to newspapers, the advertisements were kept standing and even elaborated. Had the wind blown a copy of that particular issue of the Chronicle to some distant, populated place where people believed what they read, it would have started a stampede to Granite.

But no wind blew the paper anywhere save through the lonely, deserted streets of the camp to which its soul had been devoted. On the Friday of that week the Chronicle was delivered to the post-office of Granite as it had been delivered without a single hiatus during its existence. After having worked the whole night through to get the issue off the press, Chas loaded it in his hand-wagon and carted it down Main Street to the great, empty, echoing room where the post-office still remained, though now without authority or cognizance of law or patrons. The furniture of the office stood as the old postmaster had left it; many of the boxes still contained uncalled-for mail. It was through the post-office that the Chronicle had always been delivered to its subscribers, a much more convenient method than delivery by carrier from door to door, having had besides the advantage of holding the Federal Government to account for inaccuracies of service.

During the first week of his sole possession of Granite, with all its appurtenances and hereditaments that had not been carried off, Chas had fallen into the habit of not only talking a good deal to himself but also of addressing imaginary presences—the presences of those who had fled. It was a dangerous mood. The alienist will tell you that it is a bad sign. Yet with Chas the whim had been adopted only for the purpose of keeping the loneliness away.

"I'm like the old Scotchman," he would say to himself, grimly joking; "I like to hear a sensible man talk and I like to talk to a sensible man."

But it was not good for Chas, this thing of talking to himself.

As now he threw his bundle of papers on the post-office floor, he turned brusquely to the lonely walls and shouted:

"Hey, you, Parker! Here's the Chronicle ready for the mail." The empty barracks gave back the ring of his voice bravely, but that was all. Chas waited.

"Busy, eh?" he said then. "And Miss Thompson out somewhere, eh? Oh, well, never mind, Parker! I'll just shove them in the boxes myself. It ain't the first time I've had to help you out."

He broke his bundle open and performed his task, speaking the name of each subscriber aloud as he went down the familiar list. It was not a very long time until the last paper had been stowed in its proper receptacle.

Then Chas went out and looked up and down Main Street ruminatingly. The great, gaunt stone buildings hailed him, as though inviting him to come and share their loneliness. But Chas quickly shook himself free of that sensation. He was fighting off despair by the supreme exercise of his imagination, feeling this to be his only salvation against a surrender that he dreaded.

"It's an hour yet before supper," said Chas, consulting his watch. "I guess I'd better run in on a few of the fellows and see if they want any change in their ads. for next week."

Not a door had been left locked in the camp—a fact that, more than any other, proved that Granite had been deserted without the slightest hope of a future revival of its life and industry. At sight of the unlocked doors, a stranger happening upon the camp in his wanderings would have at once grasped the fact that Granite was dead beyond even the hope of resurrection. But Chas stubbornly refused to notice things of this nature. It had been his custom to make the rounds of his advertisers on this day of each week, and he did it now, speaking to imaginary occupants of stores, saloons, gambling houses and all as he went, himself replying with imaginary answers to the questions he asked. This was an unfortunate day for Chas. The whim that he had invented for his protection in that vast and cruel desolation began to approach dangerously near a condition of hallucination. That night he rested but fitfully, starting from his slumbers time and again, thinking he heard the camp roaring as of old and the call of familiar voices in his ears.

In this way the days and the months passed, the Chronicle going to press regularly every week and Chas fighting harder than ever against the temptations that assaulted the very citadel of his soul and the strange, uneasy fantasies that endeavored to find lodgment in his brain. Yet never once had he even thought of hoisting the white flag.

It was in the early spring when the full exodus of Granite had taken place, and now it was midsummer; yet no one had returned. But it was at about this time that Chas entertained a visitor for the space of four days.

One day toward evening, late in August, a stranger wandered into the streets of Granite. He drove a lazy burro on whose back were loaded a prospector's camp outfit and tools. He was a big, bony man, wearing violent red whiskers, and from a pair of very blue eyes he looked wonderingly on the deserted stone buildings of the camp. He appeared to be some kind of a Swede, although he spoke with no dialect. Through sheer curiosity he was peering into every house of the camp, ultimately opening the door of the print shop and office of the Chronicle.

—Chas was setting type at the case, and he wheeled about in great surprise, with an eager look of joy on his face that immediately changed to disappointment. It was no old friend returned that he saw before him. Yet it was good to see again a fellow human being after all those months of loneliness.

"Howdy!" cried Chas cheerily. "Come in, and make yourself at home."

The blue eyes of the prospector opened wider with wonder. He could not figure the situation out. He had just finished an exploration of a plainly abandoned mining camp, and now he had come upon a lone person running a printing establishment. Maybe there was still another quarter of the town that he had not yet seen, to which the inhabitants had moved for some strange reason.

"I thought there was nobody here," the stranger managed to say at last.

"Oh, yes, there's somebody here, all right! I'm here," said Chas.

"And the rest of the people?"

"Oh, they've gone away for a while!"

"Gone away for a while? Where to?"

Then Chas explained. They had got a fool notion in their heads that this camp of Granite had petered out, so they scampered off like a parcel of children to a new camp they had been hearing about. But they would come back, sure. The whole story was right there in the Chronicle. Wouldn't the stranger sit down and read it for himself?

The blue eyes stared suspiciously at Chas, but the look soon changed to one of sympathy and pity as the truth swept over the visitor's mind. Prospectors, more than any other men, know what it means to follow a dream after everybody else has abandoned it. The man sat down and wandered aimlessly through the pages of the Chronicle that had been put into his hands while he listened to Chas talking whimsically and sounding the praises of the Granite that was yet to be.

During the man's stay Chas did all in his power to induce him to remain and pursue his calling right there among the hills of Granite. Chas was sure that many new veins could be uncovered if the right man would only make the effort. And the Swede did gopher around a good deal, but he finally announced his belief that the camp had seen its last days. He must be on his way, he said. It was necessary that he discover a mine before the winter set in.

But when he came to go away the prospector found himself strangely attached to the editor. No man could spend even so short a time as four days in close companionship with Chas and not love him as a brother. The night preceding his departure, as they sat smoking, the stranger confided to the editor that he was strong in the belief that he would discover a great mine in a distant part of the Rockies to which he was bound and with which he was somewhat acquainted. He had prospected for many years without much luck, but he was sure he was on the road to fortune this time. He urged Chas to accompany him and offered to make him an equal partner in his wealth.

"Nobody will ever come back to this camp," the prospector declared with emphasis. "You will starve here. There will be plenty for both of us where I am going."

Chas told him as gently as possible that he could not accept the generous offer. "Look here," he said, as he took the original copy of the Chronicle from his files and pointed to the talismanic words at the head of the editorial column: "'The Chronicle has come to stay.' See what that says? Yes, the Chronicle came to Granite to stay, and it is staying, and it will stay."

So they argued it out fruitlessly between them until the hour was late, each with his own dream to keep him warm as the wood burned low in the old battered stove of the office.

They were totally different kinds of men. The prospector strove to secure gold, Chas was guided by an ideal. The Swede was obsessed with a craze for vast wealth, the editor was the victim of a vision. "Where there is no vision the people perish," said an old sage; so Chas was by far the better man. The Swede dreamed of a castle and large, fair women to grace it, as his Viking ancestors dreamed before him—things that never once entered into the thoughts of Charles T. Messingwell.

Next morning Chas took the prospector into Meeks' deserted store and loaded him plentifully with canned goods from the supply that Meeks had purposely left behind. Then the two said goodby.

The visit had a good effect on Chas for a while. It broke up the monotony and he was quite lively for a week or more afterward. But then the loneliness came back more terribly than ever. Still, the Chronicle appeared regularly every week as the months passed. Then winter came and was now halfway across its bitter pathway of storm and cold.

One morning when Chas awoke he found, somewhat to his dismay, bear tracks in the newfallen snow in front of his office, and several nights before he had distinctly heard the cry of wolves. It was not a pleasant situation for a lone man even if he were well armed, and Chas had never owned or carried a gun or a pistol in his life.

Another serious calamity that threatened the existence of the Chronicle was the disappearance of its paper supply. Upon the morning when the bear tracks confronted Chas in the snow he had started down the street to rummage around the old store buildings to gather up paper of every description in order that he might hold out till spring, at least. What he would do then he declined to consider. But he knew he could not get out to civilization for a new supply of paper while the winter lasted.

On that memorable morning when he reached Main Street his heart stood still as he beheld a magnificent black Rocky Mountain bear and his mate panting opposite the old Mint Saloon. And, worse still, a gray timber wolf went loping across the street a few blocks farther on. The lords of the mountains had returned to their own—even as the lions had returned to the palaces of Tyre.

He dodged warily down an alley and managed someway to get back with a good deal of paper. But he found himself somewhat unnerved. He determined to bar the post-office, at any rate; and he did so later on.

(Continued on Page 36)

"John Kevlin, Are You Going to Desert Granite?"

A New Way to Choose Presidents

By Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr.

THE people of Oregon have adopted by popular vote a law that permits them, in party primaries, to express their preference for party candidates for President and Vice-President. Thus has been started a movement that in my opinion will extend throughout the United States, until eventually we shall have direct selection of party candidates for the highest Federal offices.

By adoption of this system, political bosses, backed by campaign contributors, will be deprived of the power to select candidates; and thus Presidents will be relieved of that embarrassing obligation that the nominee must feel toward those who have placed him in office.

The convention system is the greatest evil of representative government. The nominee of a convention knows to whom he owes his selection and with that knowledge goes a natural desire to repay the favor. Practical politics has established the custom of discharging political obligations by the distribution of Federal appointments, with only a secondary consideration for qualifications and efficiency. Under a direct primary system the candidate does not know to what individuals he owes his nomination and therefore his only obligation is that of rendering the best possible service to all the people, making appointments with that sole end in view.

The Oregon system of popular government is the best in the world and, with this latest addition, comprises a plan that eliminates selfish interest, represented by the campaign contributor and his agent, the political boss, and substitutes therefor general welfare.

The new Oregon law is merely an extension of the direct primary and can be readily adopted in every state having the direct primary system. It provides also for the election of delegates to national conventions by direct vote in the primaries and the direct nomination of party candidates for Presidential electors. These features are essential in the effort to relieve candidates of obligation to special interests and leave them entirely free to serve the general welfare.

I have long believed that satisfactory government cannot be attained without destroying the obligation that must exist between public officials and the individuals securing their nomination. Therefore I issued an address to the people of Oregon in 1909, urging the importance of the extension of our direct primary law in this respect, asserting that other states would follow Oregon's example; thus giving the people of the United States the same power in the selection of candidates for President and Vice-President that the people of Oregon now have in the selection of candidates for governor and United States senators.

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Senator Jonathan Bourne

The Choice of the People

IMMEDIATELY thereafter I caused a bill to be prepared and submitted to the people of Oregon, under the initiative, proposing an amendment to the direct primary law, providing that in each year of Presidential election the primaries shall be held in April and that opportunity shall be given the voters to express their preference for party candidates for President and Vice-President, and to select delegates to the national conventions and nominate their party candidates for Presidential electors. As required by our initiative and referendum amendment, the petition proposing the bill was signed by eight per cent of the voters of the state and was filed in the office of the secretary of state more than four months prior to the general election. It was presented under the management of the People's Power League, composed of a number of the most progressive citizens of the state.

A full copy of this bill, as of all other initiative or referendum measures, was published in the publicity pamphlet, together with arguments for and against. A copy of this pamphlet was mailed by the secretary of state to every registered voter after registration. By means of this pamphlet and of circular letters, and by discussion through the newspapers and on the stump, the voters were informed as to the nature of this and other measures.

The Presidential preference bill was very generally opposed by machine politicians, who oppose any extension of popular sovereignty, preferring the system of delegated power under which they have been enabled to commercialize politics and the legislative and administrative branches of city, county and state governments.

By reason of the adoption of this law, Oregon will occupy a unique position in the campaign of 1912. It is, of course, the desire of each political party to nominate the strongest candidate, but there is usually great difficulty in deciding upon the individual. Straw votes are frequently taken by newspapers and magazines in order to test public opinion. In April, 1912, Oregon will take an official test vote that will accurately disclose the views of members of the two leading political parties as to relative merits of Presidential possibilities. Public sentiment in Oregon is representative of the best public opinion throughout the country. The people of Oregon are more advanced politically than the people of any other state. They are more intelligent, more independent and more progressive than any other people in the world. This is not verbal soufflé, but a statement of fact demonstrated by accomplishment of results.

In view of the position the people of Oregon occupy as recognized leaders in popular government, aspirants for Presidential nomination and all their friends will watch with anxious interest the popular vote in that state, for it must be acknowledged that Oregon's vote will indicate the trend of opinion throughout the United States. The Republican and Democrat respectively who has the popular indorsement of his party in Oregon will have a great advantage in the national convention, for no party can safely ignore public opinion carefully expressed. My own judgment is that if the vote in Oregon shows a decisive preference for any aspirant, that aspirant will be nominated by the convention.

Instruction Not Ironclad

THE popular vote in party primaries in Oregon will be in the nature of an instruction to the Oregon delegations in the national conventions, but the delegates will not be bound to vote for the choice of their state if they find that by so doing votes would be thrown away. There is a moral obligation upon them to support the choice of the members of their respective parties in Oregon so long as the aspirants indorsed have a chance of winning the nomination. Though there will be no legal obligation, it is safe to say that no delegate will lightly ignore the popular expression.

In my opinion the Oregon idea of direct selection of party candidates for President and Vice-President will be adopted in a majority of the states within the next two decades. General adoption of this system will relegate the "steam roller" to the political scrap-heap and its operators to the shadow of things forgotten. Southern Republican delegations will no longer be the vest-pocket trading material of Republican bosses, nor will Democratic delegations from solid Republican states in the North be subject to the will of Democratic bosses. The voice of the people will be heard in the selection of candidates; and delegates will be made, as they should be, mere messengers conveying the expressed wish of the people whom they profess to represent.

Popular selection of candidates for President and Vice-President would mean a saving of millions of dollars, now wasted through industrial inactivity due to unsettling of conditions incident to a change of Administration. Under the convention system candidates are not always chosen for their fitness to render good service to the country. Selections of candidates are too often influenced by promises of patronage, power of the Administration over delegations controlled by Federal officeholders or by campaign contributors. Very frequently a fight over the governorship will give one faction or the other control of a state delegation and thus determine the Presidential nomination when the Presidency was not considered by the members of the party in selecting delegates to the state conventions.

The Voters Conservative

AS A RESULT of this system, men are nominated for President who were not even under discussion when the delegates were chosen. Consequently the people of the country know little of the man and must await his demonstration of ability and the disclosure of his policies. To a large extent they withhold confidence until they have reason to believe he will "make good." For a considerable period before and after every Presidential election industrial activity lessens and there is enormous economic waste through the idleness of men, machinery and capital.

Practically all this waste would be saved under a system of popular selection, for it would be known in advance that the people of the country would select the man in whom they had most confidence; and, assured of this confidence, industrial enterprise would proceed with little if any interruption.

In my opinion, under a system of popular selection, candidates would be chosen generally from among governors of states who had rendered distinguished service. There would be no possibility of the nomination of "dark-horse" candidates.

No man would secure indorsement of the people unless he had either demonstrated his qualifications by service rendered or won their confidence by presentation of sound principles offering concrete solutions of pending governmental problems.

Enemies of popular government have offered the objection that under a system of direct selection of candidates the people would choose a man extremely radical and dangerous to wise government.

There is not a page of American history justifying such an estimate of the American people. Conservatism is one of their characteristics. In the language of the framers of our Declaration of Independence, they are "more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed."

Hence the people have long deferred the task of overthrowing the convention system, with selfishness the destroying force, and substituting popular government, with general welfare the vitalizing force. They have been willing to endure the wrongs imposed by their supposed representatives, who owed their first allegiance to political bosses and campaign contributors, rather than assert their right to control their government and make their public servants accountable to them alone. Experience shows that the people will not vote for a change unless convinced it will be a change for the better.

Aware of this spirit of conservatism and having the utmost confidence in the intelligence, honesty and independence of the people, I had no hesitancy in proposing a bill giving the people power by direct vote to choose party candidates for President and Vice-President; and I urge the adoption of that plan in every state.

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

By Corra Harris

Author of A Circuit Rider's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

Really He Was Acquiring a National Air

VI

IF I FOLLOWED Adam's public career, what I should write would be more interesting. It would, in fact, be a sensational romance of the present times. Besides, Adam, like most public men of his type, belongs to romance more than he does to everlasting reality. He is a person who garnishes life with imagination. He is not so much a man as he is a popular exaggeration of manhood, one of those figures of speech created and maintained by the ballot. The Government is full of them, and they have furnished more material for the historical novelist than for the historian. The men who are making history now in this country are the capitalists and engineers. The politicians, preachers, editors and social reformers are only those who are following them or fighting them.

As for Adam, the details of his success would always elude a mere woman. You must have observed how quickly a man blows out his candle, so to speak, when his wife approaches certain places in his life or his career. This was Adam's way. He talked to me often of his hopes, but rarely of his plans. If I asked him exactly what course he would pursue in such and such a campaign—for he was a man who advanced in the order of things from one campaign to another; just as, say, a Christian would from one moral victory to another—he would laugh, kiss me, and advise me not to bother my dear head about such dull affairs; or he would invite me to come and hear him speak somewhere. He declared the sight of my face in the audience always inspired him, and I have no doubt it did. I beheld him raised to the sixteenth power of oratory, and that invariably affected me deeply and happily. But, really, Adam's speeches no more represented what he was and did than a curtain informs of what is on the stage behind it. The last time I was ever behind the scenes in his political life was during the campaign recorded in the preceding chapter.

Also, you must remember that this is not Adam's annals as a politician. It is a woman's testament of married life. And married life for woman, like all Gaul in ancient times, is "divided into three parts." The first is the pedestal period, before she has any children and when she is engaged with naïve simplicity in trying to be what her husband wants her to be, which, of course, is being what is easiest for him to live with, being himself unmodified as much as possible. Almost any young wife would rather be praised by her husband than to be right. Her little tinkling beatitudes all go to the fulfilling of his "ideal." As a matter of fact, I doubt if there is yet a man in creation who knows what an ideal wife ought to be. Often she has to be a drastic, difficult person, reaping where she has not sowed and carrying things with a high hand generally.

The second period begins when she becomes the mother of his children, feels a new set of responsibilities, gets nervous over them and shows her real nature and temper by kicking her young angel-wife pedestal out of the way, and by getting down to those duties of life for which she was more particularly created—that is, the nursing and bringing up of her children, even if she neglects both her hair and her husband to accomplish this.

The third and last period comes after it is all over; after the husband and wife have ceased to idealize each other and have accepted each other literally, without entertaining any more foolish hopes for the better. It is a time of peace and of easy, lengthy, unstrained silences between them. Love is a habit and no longer needs to be cultivated with quarrels and tears and reconciliations. They really get acquainted, this middle-aged husband and wife, and they are far more dependent upon each other than they were in their youth.

With me, the pedestal period lasted longer than it does with most women. Adam had served four terms in the legislature and was looking toward Congress when our first baby was born. We were still living in Booneville. I may as well say here that during the fifteen years he was in Congress, and until he was made governor of the state, we continued to reside in Booneville. Our three children were born there and Adam became the great man of that section. After his election to Congress he ceased to edit the Banner, but he has always owned it and "controlled" its political policy.

"I am saving the Banner," he used to say. "It is my insurance against the sour idleness of a public man's old age. When the political ideals of the next generation grow up and get strong enough to defeat me I shall retire to Booneville and edit the Banner as I used to do when I was a young man with a bee in my bonnet. I'll get over the spleen of this long political indigestion writing little editorials about the everlasting things, like honor and courage, the innocency of children, the faithfulness of women, and the Lost Cause. When a man is old he likes to feel the ancient foundations of such thoughts more than he does the red-hot splinter of political fame under his fingernail." Adam was getting far along toward middle life before he had enough sense to say that, but I am setting it down here because this seems to be a good place to bring it in.

I never left home to be with him during the sessions of the legislature in Nashville, nor later in Washington, when he was a Congressman. So far as I knew at the time, I was detained naturally by my household cares. A woman can no more leave her chickens and cow and flowers and furniture than a man can leave his business. After the children came, it was even more imperative to remain at home with them. Adam was reconciled to this arrangement from the first, although he never failed to assure me that it was the greatest privation of his life. He said living without me was not living. It was mere fragmentary existence. Still, he agreed with me, sighing, that it really was imperative that I should remain in Booneville and keep an eye on things. I used to wish sometimes that he would override my convictions and insist that I should accompany him, but he never did.

I worried over him constantly when he was away during those first years. The time never comes when a wife does not think her husband needs her. He may have lived comfortably, happily and in good health thirty years before he met her, but the moment he and she are married and she discovers "what a child he is," and how incapable of taking care of himself, she bothers if he is away from her, for fear he will eat something that disagrees with him or take off his thick clothes too soon. He may be laboring in matrimony like a swimmer in a heavy sea with her hanging to his neck. He may be positively desperate for a rest from domesticity and the petticoatness of life, but she will never really believe he ought to go even on a vacation without her, although she may consent to see him go. He may be as sober and quiet as she is, but still, when he is away from her, she has appalling anxieties such as a man would never feel about his wife. Nothing can convince a woman that her husband does not need her every day and almost every hour. It is a form of static hysteria with which nearly all good women are afflicted.

I reckon this had something to do with the anxieties I experienced about Adam when he was in Nashville or Washington. Still, if you read far enough in this story, you will see that my anxieties were justified. I do not say they are for every wife, but if I had it to do over again Adam should never attend so much as the briefest committee meeting in Washington, nor even as near home as the state capital, unless I attended him all the time he was there. A man may be as trustworthy as George Washington in his relations to national affairs, always able and honorable in the discharge of his duties as a citizen and an official of the Government, and still be untrustworthy as a husband. It seems to be harder for him to evolute as a husband than as a citizen. I think it is because his eth cs are easier to develop than his morals. The two may be as far apart in him as the east is from the west. As a man, you express your high ethical convictions by voting right about laws and issues that control other people, by conducting glorious social reforms in society at large, by repeating some Christian church creed

"Don't Wake Her, Adam!"

every Sunday. Nothing is easier, once you get your self-consciousness lodged out of your own particular personal character and become the noble churn-dasher of the multitude. But to be moral yourself is like being greater than he that taketh a city. Adam could take a city with his eyes shut, but his morals had puppy legs. This is common in many men, but nobody notices it unless they show their puppy legs in public. Once, when we were in New York, we went to hear a lecture on ethics by a man who was an authority on that subject. And it was a grand lecture. You could have conducted a millennium according to that man's recipe. I was enthusiastic. I seemed to see the angels running up and down Jacob's ladder into the Heaven of Heavens as I listened. I could not help wiping the tears from my eyes. I resolved to be a better woman. I was disappointed at Adam's indifference—I may say his insolent inattention. Afterward he told me the lecturer had been divorced from his wife and had married his affinity. From being enthusiastic I became indignant.

"Adam," I exclaimed, "it is a shame! That man should be arrested, prosecuted and made to serve a life sentence in the penitentiary for so blaspheming righteousness! People will be educated to believe that morality is simply a system of imagination and thinking, not to be lived at all!"

"Eve, darling, you'd ruin everything; you'd retard civilization and liberty, and break up our churches and the government, if you could enforce your ideas. You are wrong, my dear. Don't you remember how it is written, somewhere in the Bible, that God 'winked at' certain things? And He will have to go on winking, for I cannot imagine how long, unless He strips man of his mortality. A lot of really excellent men and not a few women—only, not you, beloved!—are basing their hopes of salvation upon that fragment of the Scriptures. Your preacher means the same thing, offers the same consolation, when he quotes: "For He remembereth that we are dust."

I could not help being horrified often at the way Adam chose his spiritual accommodations from the Bible. And I never thought he was right in taking such advantages of the great innocent Scriptures; but I do believe the Heavenly Father will have difficulty in hardening His heart enough to damn Adam forever. He will be the kind of condemned sinner that will stand before the very throne of grace ten thousand years to argue the extenuating circumstances of his mortality, instead of going out and being cast into the lake of fire and brimstone; just as a child clings to his father's hand when he is told to go to bed in the dark. I am a Protestant for myself, but for Adam I can't help believing in a mitigating kind of purgatory where the probationer will be allowed to enjoy the company of his guardian angel every Saturday afternoon. In my opinion, nobody knows how good and wise and merciful God is. But He undoubtedly is, for it is going to require much goodness and wisdom and mercy to know just what to do with sinners like Adam and saints like the eternal Pharisees.

But my purpose was to devote this chapter to the beginnings of our family. The first baby was a girl. We compromised by naming her Evangeline, because, to me, Eve has always seemed such a short, naked kind of name, and Adam was determined that she should be called after her mother. She was born in August. Adam was away at the Capital, attending a short session of the Senate, but a wire brought him home like a house afire to meet his eldest child.

I shall never forget how he looked or how I felt that day. The room was darkened. The whole world seemed silent, as if it were walking by upon its tiptoes outside. There was not a sound save a soft whimper now and then from the little white bundle lying under the covers on the other side of the bed. Mother had gone out to see about the rolls she had set to rise on the back part of the kitchen range. I was not thinking. I was arriving again in the order of things. Years before I had been regenerated, converted, during a revival. I had been "born again." Now I experienced a similar but greater change in myself. From being merely a wife I had become a mother. The advance was immense, incredible. I could not think it. I could only feel it. Presently I heard the opening and closing of a door in the silent house; then voices in the hall, mother's and Adam's. I comprehended from the low and nervous tone of the latter that he was excited. But I was not in the least so. I seemed removed from all that had been, as though I had accomplished a new and infinitely nearer relation.

The next moment he parted the shadows of the room as he entered noiselessly and advanced to the side of the bed. For a moment he stood confused, as if he were frightened at what he saw. There was something so endearing in his face, so remote, that suddenly I felt a great compassion for him. He was so far from understanding what had happened. He only saw what he saw. As for me—lying flat, with him standing so tall above me—I seemed still to look down upon him from an immeasurable height. There is no conceit like the first consciousness of motherhood; no peace so religious.

"Eve, Eve!" whispered Adam in a shocked voice, as he fell upon his knees and lifted my hand to his lips. "Forgive me, forgive me! This —— God! I did not know what it was to be."

There was nothing to forgive. I had the baby. It was as if I'd paid a small sum and had cheated the universe out of a young planet. The sense of gain was as great.

"You may look at her," I commented.

"Yes, to be sure!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet with a look of dread upon his features. "Where is it?" he asked, moistening his lips with his tongue.

"She," I insisted feebly.

"Of course," he assented. "Mother told me it is a girl."

"She," I persisted, wagging my head upon the pillow to indicate the precious bundle on the opposite side of the bed.

I Was Living in the Children and for Them

He had been casting his eyes about the room as if he expected to behold the baby on the mantelpiece or leaning out of a vase like a flower. Now his whole being seemed to undergo a change. He rose on his tiptoes, bent his back and began to sneak around the foot of the bed. Every angle of his body expressed dread, repulsion and fear. If any man were allowed to follow his own feelings in this delicate matter he would never look at his own child until it had faded into a Caucasian shade and had sense enough to return his gaze. I do believe men have a natural distaste for very young infants. They seem to embarrass male parenthood. I am sure it was only to please me that Adam now consented to look at her.

"I can't see it," he murmured, peering down at the covers.

"Adam!" I exclaimed, with as much indignation as I had the strength to muster. "Our child has a proper human gender. She is not a neuter 'it.' She is a girl!"

I never saw a man in my life that would concede sex to a baby at the very first.

"That's all right, darling," soothed Adam. "I know it's a girl, and I am proud that it is. I would not have had it take after me for worlds!"

"She—her," I quavered, with a sob.

By this time, with trembling hands, he had laid back the coverlet and squatted transfixed at the sight of the little pink face, with its puffed pink eyelids tightly closed.

"My God!" I heard him murmur. Then, "Are they always as small as this at first—and as red?"

"She is unusually large for a girl," I retorted, "and mother thinks she will be dark; she is not pink enough to be fair."

At this moment she who was to be christened Evangeline moved all of her features in contrary directions and waggled one tiny claw in the air. Adam dodged as though he had been struck.

"I say, Eve, it is not like anybody or anything, is it?"

"She is exactly like you," I retorted. "Everybody says so." By "everybody" I meant mother and the doctor.

"I can't see it."

"Look at her nose."

Adam squinted as if he had the greatest difficulty in discovering this member.

"And the way the brows arch."

The silence that ensued lasted fully a minute; so long that I turned my head to see what caused it. Now it so happened that Adam was marked with a tiny hole in the top of his right ear. I beheld him gazing with amazement and rapture at the little flat ear of the baby. His head was bending nearer and nearer, his eyes were glistening, his lips trying on four or five different kinds of smiles.

"Who would have thought it?" He was talking to himself.

"Oh, Eve, do you know I am so kin to this little thing that it's got its ear marked like mine!"

His voice trembled with joyful emotion.

"Of course," I replied forbearingly.

"But think, Eve, how cute it was to mark it mine forever and ever!"

He was running his hands under the baby bundle, trying to take it up.

"Don't wake her, Adam!"

"But, Eve, I want to look at it. You don't know how queer it feels to feel this way. I tell you I am the father of it!" He began to laugh.

"You will be tomorrow also, Adam. Let her get her nap out."

From that day to this he has been the slave of Evangeline. Fortunately the other two children have the same little hole in the ear, but he appears never to have recovered from the delicious surprise of finding it in the first one's ear. On this account I think she is dearer to him. And I am certain the little blemish was the open sesame of his paternal faculty.

Our second child was born before Evangeline was two years old. This was a boy, and we named him Langston, although I wanted to call him after his father, whom he resembled even more than the girl did.

Langston was still in dresses when the third baby came, also a boy. This time he came in at night. The other two children were in a little bed in the opposite corner of the room and so near the same size they looked like black-headed twins. Mother was stooping over a stew-kettle in which she was brewing catnip tea on the hearth. She held her hand before her face to keep the fire from burning it. I was dreaming something very dim upon the bed, with one hand resting upon the little warm body of my second son. It was snowing outside. Neither of us heard the front door open. Presently Adam appeared in the red glow of the firelight. He was so gravely beautiful, standing there between the children's crib and my bed, that I thought I was seeing him in a dream. Mother arose, greeted him and went back into the kitchen—"to warm some things," she said.

"Eve, dear!" He had ceased to call me "Eve, darling!" as in the old days. He drew near the bed, bent low above me and kissed me. I was not doing very well and could not make out whether he was really there or merely in my dream; but it made no difference. I saw him go over to the children's crib and look at them; then he sat down before the fire and put his face in his hands. That action, so little characteristic of him, aroused me. I lay regarding him with an immeasurable peace of mind that comprehended nothing of what was going on in his.

Women who marry think they suffer, but it is a question in my mind whether they suffer nearly so much as their husbands sometimes do. A husband who becomes involved in a selection of secret sins; who has got a left-foot relation to some one whose feet take hold on hell; who is bound in the dark; who can neither get rid of his transgression nor confess it; above all, who desires to hold on to it—such a man suffers frightfully in the soft, sweet presence of his sleeping children and of a wife that is one of those simple, virtuous women who thinketh no evil

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Saving One Hundred Million

By THOMAS F. LOGAN

THE biggest single business concern in the world is the United States Government.

The most extravagant business concern in the world also is the United States Government.

Great Britain, with all her colonial possessions, her pensions and her free trade, spends but $621,461,975 annually. Of this sum $160,940,000 goes into the navy and $137,175,000 into the army.

Germany's estimates for the coming year total $711,745,000. Of this $203,380,000 is to go into the army and $102,030,000 into the navy.

France's total expenditures for the past year have been $560,000,000, of which $164,565,000 has gone into the army and $68,295,000 into the navy.

Against these figures, showing the total expenditures exclusive of payments on debt of other great nations of the world, set the total expenditures of the United States Government, and the two assertions—first, that this Government is the biggest single business concern in the world, and second, that it is the most extravagant—are at once apparent.

The total expenditures of the United States Government last year were $955,767,000, the army eating up $165,000,000, the navy $125,000,000 and the Panama Canal $38,000,000.

In other words, the annual expenses of the Government would create each year a business giant very nearly as big as the Steel Trust.

One-tenth of the money expended might have been saved. It might have been saved, not by lopping off part of the army or neglecting the navy—not at the expense of efficiency—but by more efficiency.

By running the Government as the Steel corporation or the Standard Oil Company or the Pennsylvania Railroad is run; by preventing overlapping and duplication, and effecting ordinary economies in time and in money, at least one hundred million dollars might be saved annually.

President Taft has begun an inquiry with a view to effecting such economies in time and in money. How he came to engage in this work, how he is proceeding and what he hopes to attain is what I propose to explain. What follows here is based partly on an interview with the President and on suggestions made in interviews with Andrew Carnegie, John Wanamaker and Henry Morgenthau.

The President's Personal Explanation

FROM the President I have the explanation of what he wishes to do and of some of the obstacles in the way. From Mr. Carnegie comes the suggestion of a governmental bureau of accounts to coördinate the expenses of the various governmental departments. For the purpose of comparing the methods of the Government with those of great private corporations, Mr. Wanamaker, who, as a former Postmaster-General and as a merchant, realizes the loose methods of the Post-Office Department, has given his views as to the manner in which economies might be effected. For similar purposes, Henry Morgenthau, who formed the realty company that built the Flatiron Building and scores of other big structures in New York, explains where the Government falls short in its business methods and loses millions of dollars annually.

"The growth of the United States Government," said President Taft in the interview in which he explained the purposes of his economy inquiry, "has been like that of an Anglo-Saxon house. When more room has been needed another wing has been added, until the structure seems to be sprawling in every direction. Criticism has been made on the ground that, following Cleveland's Administration, the expenditures of the Government jumped violently upward.

"It should be remembered, however, that when Cleveland delivered his famous ultimatum regarding Venezuela the Atlantic Coast was protected by only one gun. It was fortunate that this country did not have to go to war at that time. The scare that was caused then resulted in a big increase in the army and navy and in the fortifications along the coast. The Spanish-American War also forced our expenses upward.

"The country has been growing and will continue to grow. New bureaus, created as a result of modern conditions, have also increased expenses. A great deal of money might be saved at the expense of efficiency—by cutting down the army, the navy, and neglecting fortifications; or by cutting down the personnel.

"The purpose of the present inquiry, however, is toward general business economy that can be brought about by greater efficiency. On account of the pressure on my time I have turned over to Secretary Norton the details of organizing a staff of men competent to carry on the exceedingly difficult and interesting examination; but I intend to make it one of the chief personal aims of my Administration to reduce the expenditures of the various departments to a basis whereby I can obtain, at a moment's notice, figures that will show what the Government is getting for money expended."

What System Should Accomplish

"I WANT to have figures that will enable me, like the manager of any other big corporation, to send for one of the heads of a department and ask him why he is spending more money than another department chief for precisely the same article. I want to be able to call attention to the fact that the expenses of a department are greater this year than last, so that I can learn the reason for the increase.

"There is no doubt that in Government business, as in every other business, a close and diligent scrutiny will lead to economies. At the very outset, before we can begin our work, we are confronted by the difficulties that arise out of the confused and archaic system of displaying our expenditures.

"I refer to our estimates.

"Though the law requires that the estimates be submitted to Congress in the usual form this year, I am very desirous that point be given to the purpose of this inquiry by having the proposed expenditures reclassified and thus reduced to a scientific basis, so that there may be some common understanding as to what is meant when appropriations are asked for.

"At the present time Congress appropriates large sums of money, leaving it to each administrative office to make its own classification when it comes to expend that money. This practice makes intelligent judgment as to economy and efficiency impossible; and so, before we get into the more interesting phase of this work, we must go right down deep and lay the foundations in the forms of the estimates and the appropriations. This will lay an extra burden of work on the officials and clerks of the various departments, but I know that they will respond to the appeal to their loyalty.

"My long experience in the Government leads me to believe that, though Government methods are much criticised, the bad results—if there are bad results—are not due to a lack of zeal or willingness on the part of the civil servants.

"On the contrary, I believe that a fine spirit of willingness to work exists in the personnel, which if properly encouraged will secure results equal to those secured by the best-managed private corporations. We want economy and efficiency; we want savings for a purpose. We want to reduce the expenditures of the Government and we want to save money to enable the Government to go into some of the beneficial projects which we are debarred from taking up now because we cannot increase our expenditures.

"Projects affecting the public health, new public works and other beneficial activities of the Government can be furthered if we are able to get a dollar of value for every dollar of the Government's money that we expend. One of the disappointing things about being President is that one comes in contact too little with the men down in the service on whom we rely to do the day's work. I wish I might meet them and encourage them more than I do. When we have completed the work I ought to be able to receive daily, weekly and monthly reports which will indicate clearly to me where the good administrators are, the men who ought to be encouraged; and where the wasteful and inefficient ones are, the men whose activities ought to be discouraged.

"There has been a good deal said in the newspapers about experts who have been engaged for the purpose of reducing expenses. We have advisers. We have men who suggest. But the only experts who will make reductions are the regular employees of the Government themselves. If the reductions are made it will be the men in the departments, the committees of clerks and officials, who will be entitled to the credit. The work that is being undertaken is not, in any sense, a criticism of the employees. The departments themselves will do the actual work of reduction.

"It is but natural for the clerks to feel an intense antagonism for the outsider who goes into their departments and says: 'Why, you are running this department too extravagantly. I am here to show you how to economize.' I have impressed on the men that no outsider is investigating them—that they are investigating themselves and trying to determine what can be done to reduce expenditures and increase efficiency. They are embracing the work with earnestness and enthusiasm.

"The work of a Government clerk, of a division chief, of a bureau chief may well fall into a dead routine where there is nothing to gain, nothing ahead but a treadmill motion. That is what I am trying to eliminate from the service. I want the employees of the Government, not only in Washington but all over the country, to feel that there is something ahead that they can accomplish and that when they have accomplished it they will get the credit for it."

Loose and Wasteful Methods

BEFORE President Taft undertook this inquiry he had made it a point to talk specific expenditures with his Cabinet officers, assistant secretaries and bureau chiefs; and he found that there was no way of coördinating their information into terms by which he might understand where the Government spends its billion dollars annually.

When a Cabinet officer called he informed Mr. Taft that he wanted to do such and such a thing. The amount of money required was considered a mere incident. For years nobody had ever mentioned the exact cost of anything at the Capitol. When an investigation was to be made, the only question that was raised in Congress was whether five, ten, twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars should be appropriated. Round numbers have always been popular at the Capitol.

Frequently, in his talks with his callers, President Taft tried to find out what the Government was spending annually for certain specific articles. None of his callers could answer. They would find out from the bureau chief who, in turn, would ask his assistant, who would ask one of the women clerks, who might or might not know all about it.

That's the way the Government has been run for years. Though the great corporations of the country have been figuring how to save pennies and seconds in the conduct of their business, the United States Government, the biggest business of them all, has gone wheezing on its way like one of the old Mississippi steamboats, completely outdistanced in the modern method of systematic business.

The railroads have worked for years to lop off a minute in a sixty-mile run. One of the biggest typewriter-manufacturing concerns in the country has labored for no

less than eight years to find a way of saving time in moving one piece of mechanism to the point where it could be joined to another. By concentrating on such little things, the manufacturing concern turns out its machines at one-third the original cost.

While the President was puzzling to know why one man, at the head of Uncle Sam's great corporation, could not place his finger on all the leaks, like the manager of a private corporation, the same thought was disturbing a young man from Chicago over in the Treasury Department.

Charles Dyer Norton was head of the Chicago branch of a big insurance company when he was asked by Secretary MacVeagh, of the Treasury Department, to become assistant secretary.

From head to heel Norton is a business man. He had not been in the Treasury Department two days before he had reason to be amazed at the difference between Government and corporation business methods. When he had wanted certain information in his office out in Chicago he merely had to press a button, mention what he wanted and in two minutes' time the information was on his desk.

In the United States Treasury Department he found the methods somewhat different. There were plenty of buttons that might be pressed and plenty of messengers and clerks to respond to the call, but the information that was desired was not called forth from its lair so easily.

Mr. Norton, for instance, wanted to know at what speed the machines that turn out the United States treasury notes are run. He asked the bureau chief who knew nothing about it, and went on down the line through head clerks, assistant head clerks and assistants to the assistants, until he came finally to the two women who were running a machine. They knew at what speed it was being run. It was being run at any speed, according to their mood.

New Efforts Toward Real Economy

NORTON changed that and he changed a great many other things in the Treasury Department. Everywhere he turned there was a chance to save money and increase efficiency. The place was being run as only a Government department can be run. Such methods would not be tolerated in the least systematic department store.

After taking an inventory of the situation in the Treasury Department, Mr. Norton went to Representative Tawney, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and asked him to have Congress appropriate twenty-five thousand dollars for the expenses of conducting an economy inquiry. He laid his plan before Tawney. The chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was convinced that money could be saved. He warned Norton, however, that he would have trouble getting the thing through the Senate.

Norton went to see Senator Aldrich, chairman of the Finance Committee. He explained his economy plan to him. He said that if the inquiry were conducted throughout the Government, instead of merely in the Treasury Department, no less than one hundred million dollars could be saved annually. In other words, a saving of ten per cent might be effected.

Senator Aldrich agreed to the appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars for the Treasury inquiry. He was convinced that it was feasible; in fact, he was so strongly convinced that in the heat of a debate in the Senate he raised the ante and said he believed that, if he were running the Government, he could save three hundred million dollars a year.

The Treasury officials went to work with a will. In one year they reduced the operating expenses of the department by nearly two million dollars. At the same time more work has been done and done better than ever before, and time-saving and money-saving improvements, which will result in future economies, have been installed.

Similar savings were made in other departments by the same methods, and it became clear that an economy and efficiency inquiry, conducted scientifically from the bottom up, would result in a transformation of the generally loose methods of conducting governmental business.

What the officials were accomplishing in the Treasury Department aroused considerable interest throughout the Government service in Washington. As a result of the developments in the Treasury Department, where the officials were working with a zeal more characteristic of private business than public service, President Taft sent for Mr. Norton and discussed with him at length the details of a plan to reduce all the expenditures of the various departments to terms of a common understandable basis, and then make comparisons such as are made in any of the great business corporations of the country.

Shortly after this discussion of economy plans Mr. Norton was asked to become President Taft's secretary on the understanding that one of his chief functions was to work out the President's economy inquiry. As the President has stated, the details of the economy program are in the hands of Mr. Norton.

For the first time in the history of the country, Congress seems actually willing to lend its aid to such a campaign. In the past, other Presidents have determined to wield the big stick of economy, but the politicians in Congress, with visions of patronage being decimated, have invariably blocked the moves.

Some of the leaders of the Democratic party in both houses of Congress have agreed to support the President in his present effort to effect economies. As the Democrats will control the next House, their aid is vital to the success of the plan. The President's assertion that the inquiry is non-partisan has won him many Democratic supporters; and, as the Democratic party is pledged to a program of economy, it is not likely that they will attempt to put obstacles in the way of any sincere reform in this direction.

At the last session Congress furnished the funds for the general inquiry. At the behest of the President the following paragraph was embodied in the Sundry Civil Bill:

"To enable the President, by the employment of accountants and experts from official and private life, to inquire more effectually into the methods of transacting the public business of the Government in the several executive departments and other Governmental establishments, with the view to inaugurating new or changing old methods of transacting such public business so as to attain greater efficiency and economy therein; and to ascertain and recommend to Congress what changes in law may be necessary to carry into effect such results of his inquiry as cannot be carried into effect by executive action alone; and for each and every purpose necessary hereunder, including the employment of personal services at Washington, District of Columbia, or elsewhere—one hundred thousand dollars."

The President's hope is that Democrats as well as Republicans will aid the work. Many of the changes in methods can be wrought by executive action alone, but certain measures, such as the abolition of some of the navy yards, will require Congressional sanction. All the Cabinet officers today are working to reduce the expenses of their departments. Secretary Meyer of the Navy Department, for instance, is working out plans for concentrating the mechanical work of the navy at a few of the bigger navy yards.

Already some of the departments have been found to be overlapping and duplicating work. In some instances, probably, there will have to be consolidations. These also will require Congressional sanction.

John Wanamaker's Views

THERE has been considerable discussion of the method by which Postmaster-General Hitchcock hopes to wipe out the deficit of the Post-Office Department. Last year the expenses of that department amounted to $234,692,000. The plan suggested by Mr. Hitchcock is to increase the rates on the advertising matter in magazines. President Taft has been considering that plan but has not definitely decided in its favor.

In discussing this feature of the economy plan John Wanamaker, former Postmaster-General, asserted that no more penny-wise and pound-foolish policy could be adopted.

"The general inquiry being made by President Taft," said Mr. Wanamaker, "will commend itself to every business man in the country. With Mr. Hitchcock's suggestion, however, there will be no general agreement. The magazines are supported, not by the price paid for the magazine by the readers, but by the advertisers.

"In a sense, magazines are private concerns; but they have a public function to perform—an educational function. To tax the advertisements is to tax the quality of the educational matter contained in the pages, for the advertisements enable the publishers to pay high prices for literature and educational articles. The price paid for a magazine does not pay for the printing and the paper. If Mr. Hitchcock's suggestion should become part of the President's plan it would mean that the public would suffer in the loss of much educational material that the publishers then would be unable to buy.

"When I was Postmaster-General I found that the best economy was obtained by the personal example of the head of the department. I made it a practice to go to the office myself at eight o'clock in the morning. The time for reporting when I took office was nine o'clock. I issued no general order to the employees to be at their desks earlier, but soon after I started the practice myself the employees followed suit.

"The result was that a greater amount of work was done. When employees left the service their places did not have to be filled. There was no need to urge the clerks to work harder. They took the pace naturally. The laggards dropped out of their own volition.

"In private business I find the same system works admirably. The majority of working men and women are ambitious. With an obliteration of political rewards and the establishment of a merit system there will be increased diligence and faithfulness. The President's plan for retiring aged employees on a pension, which is part of his general economy plan, is one of

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President Taft and His Cabinet

A Critique of Monsieur Poe

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

"In the City of Washington, in les Etats-Unis, When M. McKinley was le Président"

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning M. Duclos entered the Café des Oiseaux in the Rue des Petits Champs. It was an unusual hour for an honest shopkeeper to be out of bed in Paris, but M. Duclos had a sufficient reason.

Fair dealing, albeit somewhat slow of foot, had brought M. Duclos to a substantial shop looking from a cross street into the Rue de la Paix. It was edging him slowly into that fashionable quarter. Already Hugette Rozier, who created hats in the rooms above his shop, had said the word:

"Monsieur Duclos, we belong out there!"—pointing into the Rue de la Paix.

"But, madame," he had said, "to get on there one must have something in his shop not to be found elsewhere in Paris."

"And that thing you have, monsieur."

He had scratched his head then. "I cannot think of it, madame."

"But I can: it is called honesty, Monsieur Duclos."

The creator of hats was very charming and monsieur bowed. Then there came a twinkle into his eyes.

"And you, madame?"

The petite Hugette laughed like a blackbird.

"Ah, monsieur, I am perhaps not so fortunate, but for that reason I do not despair."

Her hand darted between the buttons of her blouse, a ribbon snapped and she extended her half-closed palm near to the eyes of Monsieur Duclos. He saw there an elegant young man—a miniature studded with diamonds. It was only for a moment that Hugette's rosy palm flashed before the eyes of M. Duclos, but in that moment the shrewd bourgeois dealer in jewels observed a number of things—namely, that the case of the miniature was a genuine antique; that the diamonds were false—the bent tines of the metal proclaiming how recently this paste had been substituted. And the painting on the ivory disk! It had been done yesterday, in the Rue de Rivoli—he could put his finger on the very shop.

Ah, well, if one were setting up a little modiste in the Rue de la Paix one could not afford to be too honest. There would be expense enough: the baker and the candlestick-maker would not take fairy gold—a bit of deception in this behalf could be forgiven him. If, when he had cast up the cost of the venture, this elegant Lothario had purchased an ancient miniature for a dozen francs, forced the noble face of some subject of a Louis to make way on the ivory disk for his own, set the denuded metal wreath with brilliants and hung it about the charming neck of Hugette under the lace blouse—why, from the viewpoint of an economical bourgeois, he was a prudent young man.

It was quite as well. Hugette would have no inkling of this prudence until the affair went on the rocks and she came to the pawnshop with the salvage. And then, what did it matter? In loveland all treasures are alike—oak leaves on the morning after!

The remarks of Hugette had found a lodging with M. Duclos. He was ready for this step into a fashionable quarter of Paris. He would take with him, beyond a doubt, that rare thing which Hugette had named. But it was not entirely upon this virtue that he would depend out there in the Rue de la Paix. He had, locked up in the great safe in his shop, thirteen diamonds that could not be equaled in the whole of France. He had put in half a lifetime at matching those diamonds. It was with great acumen that M. Duclos had gone about assembling this treasure. He had observed that jewels, like the blood, were always moving; and, like that blood, they followed the impulses of the heart. At least, it was so with diamonds. If there were a good stone in France it would finally come into the possession of the light-o'-loves that foraged on Paris; and when this flying squadron came to sell its loot M. Duclos could obtain that stone for a fraction of its value.

It was on account of these diamonds that M. Duclos came so early—or, since the place is Paris, shall we say so late?—into the Café des Oiseaux. He was a prudent bourgeois. Since there lay the earnings of a lifetime in that shop, M. Duclos wished it always under some one's eye. And he had managed in this fashion: Until midnight there was no danger; then until half-past four his friend, the gendarme Jacques Fuillon, watched over the Rue des Petits Champs. One found him always, like a gigantic Cerberus, before this shop. And at half-past four M. Duclos came, always exactly on the hour; for the gendarme, a cog in the police machinery of Paris, controlled his movements by the hand of the clock.

It was the custom of M. Duclos to enter the Café des Oiseaux for his cup of black coffee before he went on guard; and as he waited for the day to open it was his custom also to read romances. He carried one always under his arm; he opened it in the Café des Oiseaux before his cup. M. Duclos preferred tales in which tragedies were accustomed to happen—wherein a mystery seized one in the opening lines and one trailed it through with one's nose against the page. M. Duclos had about exhausted the literature of Parisian mystery. He had come to the last of the intricate adventures of M. Lecoq when, by accident, a new door had been thrown open to him.

"Monsieur Takes His Liberty With the Heart of the One and the Clock of the Other"

In the Café des Oiseaux—as sooner or later it must have happened—he had chanced upon the author of Hugette's advancing fortunes. This elegant young man had bowed to M. Duclos as he sat over his coffee, and from the bow he had advanced to a word of comment upon the literature that M. Duclos affected.

"Ah, if one admired tales of mystery, then one should by all means read those of Monsieur Poe, the American. He was the master of such tales; the others, all the others—Gaboriau, Monsieur le Docteur Doyle—these were mere imitators of him."

M. Duclos had inquired where the tales of this Monsieur Poe could be had; and, having been directed, he had found them. He came now, on this morning, with a volume of them tucked under his arm.

As M. Duclos entered from the Rue des Petits Champs he observed that his elegant preceptor in the literature of mystery was already there. He stood at the back of the café before the clock, as though he came at this moment from a bandbox. His fair hair was curled and perfumed under the silken brim of his English opera hat; there were double pearl studs in his shirtfront; his immaculate hands were loaded with rings; he wore a jeweled bangle on his wrist beneath the cuff. Before him on the table were his gloves, his cane and a glass of liqueur. But for the moment he stood with an evening journal extended in his hands, idly glancing down its columns like one who performed a certain habit with but little attaching interest. M. Duclos thought that the elegant young man had been facing the other way and had turned swiftly as he entered, but if so, he did not advance toward M. Duclos—he bowed slightly, as to a chance acquaintance, and returned to the columns of his journal.

M. Duclos crossed to his table; the rotund *veuve*, Consenat, who maintained this Café of the Birds, brought his coffee.

"Monsieur is early tonight," she said.

M. Duclos, who was never in his life either late or early, bowed, congratulated Madame Consenat on her excellent coffee—as he had been accustomed to do every morning for two years—tasted his cup and opened his book. He sipped both the coffee and the tale. At length, when he had come to the bottom of the cup, he closed the volume and looked up over the rim of his noseglasses. At this moment the elegant stranger, with an air of ennui, folded his journal, tossed it on to a near-by table, and moving forward took up his cane and gloves as though about to depart. It was then that the café clock came into view and M. Duclos observed that by this clock Madame Consenat's words were verified—it was but three o'clock and thirty minutes; he was early by half an hour.

The elegant stranger, sauntering out of the Café des Oiseaux, paused by M. Duclos' table as he had been accustomed to do. He bowed with a trifle of condescension. Had monsieur found the great Poe to his liking?

M. Duclos replied profusely, like one who has received a benefit that he cannot measure. He was wonderful—this Poe! Gaboriau—the great Gaboriau—could not approach him; and that *docteur anglais*—what did one call him—Doyle? Pouf! He was an echo. What was Lecoq! What was Sherlock Holmes beside this Master Dupin! These were the successors of Alexander! . . . And when he wrote weird tales one's blood chilled. That German, Hoffmann, whose head was full of horrors! He could not make one hear the piercing cry, or feel the awful suffocation, or see the ghastly dead face, like this Poe! The German told like one who had heard of such hideous tragedies, but this American like one who had survived them.

The elegant stranger was charmed. One takes a certain merit from merely discovering a pleasure to another. He became more friendly. M. Duclos read with a discriminating taste—it was so rare a thing! His opinion, then, would be most interesting to hear. Monsieur had observed the great Poe's tales to lie in two separate zones. In which of these did M. Duclos believe him to excel?

M. Duclos was certain upon this point.

"Monsieur," he said, "the tales in which M. Poe unravels his mystery from some tiny incident are his greatest. They seem to me to move along the lines of a profound truth—that is to say, there are always evidences which, if one did but observe and correctly interpret, would presently disclose the whole mystery. It is not upon some elaborate

theory that one must depend; it is upon the tiny evidences—the crook of a letter in a written word, a scratch on a table, a bit of paper. It is the value of these trivialities that M. Poe brings so forcibly before us. This, monsieur, is a great truth, a valuable truth, a useful truth—one to remember and apply, monsieur."

Did M. Duclos think so? The elegant stranger was of a different opinion. Now, he would select the great Poe's weird tales as the most excellent of his writings. These were cups of opiate, which one tasted and forgot the place in which he sat; tasted and forgot his anxieties; tasted and forgot the flight of time. The interests of men in their affairs were so consuming, their anxieties so keen! To make them forget! Ah, this was the test!

M. Duclos protested. But such tales were false; the incidents of them were things that did not happen. But those of M. Dupin—they rested upon a truth to be verified in one's experience. They were didactic; the reader learned a thing which he might convert to his use.

The stranger slipped into a chair beside M. Duclos at his table. In the interest which this discussion had inspired he forgot that he was going out.

But were those tales false? Did they not happen? For himself, he was not so certain. Of course, it was in the genius of M. Poe so to stage them that one could not say, Ah! That was a trick that only a master could turn. To present the weird, the ghastly, the tragic, with such cunning that one could not say whether they happened in the narrator's mind or in the world outside. But—and M. Duclos should mark it—men, in fact, sometimes had experiences like this. Strange, incredible adventures came to them now and then in such a manner that afterward they never could be certain whether or not they had happened. . . . M. Poe was not off the ground here. He was dealing with a certain order of human experience in these tales. True, they were experiences that men rarely spoke of, since they were things one could not verify. M. Poe had not exceeded those experiences. One had adventures on this borderland as strange as M. Poe had dreamed of. Did M. Duclos doubt it? The stranger knew a certain case in point. He put his cane and gloves upon the table.

Had M. Duclos ever by chance heard of Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde? He was young. Perhaps his fame was local yet. M. Duclos had not? Well, a weird, a strange, an incredible thing had befallen this young man. In Paris? No. In the very land of this M. Poe—in the city of Washington, in les Etats-Unis, when M. McKinley was le Président, shortly before the Spanish-American War.

The Café des Oiseaux Was Filled With Gendarmes

"Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde had been attached to the French legation there. He was a gay dog, this Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde. Ah, one may find companions who dine late in other cities than Paris. And the good wines! They are not all poured out in France. . . . Well, it was about this very hour of the morning, after a dinner of the best, that Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde was returning to his lodging. The good wine was in his head and he had dismissed his carriage and gone afoot to get the air. It was a bit cold and monsieur walked briskly."

Did M. Duclos know the city of Washington? He did not? The elegant stranger traced an imaginary map on the table with his finger. It was traversed by a great boulevard, l'Avenue de Pennsylvanie, running from la Maison Blanche to le Capitole, and then, turning sharply, it passed la Bibliothèque Congressionale.

"As Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde traversed this boulevard a hansom cab such as one sees in Londres, going at a slow jog, turned in. As the cab passed it seemed to Monsieur le Docteur that a woman thrust her arm out of the window and waved a handkerchief, as though to attract his attention. Now, Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde is very gallant. He began at once to run after the cab, shouting to the driver to pull up and waving his walking stick. The cab horse proceeded leisurely down l'Avenue de Pennsylvanie and turned out toward la Bibliothèque Congressionale. During all this time a woman's hand remained thrust out of the cab window and a tiny white handkerchief fluttered in her fingers. Monsieur le Docteur followed.

"In American cities there exists an inconceivable custom, when repairing a street, of digging a trench half across it, setting up a red lantern at each end and leaving Providence to care further for the traveler. In front of la Bibliothèque Congressionale there was such a trench to lay a water main cut half across the street, a red lantern marking its limit. As the cab passed, one of the wheels struck the lantern and went suddenly into the ditch; the cab lurched heavily to one side and, to the horror of Monsieur le Docteur—who was close behind—the woman plunged out, striking her head on the asphalt pavement. The cab righted itself and went on, the heavy wheel rolling over the woman's coat.

"Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde ran to the woman and bent over her to lift her up. To his utter amazement, he found that the woman was not only dead but that she was cold and her limbs set in *rigor mortis*, showing that she had been dead for hours.

"She was a very beautiful woman, perhaps thirty, of a decided continental type, black hair, heavy brows, long black lashes and a low oval brow. She wore a magnificent sealskin coat, trimmed in ermine and reaching to her feet. M. le Docteur noticed that her hands were small, with delicate tapering fingers; in one of them a handkerchief was tied; there was also a broken leather strap around the waist. Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde shuddered with horror. The dead woman had been tied into the cab!

"He had been flirting with a corpse!

"Monsieur le Docteur sprang up to call for aid. He had hardly got to his feet when a hand seized him by the shoulder; he whirled around to find himself in the grasp of a powerful man, wearing the uniform of a naval officer. The man's breast was covered with decorations; his teeth gleamed through a tangle of black beard and he growled in a hoarse guttural tongue, which Monsieur le Docteur recognized as Russian.

"The man held Monsieur le Docteur with one hand and thrust the other into the bosom of his own coat. Monsieur le Docteur instantly divined that his adversary hunted a weapon and he seized the arm with both of his hands to wrench it away before the weapon could be got. The two men began to struggle desperately. The Russian cursed in that unintelligible Slavic jargon which is like the chatter of an engine. He shifted his hand from the shoulder to Monsieur le Docteur's throat and began to choke him. The two men were now in the middle of the street and Monsieur le Docteur was facing le Capitole, in the direction from which he had come. He could not breathe; his eyes protruded; he felt that he was dying.

"At this moment, across the Russian's shoulder, he saw a huge motor car coming swiftly down the street toward them. It seemed to pull up a bit as it approached; then, when it was nearly on them, it came forward as though all the power were suddenly applied.

"The car held only the chauffeur and carried no lights. It struck the Russian a frightful crushing blow in the back and both he and Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde were flung far down the street.

"The first impression of returning consciousness that came to Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde was that of a heavy cloth lying over his face and body. He raised his hand, pushed it back and sat up. He saw that he had been lying on the floor of a dimly lighted room, under the corner of a great silk Oriental rug, which remained spread out as though covering other persons asleep on the floor.

"The room, which seemed to be a library, was lighted by a lamp somewhere behind him. He turned his head to see. A large table stood in the center of the room, littered with books, papers and various articles. Over it leaned a man holding a small copper coffee-pot in the flame of an alcohol lamp. At the sound of Monsieur le Docteur's turning around on the floor the man looked up. He was tall, thin, dark and apparently Spanish.

"'Ah!' he said, with a curious lisping accent. 'One of them returns!'

"Then he came swiftly over to Monsieur le Docteur, took him by the arm and helped him into a big leather chair directly before the table, poured out a cup of coffee and held it to his lips.

"The coffee was thick, strong and black, and Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde at once began to feel the effect of it. He could sit up by holding on to the arms of the chair, but his head ached frightfully and his senses were dazed.

"'Perhaps,' said the Spaniard, as though speaking to himself, 'I would better see if the others are intending also to return.'

"He seized a corner of the great rug and threw it back, revealing the body of the woman which Monsieur le Docteur had found tied in the cab and, beside her, lying at full length, the body of the man in the uniform of a naval officer—his black beard clotted with blood where it had dripped from his mouth.

"'Ah,' he said, 'these are more courteous; they prefer to await our arrival.'

"Then he poured out a cup of coffee and drank it.

"'It is in all countries the same,' he continued; 'the coffee for the last course—no, the cigarette; and then—the end. A word of explanation, señor, before the cigarette, that you may feel less among strangers when we presently join madame and the admiral.

"'Madame and I are rather famous specialists of a certain order, usually employed by a Government when its

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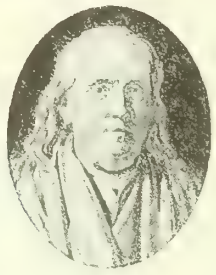
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Country Trade and the Parcels-Post

A COUNTRY merchant in New England writes us: "My experience in competing with mail-order houses leads me to think a parcels-post system would be a benefit to me rather than an injury. Quite often, if one of my customers could buy from a mail-order house some small article that struck his fancy and have the article delivered cheaply by post, that would be the extent of his mail-order purchase. But he does not want to pay high express charges on the article, so he and his neighbors will pore over the catalog and pick out enough goods to make a freight shipment. The result is that the mail-order house, instead of selling five pounds, sells a hundred pounds or more."

How many other country merchants would find the same condition among their customers with respect to mail-order business? Isn't there, in fact, a continual drumming up of trade for mail-order houses by purchasers, who wish their neighbors to join them, in order to make up a bulky shipment by freight and avoid high express charges? So far as we know, mail-order houses have never taken any particular interest in the parcels-post. Is this because they are satisfied with a scheme that induces purchasers to buy in bulk? This phase merits consideration.

The parcels-post, limited to rural delivery routes as recommended by the President, would certainly benefit the country merchant. We doubt that an extension of the system would really injure him.

Where Our Millions Go

THERE is a little comfort in whisky figures, but only a little. In the five-year period ending with 1910 consumption showed a slightly smaller ratio of increase than in the five-year period ending with 1895; yet it did show an important increase. Consumption of spirits per capita—taking the country over—is just about what it was a generation ago, while consumption per capita of malt liquors has trebled. It is a melancholy fact that, so far as conclusions can be drawn from statistics to date, hard times are the only really powerful agency in promoting temperance. In the three lean years 1894–96 the average annual consumption per capita fell off twenty-two per cent, but in the three boom years ending with 1907 it rose again more than thirty-three per cent. The industrial reaction of 1907 brought some decrease.

Nearly a gallon and a half of spirits a year for every man, woman and child, and twenty gallons of beer, represent a rather staggering waste, from which, however, the Government derives a revenue exceeding two hundred million dollars annually. How shall we deal with this problem? That we deal with it badly most people admit. Why shouldn't the Government take it up, investigate and report? From its recommendations a better handling of the liquor traffic might result.

Ship Subsidy and Sinking Fund

THE President's belief that a tax in the form of ship subsidy will increase the country's prosperity reminds us again that finance is usually the last subject which statesmen master. One of the most famous of English ministers, Pitt, rested to the end of his days in a sweet delusion that the nation could finally get out of debt by borrowing money. In the course of his long administration the British debt became the wonder of the world, rising above two billion dollars; but he seems never to have doubted that this huge debt would automatically extinguish itself if, while borrowing prodigally for other purposes, he also borrowed liberally for the sinking fund.

Compound interest was to work the miracle. Everybody knew how money multiplied if invested at compound interest. The great minister's idea was that if he sold ten million pounds of Government stock for war purposes and bought one million pounds of old stock to lie in the sinking fund at compound interest, the one million would overtake and extinguish the ten. His plan of "selling new stock cheap and buying old stock dear" for the sinking fund is calculated to have cost the country outright seven and a half million dollars annually for many years.

If ship subsidy would cost this country no more than that perhaps no one should object; but, with so many hungry mouths to feed, seven and a half millions wouldn't go very far.

Small Town Architecture

TO BUILD a small American town that will not contain spots looking like a barroom after a riot is the ambition of the Russell Sage Foundation. It proposes to demonstrate that a community of only a few thousand unplutocratic souls may be clean and spacious, with much to please and nothing to offend the eye. But the Foundation really dodges the issue. There are already a good many beautiful little towns—in the suburbs of cities. The existing Towns Beautiful may be somewhat more plutocratic than the Foundation contemplates; but with a suburban town the task is comparatively easy.

We should like to see the Foundation tackle the job of making a genuine, self-supporting, non-suburban town into a thing of unmarred beauty. We should rejoice to see it go up against that sturdy, freeborn American citizen, Deacon Ezra Smith, whose ramshackle and weatherbeaten sheds on lower Main Street, with a junk pile in front and a pigpen behind, suit him, "b'Gosh!"—and if they don't suit other people the other people know where they can go! We should like to see how the Foundation would negotiate the abandoned pickle-factory, with all of its windows broken, the paint peeled off and a hole in the roof, but which still represents the investment of several thousand good dollars that the investors cannot reconcile themselves to losing.

A good deal about social rights and responsibilities must be preached in this country before the American town is ready for a beauty show.

Economy as a Vice

ECONOMY and efficiency are great words nowadays. They are good words too, but it is possible to overwork them. The question is never how much you can save, but always how much you can gain. There is always a point where the effort to prevent waste becomes mere waste itself. Not infrequently that point is soon reached.

The American carpenter's waste of material, for example, shocks a European. Instead of piecing together three three-foot scantling to get nine feet, he saws a foot off a ten-foot length and throws away the remnant. He might save considerable lumber, but the time he used in doing it, at fifty cents an hour, would cost more than the lumber; and if you reduced his wages so that his time cost less than the lumber, would that be any social gain? The railroads could haul freight at about half the present rates and make a profit if they handled all freight in the same way they do soft coal; but what would be the value of twenty million tons of fruit and vegetables a year if handled in coal cars on coal-train time-schedules?

There is a sort of waste that is the highest kind of efficiency—wasting the less valuable thing in order to save the more valuable. Our carpenter's scrap-heap is bigger than the Hungarian's, but his children are better off. There is no virtue in the economy that looks only to what may be saved. We see no reason to believe that sort of economy is likely to become a prevalent vice in America, and we are right glad of it. The efficient mind easily reconciles itself to waste, the correction of which would produce a net loss.

Art and Advertising

ABOUT literature, here and there, a fine flavor of snobbishness still lingers—a disdain of the humble and useful occupation by which it lives. The occupation by which it lives is not letters, but advertising. Helping to sell merchandise is the economic base that supports all journalism and most poetry and fiction nowadays. The Utopians dreamed of arranging society so that an artist might earn his keep by raising vegetables or painting barns for an hour or so a day and have the rest of the time free for his art. That is already pretty much the situation of the literary craftsman. He may devote himself freely to his craft and be liberally compensated; but the condition is that he must serve his hour in the marketplace. An author is not asked to hoe potatoes from half-past eight to ten each morning that he may exercise his fancy unmolested the remainder of the day. He is asked simply to assist in distributing the world's produce.

This decidedly beats the Utopian plan. Most authors, we fear, would raise poor vegetables and spill a good deal of paint. Their industrial labor, individually performed, would be quite wasteful and inefficient; but their collective industrial labor, through advertising, is highly efficient. It tends to cheapen goods because it provides a method of selling them, which finally is less costly than any other.

Probably no true economic advance is ever lost. Once a less costly way of doing a thing is discovered, there is no going back to the more costly one. So society, no doubt, will continue to require the industrial services of literature in selling goods. When a representative of literature objects to this service he is really falling back upon his gentility. Unconsciously he is voicing the ancient scorn of immediately useful labor. If it hurts him to take part in passing on a sack of flour from the producer to the consumer, we don't believe he could be trusted with a hoe or a workman's paintbrush.

What Wall Street Is

BANK clearings approximately represent the amount of cash payments made in the United States. The clearings are divided into two unequal parts. One part, comprising three-fifths of the whole, consists of the clearings in the city of New York. The other part, comprising two-fifths of the whole, consists of the clearings everywhere outside of New York. It is hardly too much to say that whenever a dollar moves anywhere in the United States outside of New York a corresponding dollar moves in New York.

About thirty per cent of all the individual deposits held by banks of all sorts in the United States are found in the state of New York. Total assets of all banks in the country amount to twenty-one billion dollars, of which six billion dollars belong to banks of that one state; and in this connection the city is nearly tantamount to the state. About a third of the cash held by all national banks in the country is in New York. The city's clearing-house banks receive from and ship to country banks three hundred and fifty to four hundred million dollars of currency yearly.

Now, this is Wall Street. To talk about the financial system of the country as though it might be made over in such a way as to leave out Wall Street is like a proposal to play Hamlet with the title rôle omitted. However the financial system may be rearranged, it will still center in Wall Street. Whatever institution may be created in that connection will have its chief office and its chief activity there.

The Stock Exchange is Wall Street also; but we think it entirely possible to rearrange the banking system so it will not be a dutiful handmaiden of that concern. The notion that banking headquarters must be removed from Wall Street because, if the country's money is in that particular spot, it will be impossible to keep the speculative contingent from sponging on it, seems to us a gross reflection upon the nation's intelligence.

"Retiring" Civil War Officers

THE volunteer officers of the Civil War retired forty-odd years ago, becoming again the plain farmers, lawyers, carpenters and merchants that they had been before their fellow farmers and merchants, who composed the great volunteer army, elected them to be lieutenants, captains and colonels.

The volunteer officers, with very few exceptions, had no special skill or experience in military affairs. They had to learn the job of soldiering exactly as their old neighbors, the enlisted men, learned it. What they gave to the country at the outbreak of the war was not any special ability to solve the military problem with which the country was confronted, but only the same devotion to the cause which the enlisted men gave in equal measure. After the war, officer and private resumed their old stations in civil life side by side—until, after the lapse of more than forty years, an attempt has been made especially to distinguish, honor and reward the services of the officers as compared with the enlisted men.

The bill before Congress to create a Civil War officers' retired list and to place thereon, with pay, surviving volunteer officers, is only an attempt to extend the pension system in a decidedly objectionable way. It proposes to recognize a distinction between officers and men that never, in fact, existed. It attempts to say—what, in point of fact, is not true—that the officers as a class have a claim upon the country which is distinctly superior to the claim of the men as a class. It introduces military caste for the purpose of paying pensions when there was no such caste in fighting the battles. We don't wonder that many Grand Army men resent it bitterly.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Neat Minority

WITH no intention of starting anything and with the hope I won't, it seems necessary to say at this point, in a most non-committal manner, there are as many kinds of Socialists as there are kinds of breakfast food. Following this thought to its logical conclusion, Victor L. Berger is about a dozen kinds himself.

Of course, at base they believe the same thing; but each exponent of the propaganda builds on the base such porticoes and bow windows, wings, ells and other extensions as he sees fit, in accordance with his ideas of the main plan, and becomes as radical as he desires or as suits his purposes. Hence, the term Socialist includes all sorts of men, with all sorts of solutions for all ills.

Most Socialists are theoretical and glad of it. They advance a certain line of argument and insist that argument embodies the cure for all of our difficulties. Some Socialists are practical. Right here is where Victor L. Berger comes marching to the front. He can be as much of an idealist as any. He can be as radical as any. There isn't any Socialistic theory that he will not indorse—as a theory, mind you—and for which he will not contend eloquently in his papers or on the platform; but he never lets his belief in beautiful theory distort his faith in the potentiality of fact. Victor is a practical idealist. He is a hard-headed theorist. He admires and rhapsodizes over the apple blossoms of the Socialist doctrine, with its ease for all and prosperity for all, and work for all and happiness for all; but he doesn't pick the blossoms. He waits—and picks such apples as there may be.

No person ever saw Berger lift a restraining hand or speak a word of warning when the most radical and advanced theories were being put forth in his presence. Indeed, if the conversation or communication wasn't radical enough he was very likely to take a hack at it himself. He is for social revolution and all that—revolution in economic and political affairs; but calmly and prudently. What he also desires, aside from conversation, is results; and being a politician he has attained a good number of said results up there in Wisconsin, one very notable one being his election to the next Congress, where he will have the double fame of being the first Socialist ever elected to Congress—as such—and the only one of his party in that body. He will be a neat little minority of one.

Berger has the reputation of being the leading Socialist in Wisconsin. He built up the party, nursed it, got an occasional official elected through it, did much in Milwaukee with it; but in doing that he was a sort of a Socialist Corsican Brothers. He stood for any radical theory and he insisted on practicality in its politics. An astute person is Berger, who has enough cold, hard sense to realize that whatever success his theory of government and economics may have in the future must come gradually. Hence, though he talked Socialist politics and Socialist theories, he played good American politics.

Boss of a Bossless Party

HE PUT on the soft pedal, held down his followers and made his fights on civic reform and social reform, with here and there but a tinge of Socialism of the real brand. So it came to pass that Berger's party in Milwaukee and Wisconsin, while nominally Socialistic, was really civic and social reform. It was mild and gentle and uplifting and thoroughly housebroken. There were no wild cries—except when the brethren got together by themselves—for division of property and all that sort of thing. They demanded more parks and better police and regulation of street cars and various municipal betterments, and got some of them. Of course they demanded other things too, such as municipal ownership of public utilities and a lot of advanced ideas; but these were not pressed so hard that there was any trouble about it. Berger taught his followers the principles of patience and of constant and not obnoxious agitation; planning, when the time comes, to slide through a measure here and a measure there, all to the end he desires to attain.

Meantime Berger has been and is an anomaly. The Socialist idea of party is that it shall be a communion of the people, without boss or bosses. Berger, of course, was strong for that. He acquiesced. There must be no bosses. He pointed out that the decadence of the old parties in this country is due entirely to the predominance of the hateful boss system. Down with the bosses! The Socialist party in Milwaukee and Wisconsin was to be an unbossed institution, ruled by all—and the all ruled by none.

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Victor Berger and His Young Socialist Friend

That is a beautiful and a nourishing doctrine to those who protest against the boss system. Berger saw that the full beauties and the full nourishment were portrayed at all times. Then, being a hard-headed citizen and anxious that his organization should garner an occasional bit of pap here and there and retain its standing, he became—what he is in fact—the bossiest boss in the state. Having a large supply of general and workable brains in addition to his political common-sense, he soon saw that if his party stood for the radicalisms of the propaganda it would never get anywhere. So he took the party in hand. He ran it himself. He handled it as he saw fit. He became the boss—the Big Boss, indeed. He was and is the dictator. Moreover, the Socialists of Wisconsin do as he tells them to; and, as has been shown, Berger is enough of an opportunist to grab anything that comes along that may help his organization, even if the position he takes is not so Socialistic as it might be.

He maintains his dual rôle very well. Outside Socialists think of him as an idealist, which he is. Inside Socialists think of him as a boss, which he is. Likewise, he is not averse to getting what he thinks may be coming along in the shape of power; and he knows the way to get what he wants is not to try to get everything at once. His plan is to start with small doses of Socialism and get the people used to it before he tries to put over anything radical. This has caused him to be criticised in Socialist centers outside of Milwaukee and Wisconsin, but that does not disturb him; for, in reality, he can show more results for himself and his party in that city and state than have been obtained anywhere by the cult in this country, or all told, for the matter of that.

Nor does this imply any lack of sincerity on the part of Berger so far as his beliefs go. He simply has the political sense to try to get small results first—before he goes after big ones. In addition to being a Socialist, he is also a politician. He will agitate as hard and as violently as any one. He believes in all he preaches, but he predicates his whole career on the timeworn truth that half a loaf or a few crumbs, even, are better than no bread; thinking that if he can get the crumbs now he can get the slices and perhaps the whole loaf later.

Berger is highly intellectual, apparently as mild-mannered a Socialist as any of the Noroton brand; but that is because he has an end in view. Underneath he is as radical as any. He bosses in Milwaukee. He exhorts outside. He is a versatile person, with an eye to the main chance and with whom the end always justifies the means. Personally he is a genial, pleasant, companionable fellow, with a big head that is crammed with brains, a lively sympathy for his fellows and a sincere belief in the cause he advocates. He is an editor and has been for years. He was born in Austro-Hungary, educated at Budapest and Vienna and came to this country in early life. He has worked at various trades, has taught school and written much. In 1892 he went into journalism exclusively, and ever since he has been in the country he has preached Socialism. He was at the Populist convention in St. Louis in 1896 and worked for Debs. He is one of the Social Democracy leaders of the country and was active in the formation of that party.

Whatever may be the fate of Socialism in this country, Berger is the first man to hold a national office as the distinct representative of any branch of that party. He will not be able to do anything in the coming Congress. Still, he knows that—and that is the way he works. He considers himself a wedge. Also, he doesn't consider himself a boss; but that is what he is—a Boss with a big B.

On the Safe Side

BILL HOFER, one of the oldest guides in the Yellowstone Park and the man who guided President Roosevelt when he was in the park in the winter some years ago, was out with a companion on a mountain one winter and had occasion to cross a big incline packed with snow.

When he was halfway over the snow began to slide, and Bill was picked up and carried down the mountainside and finally slammed against the side of a rock, buried under many feet of snow.

He took stock of himself and found he wasn't injured beyond some bruises. Then he began to figure on getting out. He dug a place for himself and yelled lustily for half an hour, thinking his companion might hear him and come to his help. There was no answer and Bill figured his companion was buried too.

Finally, after a long and desperate effort, Bill got out and crawled to a place of safety on one side of the slide. He had yelled and hallooed until his voice was reduced to a whisper, and had fired his revolver many times, hoping to attract attention.

Much to his disgust, when he got to solid ground he found his companion sitting under a tree calmly smoking a pipe.

"Dod gast you!" said Bill hoarsely. "Didn't you hear me hollerin' an' yellin' an' afirin' of my gun?"

"Sure!" said his companion.

"Then, why didn't you come and help? I might have died down there."

"Wal, Bill," said the companion, "the fact is I kinder figgered that if I done any hollerin' it might start the snow agin, bein' as I got such a loud voice."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Robert H. McCormick, the reaper man, used to be one of the best four-in-hand whips in the country.

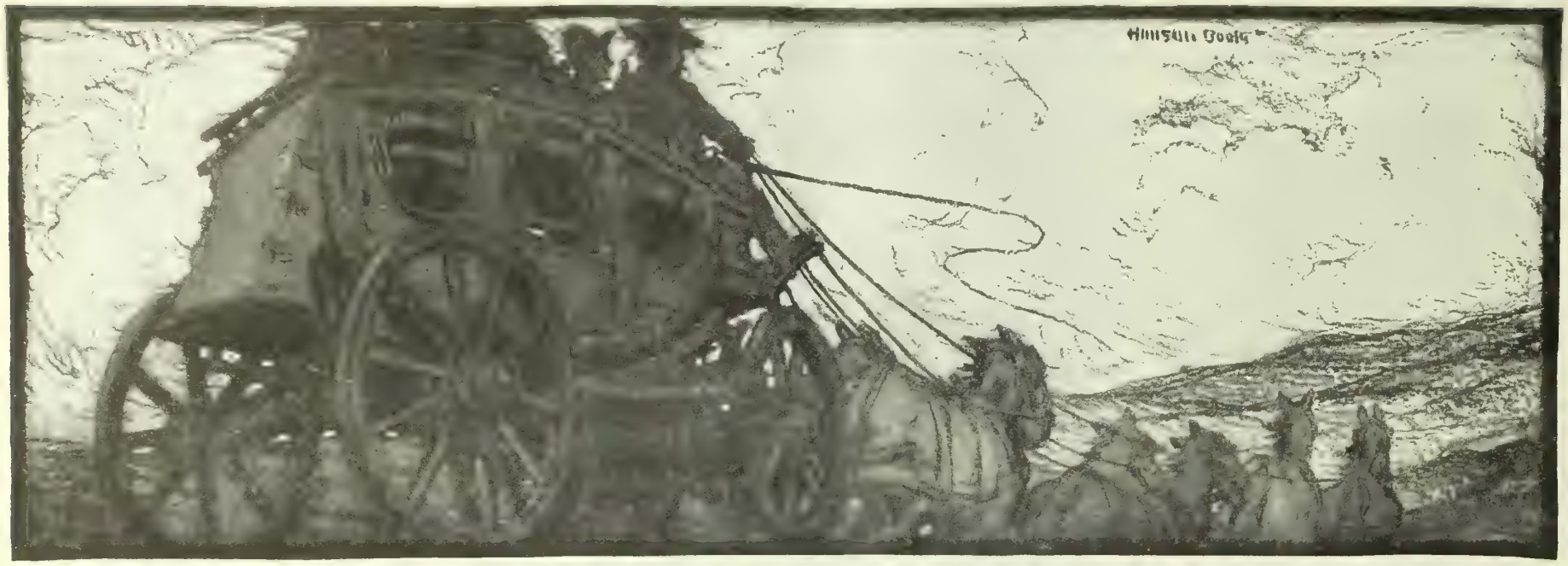
℄ William Muldoon, the physical culture expert, used to be a policeman in New York and was a champion wrestler.

℄ Charles Ralston, of San Francisco, United States subtreasurer in that city, worked underground as a miner for a good many years when he was a youngster.

℄ General Harry Bingham, reëlected to Congress from Philadelphia, continues as the Father of the House. When the Sixty-second Congress opens he will begin his seventeenth consecutive term of two years.

℄ Huntington Wilson, Assistant Secretary of State, who invented the celebrated cooling apparatus for his office, consisting of an electric fan blowing over a tub of ice, was forced to discard his invention. It had a deleterious effect on his five o'clock tea.

The Popular Magazines and the Postal Deficit



FACTS are stubborn things, and, like many men, they are never so stubborn as when they are trying to prove something that is wrong. No more than figures do they lie, but to a man of discriminating taste they offer a fine opportunity for selection. These reflections are prompted by that part of the President's message in which he refers to the postal deficit. "I agree," he says, "that the question is one of fact; but I insist that if the fact is, as the experts of the Post-office Department show, that we are furnishing to the owners of magazines a service worth millions more than they pay for it, then justice requires that the rate should be increased."

At this writing it remains to be seen just what special "facts" the Post-office Department will put forth in its annual report; but, if these "facts" bear any likeness to those it adduced last year, the question, we believe, is still one of fact. If it is seriously urged that the advertising in the popular magazines be taxed, then "justice requires" the consideration of other facts than those which the President's message emphasizes.

First, the country should be told just why the Administration has thrown the Carter-Weeks Bill in the waste-basket. Undoubtedly the most economical of Presidents has some reason for what looks like the most extravagant of actions. This bill cost the country seventy-five thousand dollars in cold cash. Trained business experts were called in from the outside—not "the experts of the Post-office Department," but men of precisely the same character as those whom the President has been hiring to put the Government on a business basis. These men worked for and with a committee of Congress, selected for its intimate knowledge of postal affairs, that spent two years in an exhaustive investigation of the Department and the causes of the deficit. The Carter-Weeks Bill grew out of this expenditure of time and money. It was carefully planned to cure the notorious abuses in the Department. Apparently the whole business was done in a manner calculated to warm the cockles of Mr. Taft's heart. Why, then, are the cockles so chilly? The bill is a long one. Perhaps the President has not had time to read it.

Enter the Ruthless Business Man

THERE is no intention to reflect on the President in this. He is a very busy man. Probably he does not appreciate that other and much more vital questions than a deficit and the welfare of the magazines are bound up in this controversy, though we believe that the consideration of even those matters is too important to be prefaced with an "if." Still, to a great extent, the President must depend on others, take the facts as they are given to him and adopt his subordinates' point of view. These men may have a set of facts that, to the best of their belief, are absolutely right, and yet may be utterly wrong when they are considered with other facts that they either do not know or, in their zeal to make out their case, omit as unimportant. But the inclusion of these other facts is vital to an impartial consideration of the situation.

It is, of course, desirable to have a judicial mind, but it is equally important in reviewing a case of this sort to have a business point of view. So let us for the present return to our ruthless business man, who is starting out with a determination to make the Post-office show a profit. As Director of Posts, holding office under the Carter-Weeks Bill, he need not concern himself with keeping a machine in working order against the next Presidential nomination. He would have nothing to give to politicians and they would have no right to expect anything from him. He would not feel that he must tread lightly here and heavily there. He could afford to be more interested in the efficiency of his men than in their politics and backers. Appointed for business ability and continued in office for business efficiency, he could thoroughly familiarize himself with every branch of the work of the Post-office. He could probe its problems with an understanding and in a spirit quite impossible for a politician who is flitting through the Department on his way from one job to another, and so necessarily prescribing soothing syrup for symptoms when the underlying conditions call for the knife—or, better still, an ax.

In analyzing the postal deficit, the new Director of Posts would first take up the second-class matter, consisting of periodicals and newspapers, that is now carried in the mails at a uniform rate of one cent a pound. He would learn that his predecessor, Postmaster-General Hitchcock, had charged the deficit almost wholly against this second-class matter and had made two definite recommendations concerning it:

First, that the postal rate on periodicals as a whole should be raised materially.

Second, that the reading matter and the advertising in periodicals should be weighed separately and a higher rate be charged on the latter.

Any business man would want to know at once just why it was proposed to raise the rate on periodicals but not on newspapers. For such discrimination the strongest and clearest reasons should exist. Recent Department reports would show that a discontinuance of the policy of giving a one-cent rate to periodicals is strongly urged, though a continuance of this rate for newspapers is defended. Even more inconsistent than this, to a logical business mind, would be the attitude of these reports toward the country newspapers that are now carried absolutely free in the mails. The subject is approached discreetly, handled gingerly and a continuance of the practice is indorsed. A broad-minded executive might, of course, reasonably take this position on several grounds, but no ruthless business man, out to make the Post-office Department show a profit, could consistently overlook this source of present loss and potential revenue.

A careful analysis and comparison of those parts of the periodicals and newspapers that are devoted to reading matter would establish the fact that there is no line of cleavage between them. Many newspapers include in their Sunday editions weekly and monthly magazines that are frank imitations of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST; in fact, it might almost be said that imitating THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is about the only new idea that Sunday journalism has had during the past ten years. Then practically all the important morning newspapers publish general magazines, devoted to stories or special articles, or to both; and many of them also issue real estate, humorous, financial, literary and women's periodicals. It is, of course, true that they are distinctly inferior in quality to those periodicals that make these their special fields, but they are the same in plan and intent—and they have a raging thirst for advertising. Newspapers usually carry a greater proportion of advertising to reading matter than the periodicals; they always try to.

These are simply facts for recognition, not criticism. There is no reason why newspapers should not go into the field of the periodicals; and if they can cover the ground better than those whose particular territory it is, then they can and should take it. The more good, clean, reliable advertising they can get, the better for them and for their readers.

Advertising Implies Merit

HOWEVER, the thing works both ways. Though the popular periodicals do not concern themselves with local and corner-grocery news, they do cover in a broad way the more important news of the country and the world. Though they miss the murders, the fires, the divorces and the weddings, they give the news of economic and political movements, which are perhaps quite as important and interesting to the reader. And since the "literary and educational" value of publications is being mentioned as the real reason why they have been carried at one cent a pound, it is worth noting that newspapers become "literary and educational" precisely in proportion to their invasion of the field of the periodicals.

So far, no reason for discriminating between newspapers and magazines has developed; so our new Director of Posts would turn to the advertising pages and begin to study them to see what points of difference were there. As a business man he would clearly understand the importance of advertising to the whole country and would appreciate that the absence of it from a periodical or a newspaper does not imply merit, as the President seems to think, but a lack of it. Further investigation would show him that, though most newspaper advertising requires the reader to answer it in person, most periodical advertising calls for an answer by letter. In short, the periodicals sustain the same relation to the Post-office that a number of branch roads sustain to a trunkline railway—they feed into it a steady stream of highly profitable business that mounts far into the millions. To tax and so to discourage this valuable traffic in the slightest degree would be too foolish a proposition to merit a moment's serious consideration by a business man. To charge one cent a pound for carrying an advertisement if it appeared in a newspaper and a higher rate for the same advertisement if it appeared in a periodical would savor of unfair

discrimination to a logical business mind, even if it did not to a judicial one. In short, the whole scheme would entail so much additional expense and would so certainly result in endless complications that it sounds like an idea from the violent ward. It would bring unlimited trouble but very little money to the Department. Finally, our new Director of Posts would note that the popular magazines do not take the advertisements of quacks, fakers, cure-alls and get-rich-quick men, with a consequent saving to the Post-office in the expenses of the fraud-order department. So it would be impossible for him to escape the conclusion that the reason—if any reason exists—for discriminating between the periodicals and the newspapers, unless such discrimination is to be in favor of the former, must be sought outside the reading and advertising pages.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock has largely based his recommendations on a difference in the length of haul, maintaining that it costs the Department more to transport a magazine than a newspaper. Putting to one side the fact that the figures gathered by the periodicals do not agree with those of the Department, and accepting theirs as correct, a business man with an inquiring kink in his brain would quickly discover that the determining factor in this question of expense is by no means the length of haul. Every railroad man knows that this is not the sole basis on which rates are or can be fairly determined. Every one in the postal service knows that a second important item of expense on second-class mail is handling and delivery. Now a copy of the average popular magazine weighs in the neighborhood of a pound, whereas it takes several copies of the average daily newspaper to make up the same weight. So each pound of magazines requires but one series of the expensive operations of handling and delivery, whereas each pound of newspapers calls for a multiplication of these operations.

Right here our business man would bump into the fact that many magazines, including THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, are shipping a portion of their edition by fast freight to points as far west as Omaha, redistributing to their agents by express and keeping the cost of the whole operation under one cent a pound. To a man wrapped up, heart and soul, in the idea of making his Department show a profit in the right way, that would be more than a hint. Of course a quick service is necessary to the newspapers. They are a perishable product that spoils in a few hours, and it is important to rush them through to their destination on the expensive passenger trains; but it would be found perfectly feasible to transport a large portion of the editions of most periodicals by fast freight. A glance at the figures which are now being gathered by the Interstate Commerce Commission would doubtless make our business man lick his chops over the money-saving possibilities of this idea.

Naturally this would open up the whole subject of railway-mail pay and lead to many investigations that would undoubtedly result in reforms and further savings. From that to a consideration of the rural free delivery is but a step, and the injustice of charging up any material part of the cost of this service against the magazines would at once become apparent. Rural free delivery was instituted as a matter of public policy—and wisely, we think; but that, as well as the free delivery of newspapers in their home counties, belongs to a broad and not to a strictly business view of the Post-office. The service is not at all necessary to most periodicals, though it is valuable to newspapers, to whom daily deliveries are a matter of first importance. But there is no good reason, as we shall see, why rural routes should be run at a big loss; and no reason at all why a large proportion of that loss should be charged against periodicals.

It has been clearly demonstrated that no valid grounds exist for discrimination between periodicals and newspapers. The Post-office Department has shown a good deal of ingenuity in thinking up reasons why the popular magazines should be taxed. The same amount of time and trouble devoted to finding a way of keeping the rate down and of doing the business without loss would, we believe, produce notable results. The avenues by which a business man would probably approach this problem will be indicated next week. We realize that we are taking a good deal of space for the discussion of these things, but the reader should remember that it took a whole book for the experts of the Joint Postal Commission to tell what they found wrong in the Department.

Making Milk of High Degree

By FORREST CRISSEY

MRS. SCOTT DURAND is one woman farmer who has made a great success. In talking about it, a while back, she had some very interesting things to say.

"'Gentleman farming,'" began Mrs. Scott Durand, "is a byword and a reproach to the real farming interests of this country; 'business farming' are words of high praise which it has been my ambition to merit. There is nothing that so instantly stirs my spunk as the implication that my farm is a fancy farm, a fad farm, a play farm, a show farm or any other sort than a straight business farm!"

It doesn't offend Mrs. Durand to have an honest doubter question the statement that she, a woman of society, has been able to make a profit in the dairy business, which few, if any, men in the country have succeeded in making from a dairy herd.

"To doubt my success," says Mrs. Durand, "is as natural as the explanation of that success is simple. I make quality milk for a quality price and command a large market because delivering a top-notch article and operating on a business basis, with methods that are right up to the minute."

At the outset it should be said that Mrs. Durand gets ten cents for every quart of milk shipped from her dairy and that, as a rule, she is able to sell all she can produce. This milk is sold to the high-class hotels and restaurants, to dining-cars and to private consumers who are satisfied to pay a good price for milk of undoubted quality.

Her herd of eighty cows makes, on the average, eight hundred quarts of milk a day, of which three hundred quarts are sold in quart bottles, one hundred quarts in pint bottles, fifty quarts in half-pint bottles and two hundred and fifty quarts in jugs—all bottles and jugs being of special and copyrighted design. The remainder of the daily output, ordinarily about one hundred quarts, is sold in the form of cream for which she receives eighty cents a quart.

Mrs. Durand buys her own cows and believes that she can pick a winner nine times in ten. But she doesn't depend upon guesswork or feminine intuition as to the individual performance of her cows. The milk of each cow is weighed, tested and recorded according to the practice in experienced dairies. She declares that the dairy farmer who does not weigh and test his milk from each cow in his herd at least occasionally is working as completely in the dark as would be the wholesale merchant who failed to keep a record of the individual sales of his men on the road. "Boarders," she insists, are bound to creep into every herd, whether it is stocked by purchase or by home breeding, and that the only way in which to spot the plausible bluffers of your herd is by exact and scientific weighing, testing and recording. When reasonably convenient facilities are afforded to do the weighing and recording, the entire operation requires less than one minute to a cow at one milking, and that minute is worth, in actual money, more than any other thirty minutes devoted to the care of the dairy.

Feeding is almost an exact science at this farm where ten-cent milk is produced. Two-thirds of the herd are Guernseys and one-third Holsteins. The Guernseys are fed thirty-five pounds of ensilage a day and the Holsteins forty pounds. Each cow, also, gets twelve pounds a day of prime alfalfa—from the second or third cutting. All the first cutting of alfalfa is treated as roughage. The cows are given all they will eat of stover or some other form of roughage. But this does not complete the daily ration: for each four pounds of milk that she gives each cow is fed daily one pound of meal. Here is where the record of individual production has direct relation to the feeding ration, and the results of this manner of individual treatment have been so satisfactory to Mrs. Durand that she could not be induced to abandon it. This meal is two parts ordinary corn meal and one part bran meal.

Although the temptation to follow the easiest way and postpone the establishing of a regular crop-rotation system was strong, Mrs. Durand decided to sacrifice immediate convenience for the sake of future results and start right. Therefore, at the very outset she divided her fields of one hundred and sixty acres of tillage land into eight twenty-acre fields and installed a crop rotation as follows: four years in alfalfa; two years in corn; one year in oats. The problem on this farm is to provide feed for one hundred head of cattle, ten to fifteen horses and colts, a few hogs, chickens, ducks and geese. "I find," says Mrs. Durand, "that twenty acres sown to oats and alfalfa give an abundant supply of oats for the horses and generally some to spare; twenty acres in field corn furnish enough corn to feed the cattle, using two hundred pounds a day for that purpose, and also plenty for the horses, fowls and hogs. I have sold some surplus oats and corn and converted the proceeds into gluten meal. My fields of corn that have followed alfalfa or clover have yielded over ninety bushels to the acre—ninety-two, to be exact. But don't miss the point that the stalks are converted into roughage or stover and go back upon the land. Forty acres in ensilage corn have yielded me six hundred to seven hundred tons. Ensilage is a wonderful milk producer and it has the advantage of being marvelously cheap and, also, of being at your command when pastures are low.

"But alfalfa is what I would call the modern miracle crop. That name is scarcely an exaggeration. You can find shrewd farmers who hold that a ton of good alfalfa, of the second or third cutting, is worth as much as a ton of bran and produces as much milk—and a ton of bran, undelivered, now costs twenty-three dollars. It certainly is a marvelous feeding ration—and how the cows do like it! I have not found it difficult to raise from eighty acres all the alfalfa I needed to feed to eighty milking cows and to sell two hundred tons at eighteen dollars a ton. This, I figure, buys my bran and leaves me two thousand dollars net profit. No shrewd farmer will raise timothy for his horses, getting about a ton and a half to the acre, when he can raise alfalfa, get five tons to the acre—I have had even a heavier yield than that—and sell it for eighteen dollars or more a ton. He will let his unprogressive neighbor do that—and buy timothy from him with a little alfalfa money."

System is the keynote of this remarkable farm. The organization is divided into four departments: the farm the herd, the dairy, the garden. Each department has a head man. There are four milkers and one herdsman, one man for the dairy house and one delveryman in Chicago—eleven in all. When not milking two of the milkers work with the herdsman, one is occupied about the garden and one does farm work.

In this connection it should be said that Mrs. Durand runs a very successful market garden. This she regards as a matter of economy for two reasons. In order to provide for her household of employees she must have a liberal garden requiring the services of at least one gardener. Then, having almost unlimited fertilizer at her command, she treats this as a by-product, converting it into vegetables for the market. In short, she utilizes a salvage of labor and fertilizer into market truck, and finds that this helps out her total profits to the extent of some two or three thousand dollars a year.

The Successful Hostess

THERE'S one quality you always notice about a successful hostess—*Ease*. This is the secret of agreeable entertaining.

The assured confidence you feel in knowing that your dinner is exactly right, communicates a sense of freedom and enjoyment to all your guests. And *beginning* the dinner right is half the battle.

Many a hostess owes a good share of her success to

Campbell's Soups

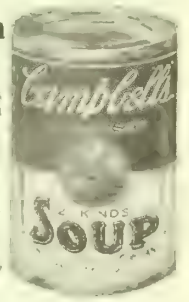
Among these 21 kinds you can always select a soup that exactly fits the occasion. Its quality is beyond question. There is no fuss nor delay in serving it. And its use frees your mind completely of all care and misgiving about this critical point in your entertainment.

Campbell's Soups are used regularly in luxurious homes everywhere. They are praised most highly by the most particular and hard to please. And the grocer refunds the price of any Campbell's Soup that does not satisfy you entirely.

Why not learn how good they are *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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This must be that
Campbell "plant,"
I hear so much about.
With proper care
Those soups so rare
Will soon begin to sprout.

The Senator's Secretary

THOSE appointments to the United States Supreme Court will be determined upon before this is read, although they are not determined upon, by a long shot, as it is written. However, that fact has no bearing on the *res gestæ*, as Senator Rayner would say; hence, have at them!

To begin with, there is no person in the United States of America or out of it who has a more acute appreciation of the exact qualities, qualifications and requirements for a proper, capable, useful Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States than William H. Taft, President of the United States, the man who has the sole power of appointment to that court. Mr. Taft has been a judge himself. He has served a long time on the bench. He has had a varied governmental experience. He has been Solicitor-General, in constant contact with the court. He has been a colonial governor and a Cabinet Minister, and he is a great lawyer. His appreciation of the qualities of mind, of the kind of learning, of the sort of temperament needed to make a man a Justice who shall be a credit instead of a reproach is as strong, clear and correct as that of any other person whatsoever, if the remaining Justices of the Supreme Court, the men on the bench, are eliminated—and probably he knows better than some of those.

He has the appointing power. He has the vacancies to fill. It is his task—his personal, individual task. He knows what is needed. The people have ample trust in his honesty of purpose and his integrity of desire. There is no doubt about that. Therefore, having these appointments to make, why didn't he make them off his own bat?—inasmuch as he will be responsible anyhow—and say to the Senate, where those nominations must be confirmed: "I have selected these men. I think them capable. I send them to you for your mature deliberation and decision." Why didn't he? No person on earth knows. He didn't. Everybody on earth knows that.

Of course, the responsibility that has come to the President in this regard is greater than has fallen to any President in many years. He has already appointed two members of the court. He has had two more members and a Chief Justice to appoint. That, with the present personnel of the court, makes it reasonably certain, consulting the law of averages, that he will, before his term ends on March fourth, 1913, appoint a majority of the court as it will be in existence when he goes out of office or, as the case may be, enters on his second term. When you consider that the Supreme Court of the United States is the highest judicial tribunal in the world, and that the decisions of that court on the constitutionality of various measures passed by the Congress, especially in these days of remaking of our national scheme of things, are more important to the physical as well as the political welfare of the country than any other considerations whatsoever, the greatness of the responsibility of the President can be appreciated.

A Hearing for Every Candidate

Now then, there can be no criticism of the President for his desire to move cautiously. Caution is a good thing in such a case. Still, he is the President. He is the Chief Executive. On his decisions the whole thing must stand or fall. He is alone responsible for the nominations to the Senate. He is the man who must have the final word. Therefore, inasmuch as he is the one who is weighted down with this consideration, it has seemed odd to many observers that he did not make a bold step forward, announce his selections and abide by the result.

Instead, the President, with the best motives in the world, with no other idea than to get the very best men he could get for the places, held a continuous town meeting on the subject. During the days when the selections were being made the White House was crowded with delegations urging the claims of this man and that man. They came from all parts of the United States. It looked as if a bunch of internal revenue collectors or postmasters or district attorneys were being selected instead of Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. The President listened to everybody. He selected and withdrew. He put up men and heard arguments against them. He was influenced by what was told him by delegations from various parts of the country. He consulted with Insurgents, who demanded one thing, and with standpatters, who demanded another. He called in Democrats—notably Bailey, of Texas—to get their opinions.

We had the spectacle of a delegation from Kansas urging one man and the governor of Kansas sending daily telegrams against that man. We saw Insurgent Senators going up and dictating to the President as to the kind of man they would support, and we saw the regulars calling in droves and trying to exact promises for the kind of man they wanted. It was a scramble and a squabble, and Mr. Taft was in the middle of it all, simply because he did not have the initiative to launch out, name the men he personally knew to be fitted—and there is no man in the country better equipped to pick the right men—put them up to the Senate and say: "These are my selections. Confirm them, please." Instead, New Jersey men thronged the White House and demanded a citizen from that state. So did Minnesota and Wyoming and Wisconsin men. Democrats went there and exclaimed for a Democrat. It was a case of push and haul and shove, and the President was pushed and hauled and shoved—and submitted to it all.

President McKinley appointed Justice McKenna without consulting anybody in particular and President Roosevelt appointed Justices Moody and Holmes in the same manner. Now, whether better appointments could have been made is an entirely outside question. The point is that those Presidents had the appointing power and exercised it of their own right and in the manner they thought best, without holding a plebiscite over it and letting it degenerate into a political scramble. At any rate, the Senate confirmed, as the Senate always will, except in extreme cases; and that is what the Senate would have done if Mr. Taft had not taken such care that he finally and inevitably reaped nothing but opposition from those who supported the various candidates.

Champ Clark's Ovation

And that is the weakness of the Taft Administration. The President seemingly lacks initiative. He consults too much. He fails to realize that his is the power and that his shall be the glory, or otherwise, and to act on that supposition. It is doubtful if his Supreme Court nominations, when made, will be any stronger, any better, any more fitted for the places than they would have been if the President had selected the men himself, out of his own knowledge of men and conditions and requirements. He knows what a Supreme Court judge should be. It was up to him to make his nominations, and if any faction of the Congress, any standpat side, any Insurgent side or any Democratic side, refused to acquiesce, to let the blame fall on them instead of haggling with various people over it all and trying to make nominations that perhaps will be dictated by political expediency more than by anything else. Suppose the Senate shall refuse to confirm his nominees. What of it? That is the Senate's responsibility—not the President's.

However, when you have a President who holds a caucus on every proposition that comes before him, instead of utilizing his power and his position, you invariably have a President who holds a caucus on every proposition that comes before him—and that is all there is to that. Thus, passing rapidly to the left, we behold the Honorable Champ Clark, anxious to the point of feverishness that he shall be the next Speaker, vexed mayhap by the haunting thought that he may not land it after all. Of course, the chances are largely in Champ's favor. It is likely he will be the Speaker of the Sixty-second Congress; but suppose he shouldn't? A frightful thought! Hence, Champ is garnering now all he can garner in the way of prestige and applause; he is cashing in as much as he can before the event, taking no chances on a possible flareback that shall leave him on the floor.

They all admit Clark will be Speaker. So far, so good. Champ admits it himself. So, when Congress met, Champ put one over on them that pleased him, pleased the

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galleries, and showed that even the greatest of them welcome with loud acclaim the spat, spat, spat of the applauding hand.

It so happened that it snowed in Washington on the day Congress opened—snowed a good deal. Inasmuch as four inches of snow in Washington—where they have lived for a hundred years in the fatuous belief that it will not snow there, and where, regularly two or three times each winter, they get all balled up with snow—inasmuch as four inches of snow puts Washington out of commission, Washington was all bogged down on the day Congress met. Still, most of the members of Congress were able to get to their seats between breakfast and meetingtime, which was at twelve o'clock, meridian—noon, in other words. Most of them were there. Indeed, most of them were there an hour or two beforehand, to get consolation and congratulations, the bulk of the consolation being extended on the Republican side and the bulk of the congratulations being handed out on the Democratic side.

However, Champ was bothered by the snow. It delayed him. He did not think the fall was so heavy. He had difficulty in getting a car. It was mighty slippery going up the hill. Anyhow, he was bothered by the snow. The inevitable result was that Champ was late for the meeting of the House. He did not arrive in time. Accident due entirely to the snow, but happening just the same. Just naturally couldn't make it, hampered by the snow and the irregular street cars and all that.

Champ alighted at the Capitol at one minute past twelve. He stomped into the corridor, shucked off his hat and coat and tippet, and observed, through the swinging doors, that the chaplain was praying. Couldn't go in then, of course. Also, he happened to land in the corridor just outside the center door instead of on the Democratic side. So there was nothing for it, after the chaplain had ceased his prayer, but to surge boldly through the center door and walk, with such grace and aplomb as was possible, down the center aisle.

It certainly was peculiar that Champ was held up by the snow. He must have been late rising that morning. Still, he made the best of it, and when he came down the center aisle all the faithful Champ Democrats and the galleries got up and spatted their hands; and here and there an overly enthusiastic Democrat let out a yell, and it was a glorious ovation. It was so. That describes it perfectly: a dramatic entrance and a glorious ovation. And—I ask you this—wasn't Champ lucky, as things turned out, that the snow fell on Washington and that he couldn't get there before the House opened? Of course, if he had reached the Capitol before the House did open he wouldn't have had that ovation. He would have entered the Democratic door and taken his seat like the rest of them, and the spotlight never would have hit him as it did. Lucky Champ!

While all this was going on there were many loud cries among the members of the House because they were not invited to the coming-out reception of Miss Helen Taft. The whole world and his wife was there, except a large section of the House. There were loud wails, especially from the ladies of the families. So it became necessary to straighten the thing out; and it was found that the invitations to the function had been sent to the House Post-office, because they were issued before Congress convened, and that the House postmaster had not forwarded or delivered them. Whereby much distress was caused and many ladies of the Congressional contingent did not get a chance to wear their pretty gowns.

QUERY: What Republican House official will lose his job first? Answer: The House postmaster. The women will see to that.

Oddities and Novelties

Fresh Berries in Midwinter

FROZEN cherries taken from the cold-storage plant, placed in cold water to withdraw the frost, then pitted and put into pies, have all the smack and relish of the ripe fruit picked from the trees. Delicious!—that's the word. Fresh cherry pie with snow on the ground! Sounds odd, doesn't it?—but it's a fact.

It's just like this: The fruit is placed in cold storage at a low temperature and kept there until it is wanted. Then it is brought out and prepared for the oven just the same as though it had been delivered a few moments before by the grocer, except that a little time is taken to withdraw the frost that has preserved it. Through this process of refrigeration the natural flavor, color and firmness have been retained. The only requisite is that the pies must be put into the oven not more than ten hours after the fruit has been taken from the storage house; otherwise it will begin to "go down," as they call it. Not all fruit keeps alike and not all fruit is fit for pies.

The small fruits that are preserved in the largest quantities are for "pie foundries," and one of them, in Chicago, puts into storage as many as fifteen carloads of huckleberries, ten of cherries, and other fruits in proportion, according to the keeping qualities and demands of their trade. Frozen huckleberries, currants and cranberries can be held for months and are as plump and appetizing as the fresh fruit. The assortment, however, includes blackcaps, gooseberries and red raspberries.

Another reason why more is not kept of all kinds is the difference in their keeping qualities. Take strawberries, raspberries and blackberries—they will "break down" within ten to twelve hours after they have been removed from storage and exposed to the air. They are also difficult to keep from moulding or acquiring an insipid taste if the fruit is not dry or has been bruised in shipping or handling, or the air is foul in the storage house—any one of several things may cause them to spoil. Good, sound fruit, fully ripe but not dead ripe, handled with care, can be made to keep a long time in the right temperature.

Berries of delicate flesh and intended for long preservation are kept in loosely covered tin cans to prevent evaporation. That is one method. Another is to put them in paper cartons lined with paraffin pasteboard. It has been found that some kind of covering is necessary to keep out foreign odors, especially if there are other fruits or perishable products in the same room. A cover not only keeps out odors but enables them to retain their natural color and prevents wrinkling.

Furs of Queer Kinds

THE average woman who can afford the luxury of furs is more or less in the dark as to the species of animal whose skin she is wearing.

Thus, for example, what is known in the fur market as "Alaska bear" is raccoon skin dyed dark brown. It is handsome and durable. The imitation ermine, on the other hand, is made from French cony and does not last well.

The real chinchilla is a rodent animal of western South America; but the imitation, known as "Adelaide chinchilla," is Australian opossum—an animal which, by-the-way, is very unlike the American opossum.

Sable is counterfeited with marten skin. The largest member of the family to which this aristocrat among fur-bearing animals belongs is the "fisher," which is imitated with raccoon. A common substitute used for the highly valued Arctic white fox is the large hare of northern Europe, which is known in the trade as "Baltic fox."

"Iceland white fox" is in reality white Tibet lamb, combed until the hair is straight. "Manchurian fox" is the skin of a half-wild variety of dog from Manchuria. Silver fox, which is the most costly of all furs except sea otter, is counterfeited by "pointing" the skin of the ordinary gray fox with white-tipped hairs.

"Yorkford lynx" is the trade name for Canadian wildcat. The "Baltic lynx" of the fur trade is the skin of the Belgian hare dyed jet-black. "Finland lynx" is derived from the Australian "wallaby," a species of kangaroo.

"Natural black marten" is skunk skin. "Russian marten" is the hide of the American opossum, and so likewise is "silver marten." "Russian mink" is the Mongolian marmot and lacks the soft under fur of genuine mink.

$200.00 Reward

Rich as the English language is in word and idiom, we have to confess ourselves at a loss for an expression that will plainly convey the idea of absolute purity. The word "pure" itself has apparently lost its defined meaning in America, for, since we first placed Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice on the American market, we have been deluged with letters asking us in substance if the product is "really pure."

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Sense and Nonsense

An Oregon Fire

THERE is a big bell in Portland, Oregon, that rings alarms for fires.

Some time ago there was an interstate commerce hearing there in relation to certain practices of rebating that had been indulged in by some of the local railroads in favor of some Portland shippers.

One man was testifying and was asked to produce his books.

"I can't," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because, by advice of counsel, I burned the books."

Presently another shipper was put on the stand. He was asked to produce his books.

"I didn't bring them," he said.

"Where are they?"

"At my office."

"Then go and get them immediately."

The shipper left the room, but had not been gone more than five minutes when the big firebell began to boom an alarm.

"There go the books!" shouted every person in the room.

Truthful George

JUDGE HARRY MELVIN, of the Superior Court of California, at one time head of the Elks of the country and president of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, went back to his birthplace in Illinois after some of his honors had been heaped on him.

The judge is a big man—tall, broad, well upholstered with flesh, and sturdy. When he was back home he expressed a desire to go and see the old negro who had acted as coachman for his father for years. His hosts piled him into a hack and they all drove out to a cabin on the outskirts of the town.

The judge knocked on the door and a very aged negro opened it.

"George," said the judge, "do you know me?"

"Law sakes!" said George, "ef it ain't Massa Harry! I wouldn' knowed you-all, Massa Harry. You-all don' look laik you's father, nohow."

"No," replied the judge, "I am several inches taller than he was and fifty pounds heavier."

"You sho is," said the old retainer; "an', 'sides, Massa Harry, you-all's father was sich a handsome man!"

The Tale of a Dog

He was only a dog, with a tail that was brief,
But waggish, as tales often be;
His name had been Sport, but his life had been grief,
And he clung like a brother to me.
His life had been hard and his bark on the seas
Of adventures and piracies grim,
And he raised wonderful, mathematical fleas;
For they multiplied quickly on him.

He was only a dog, with a passion for cats—
A subject he often pursued;
His pleasures came mostly from worrying rats
And ransacking rubbish for food.
He gathered great stores of old footwear and clothes
And offcast supplies and débris,
And filled the back yard with old trousers and hose;
And he clung like a brother to me.

He was only a dog, with a bark that was stout
And a quite irresistible whine;
He rolled in the mud when the clothes were hung out
And shook himself under the line.
He loved to pursue the sweet study of flowers,
Nor had he a teacher—the elf;
But spent many studious, summer-day hours
In digging things out for himself.

His welcome was kind as a welcome could be,
For up to my friends he would slip,
Ere they were aware of his proximity,
And give them a sly little nip;
Through night's stilly hours he would lie at my door
And rattle betimes on the latch;
And rhythmical noises on rug and the floor
Told me he was toeing the scratch.

He was only a dog, with no pride of descent;
And one night where the stars gleam and shine
I found him asleep with the life in him spent—
When the town clock struck eight he strychnine.
'Twas meet thus in meat he should meet him the end
Of his tail, which was short, as you see;
And I don't grudge the tear in my eye for a friend,
For he clung like a brother to me.
—*J. W. Foley.*

The Windjammer

"The sailin' ship's full of the greatest romance"—
You'll read that somewhere in a book.
Romantic? Why, say, Jack, she hasn't a chance—
She looks like a frowsy old cook;
Her sails is all patched like a old pair of pants,
*An' **that** don't express how they look.*
She's gen'rally snubnosed an' lackin' of paint—
She's useful, all right; but romantic she ain't.

Say, the guy tha would wan' to put her in a song
Would call a plain schooner a brig;
You'll see her go rootin' an' crawlin' along
With about as much grace as a pig,
Or a drunken old fishwoman goin' it strong
An' tappin' each bar fer a swig.
You can't say she's handsome er noble er quaint—
She's useful, all right; but romantic she ain't.

Her decks are awash an' there's lumber on top.
She squatters along like a duck,
An' she "bams!" through the waves with an awkward "kerflop!"
An' she grunts at the waves she has struck—
She acts like a crazy old dame with a mop
That splashes around in the muck,
An' sometimes the smell of her'd make you grow faint—
She's useful, all right; but romantic she ain't.

When swamped she will cheerfully settle—an' ride,
Held up by the lumber she totes,
While the crew an' the captain sit up on the side
Jest tickled to death that she floats;
She hasn't no grace an' she hasn't no pride—
She's a kind of a hobo of boats.
She hasn't much manners, or sense, er restraint—
She's useful, all right; but romantic she ain't.

So take it from me—as I've asked you before—
The windjammer's nothin' so strange.
Poetic? Perhaps—like a general store
Er the nigger cook's new galley range;
I worked on one once—but I won't any more;
It gave me the scurvy—an' mange.
You take it from me, though I hain't no complaint—
She's useful, all right; but romantic?—she ain't.
—*Berton Braley.*

A Cagey Sheriff

"X" BEIDLER, the old vigilante leader of Montana, was elected sheriff of Lewis and Clark County, in which Helena is situated.

During Beidler's incumbency the jail was rebuilt and one of the new-fashioned steel cages for the prisoners installed. Beidler invited all the notables down to see the cage when it was completed. The governor and the state and city officials and many prominent citizens accepted the invitation.

"X" took them into the cage and excused himself for a minute. He went out and locked the door. Then he took a chair and sat down outside.

"Now, dern ye!" he said to the imprisoned notables; "ye've bin edgin' off lately when I was tellin' my stories of the old days an' not listenin' to 'em. Now, I reckon you'll listen."

He kept them there three hours—until he had told his whole budget of tales.

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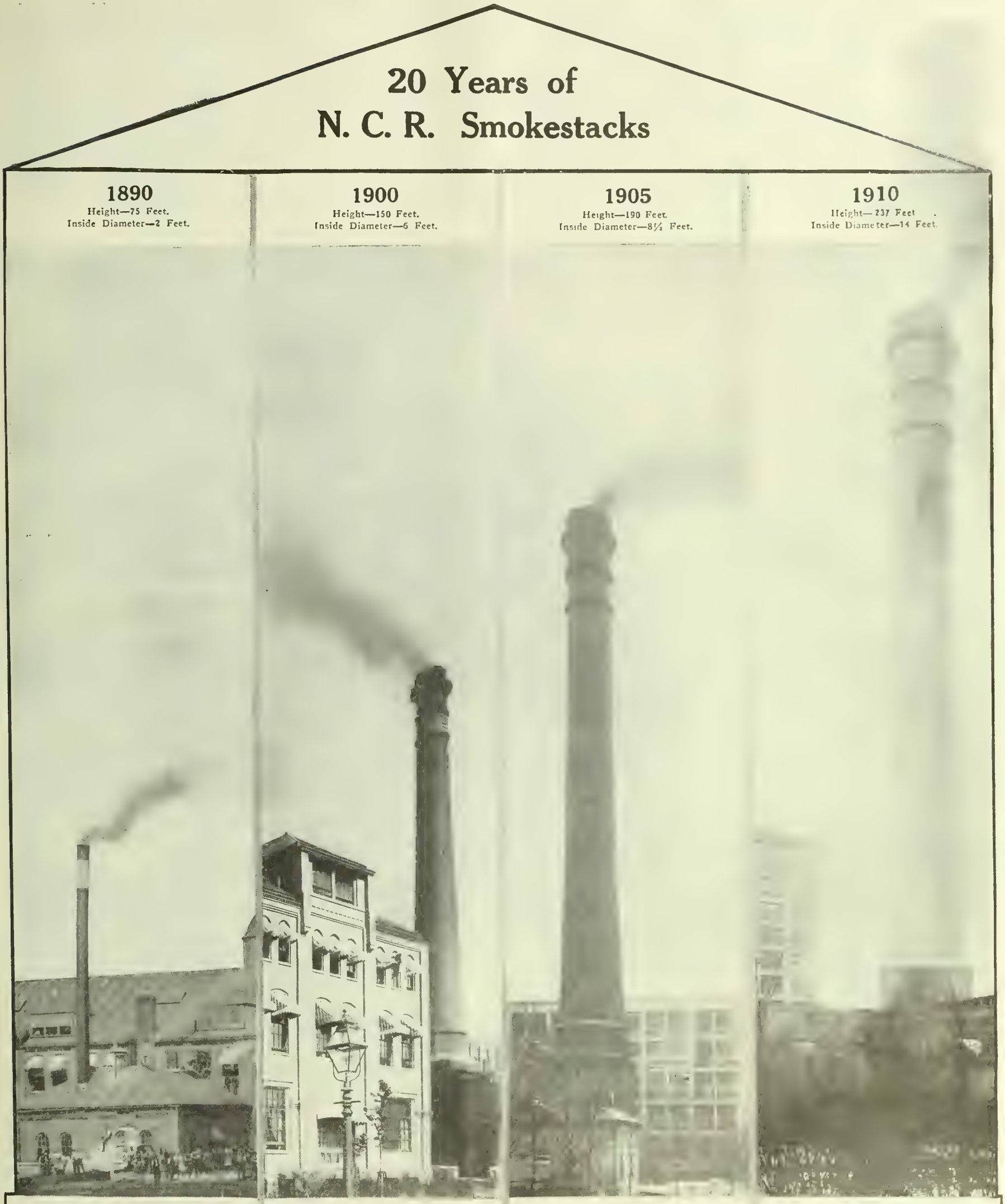
1890	1900	1905	1910
Height—75 Feet. Inside Diameter—2 Feet.	Height—150 Feet. Inside Diameter—6 Feet.	Height—190 Feet. Inside Diameter—8¼ Feet.	Height—237 Feet Inside Diameter—14 Feet.



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DOLLY BROWN, OF VASSAR

(Concluded from Page 9)

"I object to the question! If the Court pleases, the line of examination being pursued by counsel for the defense in this case is in gross violation of all rules of evidence. What possible bearing can the local name of this road have upon the guilt or innocence of this defendant? Why, even a college girl ought to know ——"

Judge McCurdy cut short any impending interchange of courtesies.

"Whether the question is relevant or not will depend upon the answer. If irrelevant, both question and answer will be stricken out. The witness will answer."

"But does your Honor mean to rule that ——"

The bellow and bluster of the police court were suddenly rampant in both manner and voice. At last Wyler had caught sight of the precipice to whose brink the young lawyer had so deftly led the prosecution. Again he tried to open the question for argument, but Judge McCurdy stood firmly by his ruling.

"The witness will answer the question."

"That part of the road," the witness resumed, with the room so silent that it might have been tenantless save for the speaker, "is called the Outside Curve because—because—it is outside of the state of California.

"As laid out by the surveyors the entire road, until it strikes the old Columbia stage route, was within this state; but when it was in course of construction around Porcupine Ridge the contractors discovered a fine spring of water. It was some little distance beyond the line of stakes, but the contractors believed that they were doing a public service by stretching the road—that is, by building it far enough north to reach the spring.

"The result is that the Manzanita Spring and the road for at least a hundred yards east and west are from fifteen to twenty feet beyond the California line."

"That is all, Mr. Plumb. Your Honor, the defense closes."

There was a moment of whispering at the district attorney's desk, and Brisbane asked the court to delay the trial for a few moments and permit the state's counsel to determine upon their further action. This being granted, Hume and the two lawyers retired to the clerk's office, followed, upon a signal from the detective, by the man in the pepper-and-salt suit. The conference must have developed some difference of opinion as to methods, for suddenly the boiler of Judge Wyler's patience exploded and the atmosphere around was filled with fragments of red-hot profanity. Properly edited, his declaration was:

"The next time I play monkey I want some other organ-grinder than my Lord Sissy. There's nothing to talk about. Go in and confess. Then invite the boy to go to Oregon and attend the hanging. Serve your warrant."

That settled it. All four trooped back into the courtroom and, with a resumption of official dignity, Brisbane proceeded to make the best of the disaster.

"May it please the Court, it would be worse than vain to proceed further with the trial of this cause. The prosecution has reached the impassable barrier of a state line. Either by the strangest of accidents, or by the shrewd design of the boldest criminal ever brought to trial in this court, the spot chosen for the commission of this robbery is now shown to lie just beyond the boundaries of this commonwealth, and so, of course, beyond the jurisdiction of this Court. The state has no alternative. We are compelled to submit the indictment to the jury, knowing that your Honor must direct an acquittal.

"The defendant, however, will be immediately rearrested by an agent of the state of Oregon and returned to that commonwealth for trial in Jackson County. Upon the conclusion of that trial, unless justice shall again encounter some unforeseen disaster, he will be visited with a punishment far more serious than that from which the zeal—possibly the overzeal—of youthful counsel has just now delivered him. The indictments upon which he is about to be returned to our sister state include the crime of homicide."

Mr. Brown, when he had finished something important that he was doing to his blue silk elastic garters and had relieved the tension upon the knees of his pantaloons, seemed to become genuinely interested in Brisbane's recital. When that too brief pleasure was concluded Peter Harris was released from the dock and, at his counsel's invitation, seated himself beside his strangely complacent young attorney. They had not, however, completed their exchange of felicitations when once more the hand of the law was upon them.

The man in the pepper-and-salt suit laid his hand upon Harris' shoulder and proceeded to inform him of the contents of an open document which he bore in his hand. This formality over, J. Dolliver Brown once more entered upon the active practice of the law. Obtaining a blank from the clerk he filled it out and showed his client where to affix his autograph. Harris then took his solemn oath that it was all true and the result was passed up to the judge. Judge McCurdy examined the document and directed the clerk to make out something else, to which was attached the seal of the Court. Thereupon both Brisbane and Brown took to their pens for some minutes and handed their respective compositions to the clerk.

All of which meant that Harris had been rearrested and had applied for and been granted a writ of habeas corpus, requiring the arresting officer to show legal authority for his detention. To this writ the officer had replied that the said Peter Harris was under indictment in Jackson County, Oregon, for the crimes of robbery and murder; that he had been found in California and arrested for the purpose of extradition and delivery to the state of Oregon for trial in said Jackson County. To this Harris in turn had filed his answer denying the right of either state to remove him from California against his will. Both parties agreed that, for purposes of convenience, the testimony just taken in the case of California vs. Harris should be regarded as if taken in the present hearing. So, in scarcely more time than has been required to state the facts, the contention between the state of Oregon and Peter Harris, involving the man's right to liberty, was ready for argument.

Awaiting the convenience of the Court, J. Dolliver Brown gently crossed his legs—with all due caution as to the effect upon the creases—and, leaning leisurely back in his chair, smiled cheerfully upon his client. An observer might well have guessed that, so far as Mr. Brown was concerned, the day's work was done.

"Judge Wyler," announced the presiding judge, "as this writ requires you to show by what right you are depriving the prisoner of his liberty, the opening argument is with you."

"And, may it please the Court, it will be very short. As your Honor well knows, the hardest case to argue is that in which there is nothing on the other side. The record before you shows two indictments in Jackson County, Oregon, against Peter Harris: one for highway robbery, and the other for the crime of murder in the first degree. There is no denial of the identity of the man now before you with the defendant in those indictments. He was arrested in your immediate presence, and your Honor will find the extradition papers in due form and properly executed. Upon this hearing we have, of course, nothing to do with the question of the defendant's guilt or innocence. That will be determined by a Jackson County jury.

"Yet I must ask the indulgence of the Court while I extend my congratulations to our youthful and learned friend. Beyond all dispute, he has today saved his client from the penitentiary. Also, beyond all dispute, he has secured for him—but let the tale end there. To our less fertile minds, your Honor, it might perhaps have seemed the course of wisdom to place the impenetrable walls of the California penitentiary between Peter Harris and the sheriff of Jackson County, waiting impatiently, rope in hand. Before his period of seclusion had passed, doubtless the evidence of his Oregon crimes would have been scattered to the four winds of heaven. But that would have been defeat and this is victory. Why worry about the future? It may never come. Your Honor, I am sure, will join me in predicting for our young friend a most brilliant career—one which, in future years, must send many a thrill and flutter through the classic halls of his famous alma mater upon the banks of the romantic Hudson.

"But—to return to the dry and creaking mechanism of the law—I now ask that this Court remand Peter Harris, alias Bigfoot Pete, to the custody of the duly authorized agent of the state of Oregon, to be by him delivered to the sheriff of Jackson County, there to be dealt with according to law."

A careful observer of the scene and the actors might have noted a change in the mental attitude of the young Salem lawyer as his ear caught the premeditated note of offense in Judge Wyler's mock congratulations. The lips closed tightly, the shoulders stood square and rigid and the hand, open upon the desk, moved impatiently to right and left, forgetful of the protruding cuff and the dust. When Wyler, having finished his speech, sank ponderously back in his chair, the young fellow's gaze was slow to leave him. It was not a friendly gaze. When he spoke, it was with a curious measuring of his words, as if he had determined to use just so many as were needed for his purpose and not one more.

"Praise from Judge Wyler, your Honor, is praise indeed. It makes life worth living. I can but regret, however, that his too great kindness to myself has caused him to overlook two elements of the case now before the Court. These elements are the law and the facts. I propose briefly to supply his omission. The right, and the only right, which the state of Oregon can advance in the present contention is based upon Section 2 of Article IV of the Constitution of the United States. That section reads as follows: 'A person charged in any state with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another state, shall, on the demand of the executive authority of the state from which he fled, be delivered up to be removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime.'

"That is the law of this case. For the facts, let us turn to the evidence of Mr. Grebe Moore, one of the state's own witnesses. Describing Peter Harris' departure from Oregon, the witness said under oath: 'He was got out of the state of Oregon jest the same way you'd collar a bulldog and drag him out of his kennel—every leg braced stiff and every toe raking the ground as he comes.'

"That, may it please the Court, is Judge Wyler's picture of flight. Unless he is correct, his client is without a leg to stand upon. I move the Court to discharge Peter Harris from custody."

There followed a period of brief and painful silence. Wyler's anger was mounting in dull purple to his neck and cheeks. As full of fight as a Spanish bull, he had gone down twice before this stripling of the bar without so much as landing a single blow. Twice his case had been lost before he knew it was in danger. He lurched forward in his chair as if about to renew the battle and then realized that there was no battle. For the first time in a score of years he found himself at the limit of his assurance. With Grebe Moore's too graphic words still in his ears, he had not the courage to look the judge in the face and attempt to assure him that white was black. Judge McCurdy mercifully closed the scene.

"Gentlemen, it would be useless to argue this case further. Unless we utterly ignore the plain language of the Constitution, the prisoner must be discharged. Whatever else he may have done, he did not depart from the state of Oregon as a fugitive. His case is much stronger than was that of the two sailors, Philbrook and Kelleran, whom the governor of Maine refused to surrender to the state of Georgia, or than that of Senator Patterson, whom the courts of the District of Columbia declined to extradite upon the demand of the governor of South Carolina. Let the prisoner be discharged. He is not again to be arrested in this state for any crime heretofore committed in the state of Oregon."

The Court adjourned. The crowd began slowly to disperse and the lawyers gathered their papers. Brisbane and Wyler hurried from the courtroom—the former with and the latter without a nod to their late antagonist. Hume, in passing, stopped for a moment and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I congratulate you—damn you! I told them this morning that they were making a mistake—that you were really a lawyer in disguise and that you had something up your sleeves besides your precious cuffs."

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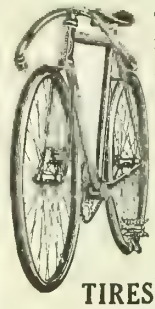

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If he felt that another car possessed some qualifications which his Cadillac lacked, it would be only human nature for him to experience a little twinge of envy; even if the other car cost twice as much money.

But you may experiment with the first Cadillac owner whom you encounter; and you will find that he is not conscious of the slightest deprivation.

He is more apt, on the contrary, to ask you to point out, how it would profit him to own a costlier car.

And, if you follow him in the analysis of internal as well as external construction, you will be puzzled for an answer.

He will begin by pointing out to you that the service which a car renders, and the comfort which its owner enjoys, is entirely dependent upon the integrity of its mechanical construction.

And he will gently remind you, in that connection, that Cadillac practice is held in world-wide esteem by engineering experts—that the Cadillac 'shop' is admired as a model—in men, machinery, methods and management.

Pleasant evidence of the extent to which the Cadillac reputation has travelled was given in England recently during the visit of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers to Great Britain.

The wonderful standardization test, in which three Cadillacs were torn down and reconstructed from a haphazard pile of parts, and for which the Dewar Trophy was awarded, was evidently fresh in the minds of British engineers and journalists.

The tribute that was paid by London journalists to the Cadillac standard elicited an inquiry and an answer which were illuminating; and which are both of interest to Cadillac owners, present and prospective.

Quite frankly it was asked, how the Cadillac Company could build a car which won the world's trophy for standardization, and profitably manufacture it to sell at so low a price.

The gist of the explanation given can be gathered from a single statement made in reply, to wit: That the Cadillac Company had always practiced the principle that, in building motor cars, *it costs less to do work that is clean, close and accurate than it does to do work that is poor and slovenly. But in order to do work that is close and accurate, you must have the right equipment and the right organization.*

When your Cadillac owner tells you that he is perfectly content—that he can't see anything in any other car, at any price, which he does not enjoy in his car at $1700—he bears witness to the fact that the Cadillac policy of close, fine, conscientious workmanship is the correct policy from every standpoint.

The Cadillac was awarded the Dewar Trophy precisely because of the pursuit of this principle.

The Cadillac owner is content with his car because it exemplifies the same qualities that won the Dewar Trophy.

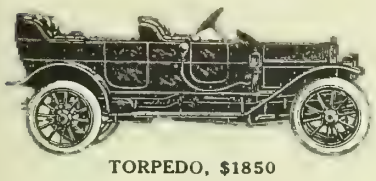
Every Cadillac ever built is a Dewar Trophy Cadillac.

In other words, it is the finest specimen of standardization, interchangeability and perfect alignment in existence.

When you have said these things, you have said that it is the best motor car value—because upon the qualities which we have specified depends,—and depends entirely and exclusively—the kind and the extent of the service you get out of your car.

For your own enlightenment—test the complete satisfaction of the first Cadillac owner you encounter.

Cadillac "Thirty"



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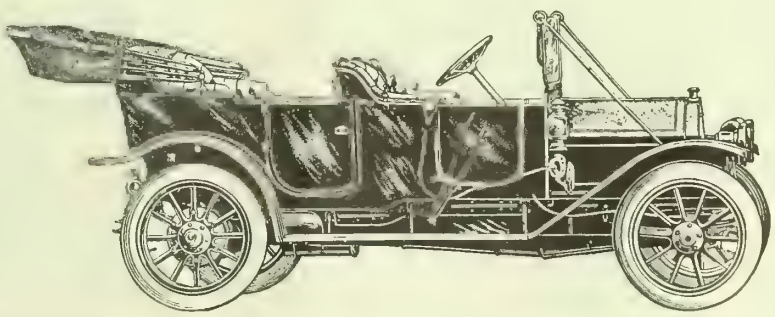

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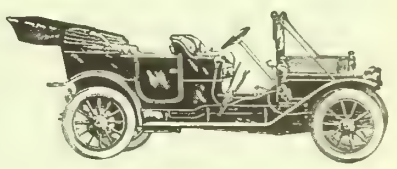

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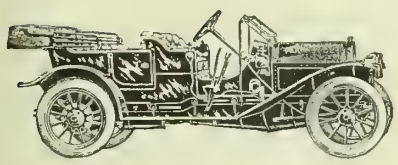

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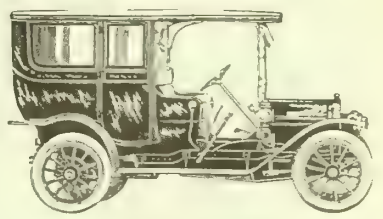

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Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Licensed under Selden Patent)

SAVING ONE HUNDRED MILLION

(Continued from Page 19)

its best features. This will enable the Government to keep its most efficient servants, rewarding them for long and faithful service.

"In private enterprises the head of the concern meets the clerks as seldom as does the President of the United States. The statements of receipts and expenditures, however, are always at his disposal. Even where there is a series of stores, with different buyers, the statements are coördinated in such a way that any business man can see at a glance where one man, in his purchases, is showing less judgment than another. The monthly comparisons are equally illuminative.

"The United States Government is, of course, a giant business concern. Uncle Sam deals in every conceivable commodity. He buys every conceivable article. He cobbles shoes; makes windows; erects more buildings than any contractor in the world; does washing and ironing and tailoring; buys all kinds of provisions; cooks; bakes—and is in nearly every business.

"Nevertheless, with all the Government's vast resources, it should be possible to arrange a system of accounts whereby one man, the general business manager, known as the President, would be able to keep his finger on the purse-strings and know where the money goes. This, as I have learned from my talks with him, is his intention; and there is every reason to believe that he will succeed."

The Hitchcock plan for taxing the magazines, referred to by Mr. Wanamaker, has not yet been embodied in the President's plan. The experts now at work in other departments will reach the Post-Office Department in the course of the inquiry. Six years ago an economy inquiry was made in the Post-Office Department and the report that was made showed where big economies might be effected without putting the burden on any educational mediums. Regardless of Mr. Hitchcock's suggestion, the experts will inquire into the methods of the Post-Office and that department will be treated like all the others. If the report of six years ago is found to hold good today its recommendations will probably be made public.

To Andrew Carnegie, as to Mr. Wanamaker, I outlined the economy inquiry as set forth in the interview with President Taft. He said that he saw no reason why the Government should not be conducted like any other business concern, provided Congress acted in good faith. With the civil service protection being extended by President Taft to cover assistant postmasters, second, third and fourth class postmasters, and the prospect of extending it to many other branches of the Government service, Mr. Carnegie said he believed the great task could be accomplished.

Mr. Carnegie's Opinions

For several hours, in his New York home, Mr. Carnegie discussed the manner in which great corporations are systematized, comparing private business methods with those of the Government.

"In the United States Steel corporation," he said, "I was fortunate in having my young partners in charge of the various departments. When men are pecuniarily interested they naturally will be more vigilant in watching for leaks. The mutual interest plan, however, is but a variant of the merit system which, if put into general practice throughout the Government, would work virtually the same results.

"While I was head of the steel company I inaugurated the practice of having a general conference with all the superintendents of the various works on Saturday afternoons. The usual method is to let the board of directors alone pass on all important questions. I realized, however, the great advantage of having the workingmen themselves attend these conferences.

"When the corporation was offered a big contract we talked it over with the superintendents. They would tell us the difficulties that would be encountered in the work, making suggestions for changes in the contract. We learned from them just how quickly and easily the work might be done, and could then figure out to the minute and to the final penny the time needed and the prices that would insure a profit.

"A private corporation, of course, must figure on revenue as well as cost. The chief concern of the head of the United States Government would be the cost. The Government already knows where its money comes from and about how much it can expect each year. The main thing now is to determine accurately where that money goes to.

"The Government is not able to figure on its purchases with the same degree of accuracy as a private corporation because its activities are so extensive and so varied; but the methods that have made successes of such giant corporations as the steel companies would work similar wonders in the administration of the Government.

"Just as the steel corporation figured down to the last penny the cost of keeping its furnaces alive, so the Government might figure the prevailing prices of lumber, coal, iron and other materials used. The Government should have a department of accounts to supervise and coördinate its expenditures. If all the expenditures were itemized and sent to such a department, and then reduced to an understandable basis, it would be possible for the general business manager of the Government, the President, to put his finger on the leaks and call a halt on any extravagances.

"It is hard for the President to attend to the details of accounts in the same way as the head of a private corporation. The questions of policy that come before the President for his consideration are so many and so varied, the conferences are so many, and the demands on his personal attention from so many quarters are so frequent that it is hard for him to delve personally into the accounts."

Why Phipps Was Promoted

"With a department of accounts, however, all the reports showing the figures for the various departments could be prepared in such a way that he could learn, at a moment's notice, just where the Government's money was going. He would be able to call on his Cabinet officers for explanations as to why they were paying more for a certain commodity last month than the month before.

"The great trouble with the Government service, however, is that the employees do not feel that there are the same rewards in public life as in private life. The men who worked for me always felt that any inventiveness on their part would be recognized without delay. I remember once, at a meeting of the board of directors of the steel corporation, making a suggestion for an improvement which I had not fully revolved, even in my own mind. I mentioned it in a tentative way, merely to see how it would take.

"Lawrence Phipps was one of the directors. He was a young man, but he was full of ideas. He caught my thought before I had fully expressed it. He went further and outlined the exact solution of the idea. I thought his plan over that night. The next morning I walked into his office and said: 'Good morning, Mr. Vice-President. Any man who can sweep me off my feet the way you did yesterday is the man I want for vice-president.'

"That is the element that makes for aggressiveness and industry in private corporations. The men feel that they are not working on a treadmill. They feel that if their own company does not recognize their worth some other rival company will do so.

"In the Government service the men are honest and diligent, but they do not see just what they are coming to. The whole machinery is so big and so diversified that they do not actually see the results of their own work. What the Government service needs is more imagination. That is the chief value of President Taft's present effort toward economy. He is giving the men something to work for. If he can establish the merit system on a firm basis, with a system of prompt rewards for efficient service, there will be a revolution in the administration of the National Government.

"Any reforms that are made must come necessarily from within. The suggestions for reform may come from the experts, but the reform itself must be achieved by the employees. That, as I understand it, is the President's plan. Big as is the United States Government and unwieldy as the machinery may seem, the results that are accomplished in smaller concerns can be

Work that Pays Well

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achieved in this biggest corporation of the world. A great proportion of the reform can be accomplished by executive action. The complete success of the plan depends, of course, on the coöperation of Congress."

A clear idea of the system that has been infused into private corporations, while the Government has jogged along in its horse-car way, is given in the interview I had with Henry Morgenthau, who built the Flatiron Building and other big sky-scrapers in New York. What he has to say is particularly interesting, since he has built many post-offices for the Post-Office Department.

Cost-Keeping an Exact Science

"The erection of big buildings today," he said, "is a science. Most of the big builders of the country can figure out on a postal card just what it will cost to erect the tallest skyscraper. They know, for instance, that certain kinds of buildings can be built for thirty-five cents a cubic foot. Certain other kinds cost thirty-seven cents, and so on. They all have the cost of labor and materials figured out to the fraction of a cent. The Government, at the present time, has no such system.

"On the contrary, in my dealings with the Government I have found its contracts very unsatisfactory. I believe it would be possible, with a change in the Government contracts, to save thirty per cent a year in rentals for post-offices alone. Any private corporation that would undertake to do business on such contracts would go out of business in pretty quick order.

"In all the contracts for renting post-offices the payment of rent is made subject to the necessary appropriation being made. The lessor agrees to pay water rates and for recording lease; agrees to furnish necessary furniture and fixtures, including boxes and drawers; satisfactory heating and lighting fixtures; heat, light, and fireproof safe with burglar-proof chest; agrees to keep the premises, including boxes and fixtures of all kinds, in repair to the satisfaction of the Government; agrees to supply, without increase in rental, additional boxes, fixtures and furniture, as may be required in the opinion of the Postmaster-General.

"Then the stipulation is specifically made that the Government may terminate the lease, on one day's notice, whenever, in the opinion of the Postmaster-General, the premises become unfit for use as a post-office. The lease is expressly made to terminate whenever the post-office occupying the premises can be moved into a Government building. The lease may be terminated any time on three months' notice whenever, in the discretion of the Postmaster-General, the interest of the postal service requires a cancellation.

"The result of this one-sided contract is that all persons who lease their premises for the purposes of a post-office charge the Government an exorbitant rent. Not only that, but they seem to be justified in doing so when they have to go to the expense of fitting up the post-office with the prospect of having the lease terminated at one day's notice."

How Millions are Wasted

"The Treasury Department has a similar contract for the erection of all Government buildings. After a contractor hires his laborers, sub-contractors and superintendents, and buys his materials, he may have his Government contract canceled at one day's notice. What is the result? The big contractors are not anxious to handle the Government work unless they are allowed to charge excessive prices.

"By placing the contracts alone on a systematic basis millions of dollars could be saved annually. This is one of the places where the general manager of the United States can work a quick and real reform. If contractors knew that they would not run afoul of some political influence, and would be given an ordinary business contract, all of the biggest and most reliable contractors in the country would be seeking Government work and the Government would reap the economy of competition.

"The same thing is true of the big battleships. If these ships were built on a systematic, businesslike basis, with a good sensible contract, competition would be general and more millions might be saved.

"To the heads of private corporations the Government seems away behind. Bureaucracy and red tape have been the anchors that have retarded the Government's progress. In the general demand on the President's attention he has not had time to give the actual details of administration his personal attention; and the result in the past has been that all the departments were working in different directions, sometimes overlapping, sometimes interfering with one another, with no one head to coördinate their activities.

"Private corporations, meanwhile, have been paring off the minutes and the pennies while they have been increasing efficiency. In the large typewriter companies they have been working for years to save the few seconds involved in the process of moving one part of the machine to the point where it is joined to another part. They have it now down to the point where the machine, from the moment the frame is built, moves steadily along, gathering its parts until it finally reaches the finishing room. There is not a second's delay in the assembling of the various parts.

"They know to the minute how long it takes to make a machine. They know to the fraction of a cent how much it costs to make one. They know that, if they can make sixteen hundred and twenty machines in a week by working fifty-four hours, they can increase the output to the extent of six thousand a year by working fifty-eight hours a week.

"In the biggest and best-run department stores the cost of operating ranges from twenty-three to twenty-nine per cent. In other words, the ones with the best system save six per cent more than those with the poorest system. I am referring only to those stores which have system. Some, like the Government, have no real system at all and go into bankruptcy.

"The stores with the best system have it figured out just how much each employee's services are worth. With the selling of certain expensive luxuries, such as pianos and rare laces, they calculate that it is profitable to pay a certain percentage to the salesperson. The salary is arranged on the basis of the percentage warranted by the profits in sales."

Examples of Extravagance

"It might not be feasible to carry such a modern system into the work of the Government; but, if private concerns find it profitable to carry system to such a point, the Government should at least see the value of some sort of system. The Government is probably the only business concern in the country today that is without a general economic system. Even the hospitals are learning the value of coördination and coöperation in buying their supplies. Six hospitals in New York have joined forces merely in order to buy supplies cheaper.

"Though the size of the Government is urged as an excuse for the lack of economy, it is not a good excuse. Because of its size, the Government should be able to buy all its materials in great bulk that would reduce the price. There would be plenty of competition for all the Government's work and supplies if the Government would make contracts on a businesslike basis. For my own part, I always shy at a Government contract."

Mr. Morgenthau's argument that the Government pays prices different from those of an ordinary business concern is true. One example, trivial in itself but throwing a great light on the general lack of system, may be cited. In some cities the Government pays six dollars and seventy-five cents for a ton of coal when the residents of that city are paying five dollars and seventy-five cents; and this in spite of the fact that the Government usually buys in bulk.

One department of the Government pays seventy-five cents a page for stenography. Another department pays two cents. One department pays sixty cents for a coat-hook—the same hook for which another department pays fourteen cents. These are but minor instances of discrepancies that show extravagance. They illustrate, however, the general situation.

What President Taft wants to know is just how much should be paid for stenography, coat-hooks and everything else used by Uncle Sam. When he gets this information, and starts to run the Government as a business concern, there is reason to believe that the United States will cease to be the most extravagant country on the face of the earth.

Foster Made $19,484.83 Last Year From His Million Egg Farm

Five years ago Joel M. Foster, a young city man, decided to go into the poultry business. He was looking for a suitable occupation, he was vigorous and energetic, and believed that there was a fortune to be made raising chickens. He had no experience. He bought and stocked a little farm near a big city, but for a time he had only failures. His poultry house burned with all its contents, and he had to begin anew. The next year rats destroyed half his flock, but he surmounted these and other difficulties, always thinking, planning and experimenting. To-day he is at the head of the largest EGG PRODUCING plant in the world, with 20,000 laying hens and will market this year between two and three million eggs.

Last year Mr. Foster made $19,484.83 from his Million Egg Farm. Most of it was from commerical eggs; $6000 was income from sales of "Day-Old Chix;" the rest from miscellaneous products of the great Rancocas Farm.

Read the Whole Amazing Story In "The Million Egg Farm."

We have induced Mr. Foster to tell his experience for the benefit of poultrymen everywhere. The beauty of his system is that the principles can be applied just as well to the farmer's flock or the suburban lot as to the still larger plant of the man who wants to go into egg raising as a profession. The book tells you how to start and be successful with a few or many hens. It explains the Rancocas Unit, into which his gigantic flock is divided. It gives estimates and advice for the beginner with a little flock. It tells how Foster began with a $300 investment and 100 hens, and how you can begin. It gives all the Rancocas formulas for mating, hatching and feeding—the result of his experience. It gives the egg production day by day—proof that his formulas are successful.

All Figures Are Certified

To satisfy ourselves that the figures were correct we employed the well-known firm of Lybrand, Ross Brothers and Montgomery,

Gathering the Eggs in the Early Afternoon.

certified public accountants, to make an exhaustive two weeks' examination of the books and records of the Rancocas Farm. The result of their findings is given in the book. Nothing has been held back. The failures as well as the successes are set forth. We believe no other poultry man has ever thus laid open his business secrets and experience to the world.

Farm Journal, 158 Clifton St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Feeding a Rancocas Unit.

year subscription to the foremost farm and home monthly in the world, the FARM JOURNAL, together with a copy of "The Million Egg Farm," postpaid.

What Farm Journal Is

Farm Journal is made for everyone in town or country who raises poultry, eggs, fruit, vegetables, milk, butter, honey, as well as horses, sheep, grain and cattle. It has the largest circulation of any farm paper in the world, over 750,000 copies. It is devoted to housekeeping, dressmaking, recipes, and bright, fresh reading for boys and girls. It is brief, crisp, condensed and PRACTICAL. No long-winded essays. "Cream, not Skim-milk" is its motto. It is now running a series of articles called "Back to the Soil," true stories of experiences of city people who have changed to country life. They are helpful and intensely interesting. Farm Journal never prints a medical or trashy advertisement, and its columns are an absolutely reliable guide in buying. Most of its subscribers pay five to ten years ahead. It is a special favorite with women. Everyone who has a garden, yard, flower bed or even a kitchen ought to have this bright, cheery, useful home paper. Farm Journal takes pride in being "Unlike Any Other Paper."

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Farm Journal, 158 Clifton St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

A CRITIQUE OF MONSIEUR POE

(Concluded from Page 21)

diplomatic corps proves a bit inefficient. Our mission here was to determine whether, in fact, it is the intention of les Etats-Unis to attack the Kingdom of Spain.

"'One does not fail when one's country is in peril—and when one is paid enough. Today we have learned the truth—there will be war!'

"The Spaniard smiled; then he went on:

"'Ah, señor, madame is a charming woman. You yourself will say it when you come to know her better—exquisitely charming! The admiral here could not fail to mark it. And madame! She has a heart so tender! So susceptible! Alas, I alone remained to mar this happiness! And what am I, señor, to stand in the way of Paradise? A drop or two of a drug in a cup of coffee and my interest in events would cease. Unfortunately I have made it a custom never to drink anything over which the hand of another is unnecessarily placed; it is not hygienic. And so tonight at dinner I tip my coffee out on to the floor. A little later I pretend to sleep. Madame leans over me, doubtless to secure some articles which I should no longer need. I seize the hands. I tie them behind the back with a silk stocking—an excellent thing a silk stocking, señor! and more excellent, since there are always two. The other I tie around the throat. Then, with a riding crop thrust through it, I have a beautiful garrote.' He moved his hand among the books, took up a twisted silk stocking and tossed it over into the chair beside Monsieur le Docteur, who, still dazed and hardly knowing what he did, put it into his pocket.

"The Spaniard paused and drew a cigarette-case from his pocket.

"Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde noticed a little black line of something resembling ashes, running from the leg of the table around the chair in which he was seated. He put down his hand and brushed a little of it into his palm. It was gunpowder!

"The Spaniard sat down on the corner of the table and began to roll his cigarette in his hands.

"'In madame's bosom I find a delicious little note from the admiral asking her to come on this night to the rendezvous. Ah, the rendezvous! I faithfully kept it for her. I excellently kept it for her. She was to wave her handkerchief from the cab somewhere between this house and la Bibliothèque Congressionale. I do not know where—but I do not disappoint the admiral. I get a hansom from the stable beyond the library. I dismiss the driver. I tie her in. I put the hand out of the window. I tie the handkerchief in the fingers. I send the horses home. So the rendezvous was beautifully kept after all.' He nodded to Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde.

"The Spaniard leaned over on the table to get a match for his cigarette.

"'Afterward,' he said, 'I bring the three of you comfortably home in the motor car.'

"He sat up and puffed his cigarette for a moment; then he said softly:

"'If you quite understand we will not keep the others waiting.'

"The full import of the man's plans came suddenly to Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde and he sprang up shouting. Instantly the Spaniard leaped to the floor.

"'Let us be going, señor!' he cried.

"Then he jabbed his lighted cigarette down on the table. A flash of light ran to the leather chair. Monsieur le Docteur rushed into the hall and tried to open the door to the street, but the hall was dark and he was unable to find the bolt that held the door. Each moment he expected the house to be blown to atoms. Fortunately for an instant the light was switched on, illuminating the hall and the great library. Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde saw the Spaniard on the floor, groping for his broken powder train. He also saw the bolt holding the door and in a moment he was outside, running down an old garden path. He broke through a hedge into the street and continued to run madly, with his head down. Finally, running thus, overwhelmed with terror, Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde collided with a gendarme.

"Monsieur le Docteur was incoherent then. The gendarme took him to the Department of Police. It was morning when he came before the prefect. That official laughed at the story of Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde. Wine had carried monsieur into the region of the fancy! Since Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde was of the French diplomatic corps he was at liberty to go. But the story! Monsieur must pardon his incredulity. And, in fact, what proof had Monsieur le Docteur le Duc de Borde of this adventure? True, there was the silk stocking in his pocket! But, monsieur"—the speaker made an elegant gesture—"I ask it of you, what does a silk stocking prove?"

. . . . . .

The consuming attention of M. Duclos, set on the interest of the tale, relaxed. The elegant stranger arose with a laugh that rippled through the Café des Oiseaux. He pointed to the clock.

"Ah, monsieur," he cried, "have I not proved my point? Here is a tale infinitely below the genius of M. Poe, and yet, see what it has done! It has held Monsieur Duclos, a dealer in jewels of the Rue des Petits Champs, for some thirty minutes in the Café des Oiseaux. And it has held him against his anxiety to guard his shop—against his fear for his thirteen diamonds. Observe, monsieur; it is late. The gendarme Jacques Fuillon has gone out at the end of the Rue des Petits Champs for some thirty minutes by the clock!"

He took up his cane and gloves from the table. He lifted his silk English opera hat from his curled and perfumed hair.

"I bid M. Duclos good morning."

M. Duclos did not rise.

"A moment, monsieur," he said.

The stranger paused. "Does not M. Duclos hurry to his shop?"

The dealer in jewels shrugged his shoulders. "What is the use, monsieur?" he said. "I am already late and there remains this question of M. Poe's tales to settle. And, besides, monsieur is charming. And this I must charge against this argument: told by another, monsieur's tale might not have held one so well. Such a quality goes very far. What one among us could resist monsieur? Not *la petite* Hugette, nor yet *la veuve* Consenat. Monsieur takes his liberty with the heart of the one and the clock of the other."

The elegant stranger regarded M. Duclos now with a certain interest, but his gallant manner remained. He bowed.

"Monsieur does me too much honor."

Not so. M. Duclos did but recognize a merit. But this question of the tales: he must be permitted his opinion.

"Monsieur," he said, "those concerning M. Dupin I continue to regard as the masterpieces of M. Poe; and, for the following reason, which monsieur will himself deem excellent when he has heard it."

M. Duclos leaned forward on the table.

"Monsieur," he said, "on yesterday morning I noticed a crumb of plaster on the floor of my shop, in the Rue des Petits Champs. Now, monsieur, what is a crumb of plaster? It is nothing. But for these tales of M. Poe—but for these warnings of M. Dupin—I should have passed it over. But having, through the courtesy of monsieur, read these tales, I reflected. Whence came this crumb of plaster? Why, obviously, monsieur, from the ceiling above. I examine that ceiling and I find there a tiny crevice. I go into the shop of Hugette above. I remove the carpet. Ah! I find a hole cut in the floor!"

M. Duclos paused. The elegant stranger had taken one swift stride, stopped abruptly and now stood, very pale, his gloves clutched in his fingers, his eyes on the door of the Café des Oiseaux. Something moved out there in the Rue des Petits Champs.

M. Duclos continued softly:

"Ah, monsieur, that is not all. To point out how the gendarmes could take the poor creatures who were to execute monsieur's design was an unpleasant duty; but to entertain monsieur until they should come for him—that has been a pleasure."

M. Duclos did not finish his discourse. He was interrupted by a cry. The Café des Oiseaux was filled with gendarmes.

LAUNCHING A CORPORATION

(Concluded from Page 7)

who lived in an Eastern city sent his check to them, certified for fifty thousand dollars, without questions and without conditions. It came back to him in the return mail. The Wrights told him politely that they were not willing to receive investments. The man understood, for he was a historian. He had read of how great inventors had been cheated out of the profits of their discoveries and he understood how those two young men of Dayton must at all times be fearful of their precious device—the great gift of the twentieth century to the world—passing out from their control.

After the Wrights had turned their trick they had to go only a few hundred feet on Wall Street to find capital enough to build their aeroplanes in every country on the globe.

With the good things so closely guarded, wonder not, then, that the sharp-witted man who makes his living from the launching of company ships sometimes turns his attention to the pirate craft. It is but a short step anyway from the corporation of shady antecedents and bare respectability to the fraudulent thing itself. Thus it comes to pass then that the pirate sails so closely in the shadow of the honest merchantman, that the ordinary citizen is put sharply to his wits at times in making the distinction between the two.

Here is a typical case—a mining property recently exploited on the curb market, the shipyard of many of these pirate craft: a prospect located not far from one of the bonanza mines of the West was capitalized by a number of men who, after they had convinced themselves that it would not pay, dropped it and gave little thought to the company they had organized. One day they received through a lawyer an offer of four thousand dollars for the even million shares of stock they had prepared to issue at a face value of five dollars a share. They were told that a wealthy young man was willing to take a four-thousand-dollar flier on the property, on the outside chance that it might develop ore. The deal was made. Soon after a well-known man was named as a part owner of the mine, which "promised" to enrich all those interested in it.

That was not the first time that the marketable value of a name that is known had been used to exploit a corporation. Any man of standing has many such offers.

The shares of stock that had been purchased for four cents each were peddled on the curb at fifty cents. Then they were advanced to sixty cents. Soon a "market"—so called—was made and the stock found a ready sale. Point by point it was advanced until it actually was eagerly sought by investors, who were not only willing but eager to pay four dollars a share for it.

After that came the smash and the stock dropped to a dollar and a half a share. The investors who had a shred of wisdom left gathered up then and there and got out. Then came another drop—this time to ninety cents a share. Today the paper is worth just about what was paid for it—four cents a share. The police have broken into the offices of the men who were selling this stuff, have carried off whole vanloads of papers and have placed the promoters under arrest. They have come to the attention of the grand jury, have been indicted and are today awaiting trial.

The ways and the wiles of pirate corporations such as this are the ways and the wiles of any expert criminal. There have been men engaged in launching these pirates in New York, and the other big cities of the land, who have brought such skillful knowledge of the weaknesses and the desires of humankind, such an aptitude for detail, as to make them, with the simple requisite of absolute honesty, fitted for the inner banking rooms of Wall Street rather than for effecting fly-by-nights for the fool investors who follow the curb. Lacking honesty, they must stand apart irrevocably. The men who are building the big corporations—the staunch corporations that are to sail heavy seas for many miles—have long since learned the mighty necessity of straight forwardness.

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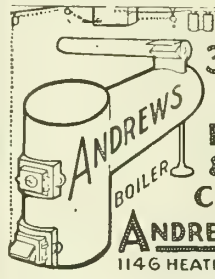

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Songs of the Inland Seas

By BERTON BRALEY

The Stoker's Soliloquy

It ain't no fun to shovel coal for stokin' up the ship,
It ain't no fun to stand it when the mate lets off his lip;
An' I swear that it's the last one every time I takes a trip—
There is plenty better jobs that I could name.
It ain't no fun to shift the lines at any time ye're told,
It ain't a reg'lar picnic to be chokin' in the hold,
With the dust aflyin' round you as the steamer's gettin' coaled;
But I goes an' signs the payroll just the same.

I thinks of waves asplashin'
An' of the throbbin' screw,
Of how the bow goes smashin'
Acrost the heavin' blue;
An' 'cause I loves to hear 'em
I goes an grabs the pen,
An' simply to be near 'em
I signs to sail again.

The passengers that walks above they gets the fullest breeze,
They eats an' sleeps in splendor an' they takes their trip with ease;
But there ain't no joy in firin' on these choppy inland seas,
Whieh is why I can't exactly understand
The reason I am stickin' in a hole that's hot as hell,
Where yer only taste of ozone is yer little breathin' spell,
When I might be firin' boilers in a Buffalo hotel
An' araisin' up a family on land.

But when I think of quittin'
I hear the rudder creak,
Or hear the valves aspittin',
Or else the siren shriek;
Them noises makes me tingle
Until I almost shakes,
An' that is why I'm single
An' firin' on the lakes.

There is talkin' in the fo'c'sle, there is stories, there is fun,
There's a pipe to smoke in eomfort when a heavy shift is done;
There's the songs the gang is singin' when the evenin's just begun;
There's the dynamos ahummin' as we go;
An' I know I'd rather fire her as she bangs her way along,
When the waves is breakin' over an' the wind is blowin' strong,
Than to live in peace an' plenty on the land amid the throng
While the steamers make their journeys to an' fro.

An' so I kind of reckon
That, while the lakes is here,
They'll seem to me to beckon
An' want to keep me near.
They won me as a baby;
They've kept me—heart an' head—
They've got me now; an' maybe
They'll get me when I'm dead.

The Reason

Whenever there's a chance to snatch
A minute on the sly
I loves to sprawl upon the hateh
An' look up at the sky;
It seems so soft an' blue an' deep,
With white elouds driftin' slow,
That almost I kin go to sleep
With gazin' at it so.

I feels the engine's steady shake
Like some big giant's stride,
I hears the combers as they break
An' slap against the side;
An' I forgets the fiery pit
Where I must work my shift,
An' lies an' simply dreams a bit
An' lets my faneies drift.

I lies there, drowsin' as we plow
Aerost the inland sea,
An' kind of thinkin': "Anyhow,
There's guys worse off than me.
Fer all the lakes we rides is mine
To sail on when I will;
In days of storm er days of shine,
When winds is warm er ehill."

An' so, away from heat an' soot,
I'm happy, after all,
Till by-an'-by there comes a hoot
An' I'm the guy they call.
An' some one kieks me in the neek
An' swears a streak as well,
An' I must leave the sunny deck
An' go back, down to hell.

The Cook

On any good vessel a skipper is needed,
An engineer's handy to keep up the paee;
The mate is a officer ought to be heeded
An' even a oiler is good in his place.
But listen to me that is wise to the freighters,
For many an' many a voyage I've took:
The reelly high guy is the feller that caters—
The eook.

Fer, if he is good an' his vittles is tasty,
There's nothin' mueh matters up forrard or aft;
But coffee that's muddy an' biscuit that's pasty
Would ruin the patience of William H. Taft.
He makes us or breaks us, he bans or he blesses;
He's King!—an' he rules from his own little nook,
The place where he fixes the grub fer our messes—
The cook.

His bell is the signal we answers the quiekest
When cookee goes round with his loud ting-a-ling!
His window's the plaee where we gathers the thickest,
Fer eatin' is kind of a popular thing.
I'm thinkin' that no one on shipboard is bigger,
That skippers an' such ain't as big as they look;
So here's to the ehief, with his generous figger—
The cook!

The New Beginner

The new beginner on a ship
He has a interestin' trip.

The watchman says to him, says he:
"You go an' get the capstan key;

"I think the fireman's got it now—
You go an' ast him, anyhow."

"Well, no," the fireman says; "'tain't here.
I lent it to the engineer."

Among the piston-rods an' them,
The new beginner says: "Ahem!

"Oh, please, sir, will you give to me
Immediate the capstan key?"

The engineer says: "You go straight
An' get it from the second mate."

The new beginner goes along
An' sings again his little song.

The second mate is harsh an' grim.
He says the key ain't left with him.

"But if you go an' take a look,"
He adds, "you'll find it—ast the eook."

The eook says—as he gets a meal—
"The steersman's got it at the wheel."

The steersman answers: "See the mate."
The mate he kind of gets irate

At bein' woke from sleep an' rest
To answer sueh a fool request;

But still he answers, frank an' free:
"The skipper's got the eapstan key."

An' then the new beginner goes
An' asts the skipper if he knows

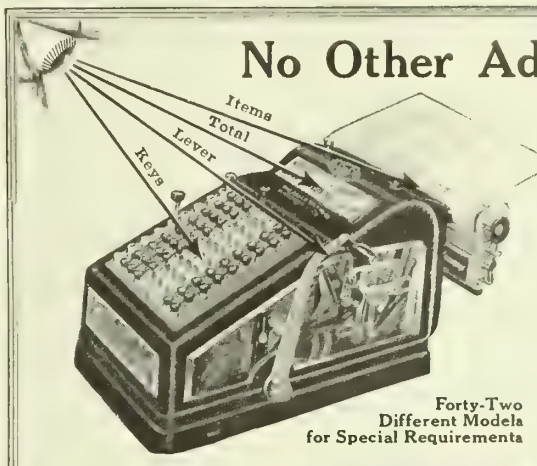
Where eapstan keys is kep' an' hid.
The skipper eusses at the kid;

An' thus, by damnin' of his eyes,
He puts the new beginner wise.

So, all you greenies, hark to me:
There never was no eapstan key.

An' if you fall fer such a joke
Ye're each a mighty stupid bloke.

But new beginners on a ship
They has a interestin' trip.



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Rock Island

THE LAST MAN IN GRANITE

(Continued from Page 14)

"It would be hell if I couldn't get the Chronicle into the mails," he muttered.

Another new foe now threatened Chas in addition to the ferocious wild beasts. He frequently fell ill. Bad cooking and stale food that was eaten without cooking had begun to have a serious effect on his system. Also, the loneliness had become intolerable and he could not sleep much. Yet there was no thought of surrender. "The Chronicle has come to stay."

It was toward the close of January when the crisis came. The weather was bitter cold. For two successive weeks the Chronicle had failed to appear, although Chas did not realize it. He had lain all that time on his unkempt bed in a semi-stupor. He kept no track of time.

One night he aroused himself and rose wearily on his elbow in the bed. The moon was shining brightly. He seemed at last fully to realize his desperate condition.

"I thought I heard bells ringing," he muttered to himself. "I guess it's all off with me. They were the death-bells ringing in my ears."

Calmly, then, he faced the situation and tried, with what memories he could summon of his early Christian training, to prepare his spirit for its meeting with the just Judge. But suddenly he bethought himself of the wolves.

"Ah! I must bar the house so they won't get me when I'm dead," he said.

He made a futile effort to crawl to the door, and then he thought again that he heard the sound of bells, nearer and clearer than before.

"Oh, God, I must hurry!" he moaned. "The end has come, and—and I must not let the wolves—get me."

Summoning the last atom of his wasted strength he pulled himself from the bed to the floor. And it was there, in a dead faint, that Herman and Mother Berg found him.

Across two hundred miles of wintry plains they had driven in a great sleigh, with four horses, a full camp outfit and a driver, to find him and take him away with them. They had come in the nick of time. Another day and it had been too late.

"Oh, Chas, Chas!" they groaned in unison from their gentle and agonized hearts as they lifted him back to bed and lighted the lamp and the fire. Hurriedly, then, they ran to and fro from the house to the sleigh. They had every comfort in life with them.

It required ten long days and nights for Herman Berg and Mother Berg to nurse Charles T. Messingwell, editor of the Granite Chronicle, back to life; but it was a labor of infinite love. Not more tenderly could the sick man's own natural mother have hovered over him during those weary, anxious hours than Mother Berg in her ministrations of mercy. And no joy could have been greater than was the joy of those two faithful friends when they saw Chas at last propped up in bed, the light of returning health in his eyes and the flush of returning strength mantling his wan cheeks.

It was on one of those mornings, when Chas had come to awake regularly from a good night's sleep, that he asked Mother Berg to let him see the crumpled newspaper that she was about to thrust into the old stove for the purpose of starting the breakfast fire.

"Sure, Chas!" she said cheerfully. "We got lots of them papers what we wrapped the things in. They're Frisco papers, too, and I bet you like to read 'em. I bring you some more of 'em. We kin light the fire with chips and things."

She piled a stack of the papers beside him on the bed, leaving him buried in them while she went singing about her work. And it proved a great treat for Chas; so many months had passed in which he had not seen a newspaper except his own. He sighed with a deep satisfaction. There was not a chirp from him for half an hour. Then he called suddenly:

"Mother Berg, where is Herman?"

"He's down at the store, I guess," she replied. "He goes there every morning. Mebbe he thinks he finds some money yet layin' around in the old cash drawer."

"Go get him, Mother Berg. I want him right away." The voice was vibrant with excitement. Mother Berg went hurriedly to the bedside, an anxious look on her face.

"You ain't worse again, Chas?" she faltered.

"No, no," he assured her; "but I want to see Herman—quick. I have made an important discovery—a very, very important discovery. Go to the door and holler for Herman right away, won't you?"

"Oh, then, you ain't worse!" she said slowly, visibly relieved. "Lay down again and just be quiet, Chas. Herman, he comes soon, I bet you. That feller will smell the coffee. He waits just so long for his breakfast and no longer."

As it happened, there was no need to "holler" for Herman. At that very instant he came bursting through the door like a cyclone, breathless, his face as pale as death. With trembling hands, his knees shaking under him, he turned in a frenzy of fear, locking and barricading the door. Staggering to a chair, it was fully two minutes before he could utter a word of explanation, while Chas and Mother Berg gazed helplessly upon him, their eyes filled with dumb appeal. At length he managed to gasp:

"I seen a bear—a big, black bear—right down there by my store."

It was well, then, for Mother Berg, who was about to faint promptly away at the terrible revelation, that she heard Chas break into a roar of laughter that shook the very walls of the room. Instead of swooning she now turned in speechless astonishment to the bed on which the editor lay doubled with uncontrollable merriment. It was so good to hear Chas laugh like that—the old laugh of the old, old days—that she instantly forgot her fright. She grew radiant with joy. But the matter had a far different effect on Herman Berg.

"Huh!" cried Herman, glaring at Chas with an air of mingled affront and sarcasm. "You think it is a fine choke yet, Mister Chas! Yes, you think it is funny when a big bear, with his jaws open, jumps out at you from behind a old door, and you ain't got no gun nor no knife nor nothin' to kill him with! You are one of those circus fellers—ain't you, Chas—what trains bears to walk on their hind feet and eat peanuts? Vell, the bear is down there yet, right now; and mebbe you could put on your clothes and go and play with him."

This speech seemed only to increase the humor of the situation so far as Chas was concerned. Again he shook the walls with peal after peal of laughter, roaring with it till he lay at last exhausted, the tears running down his cheeks. And the upshot of it all was that the incident proved to be most happy and fortunate, despite the really serious scare that Herman had undergone. That very hour Chas arose from his bed, jumped into his clothes and sat down to breakfast apparently as well a man as he had ever been in his life. In the joy of that transformation, Berg forgot both his terror and his indignation.

It is true, also, that Chas could not refrain from an occasional chuckle as the meal proceeded; it was such a delight to tease his old friend. He delivered a homily on the harmless nature of bears, the innate sense of sociability that they possess, their playful, jocular characters and their lovable longings for the society of man.

"Cut it out, Chas; cut it out!" exclaimed Berg somewhat peevishly, after he had stood it as long as he could

But, as Chas proceeded with his banter, the memory of the timber wolf that he himself had seen one day crossed his memory. He was about to speak of that to Berg, but suddenly changed his mind for reasons of his own. It was all very well to joke about bears, but wolves were a different proposition. Then, his thoughts having turned again into serious channels, Chas recalled the discovery he had made while reading the San Francisco papers that morning.

Rising quickly he went over to his bed and came back with the paper in his hand.

"Herman," he said solemnly, "Granite is going to come to the front again, just as I told you it would. The whole thing is right here in this paper. Now, listen, you and Mother Berg together—listen carefully to every word that I shall read to you."

The gist of the article was that an abandoned mining camp in Nevada was just then experiencing a wonderful revival of prosperity owing to the fact that a process for treating base and refractory ores by means of concentrators had been found to work with remarkable success. In addition to this, the discarded ores of the dumps of the camp and the tailings were being subjected to a cyanide process of leeching, and large values were being extracted. When Chas concluded the paper was trembling in his hands and his lips were dry with excitement.

"What do you know about that, Herman?" he almost shouted.

"I don't know nothin' about it," Berg replied calmly. "Was you thinkin' of goin' to that place and startin' a new paper, Chas?"

"Start nothing!" Chas exclaimed. "I'm going to stay right here as I said I would. Herman, this piece which I have just read to you means that Granite will start up again—that's what it means. Concentrators—cyanide plants—that's all Granite needs. Our ore turned base and refractory, and they didn't know how to handle it. There's lots of that kind of ore left in that old hill and now we've got a way to work it. And the dumps—why, say Herman, just think of it! There will be millions cyanided out of our old dumps. Ain't it great!"

Messingwell was now walking the floor in an ecstasy, speaking as though Granite belonged to him although he did not own one foot of its ground. The great passion of his life was again surging through his veins with a gladness that was near to frenzy.

But there came no answering enthusiasm upon the unmoved countenance of Herman Berg, who, though his heart was as warm and as generous as any heart that ever beat, was essentially in his nature a business man when it came to business—cool, practical and far-seeing. Chas looked at him in blank amazement—to think that he could sit there in such perfect calm and self-control in the face of the stupendous announcement that had been made to him! Messingwell could not believe his eyes as he saw Herman Berg sitting there with that look of nearly cynical distrust settled upon him, and he was about to break forth in bitter protestation when he happened to turn his gaze toward Mother Berg. Radiant as the olden dawn of freedom on Egypt's plains of exile was her face. Not a shadow of unbelief darkened its glory. In the stress of his bursting heart Chas leaped to her side and kissed her full upon her upturned mouth.

"Hey, break away there, you spooners!" said Herman in an even, businesslike tone of voice. "Nobody don't gotta get foolish over something what ain't yet happened."

"Oh, Chas, I been so homesick to come back to Granite!" sobbed Mother Berg softly. "I don't like them places where we went."

After a while Berg succeeded in soothing Chas down to a condition of sanity, and they both went out together to talk things over and to make some investigations. They climbed the old dumps, piled high from the mill which Berg now agreed had been, indeed, a crude enough contrivance compared with mills that he had seen during his absence from Granite. There were thousands of tons in the dumps and thousands more in the banks of tailings. Finally, accoutered with ropes and candles, they descended the abandoned workings of the mine and brought back with them in a sack a heavy weight of samples of the despised "rebellious" ore.

Through it all Berg sternly refused to allow his judgment to be swayed by the eloquence and enthusiasm of Chas, but he at length became deeply impressed with the belief that Granite still held possibilities. He spent several days in a careful study of the situation. He read the article in the San Francisco paper over and over again, finally cutting it out and placing it in his pocketbook. Then he made a statement.

"Chas," he said, "I tell you what we do. You and me, we will go to Frisco. There is experts and chemical fellers there, and all them things—and works. Besides, there is friends of mine there what got money. And I got some too. If this thing looks good mebbe we kin be a little foxy and buy the old company out. Mebbe they will sell cheap. They got other mines—big ones—and mebbe they wouldn't bother with Granite no more. What you think?"

"God bless you, Herman!" cried Messingwell, his soul athrill. "It will make

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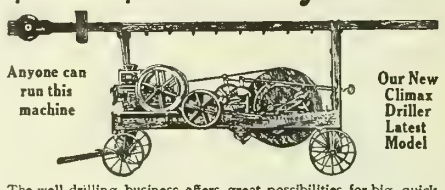

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you one of the richest men in America. And all the old-timers will come back. You'll send word to them, first, before you let any one else know, won't you?"

"Now, don't you go to banking on this, Chas," warned Berg. "Mebbe it works out and mebbe it don't work out. See? And if it don't work out, why, certainly it ain't worth three hurrahs. But we'll run it down, anyway, and see if there's anything in it. Get ready, now, and me and you, we go to Frisco."

"No, Herman," replied Chas gently. "You will go, but I must stay. You see, I've got to get the Chronicle going again. It's missed four or five issues now while I was sick and had no help, and that's a black eye for the Chronicle. It mustn't happen again." It was plain to be seen that Chas was worried about the Chronicle having missed those four or five cogs.

And Berg pressed the matter no farther. He knew his man too well.

"All right," said Berg; "I will go alone and do the best I can for us both. If it turns out all right you will be a rich man too."

Messingwell placed his hand affectionately on Berg's shoulder.

"Don't count me in on it at all, Herman," he said. "You look out for yourself and never mind me. All that money is good for is to buy happiness with, and I won't need money for anything like that when Granite is alive again. When the old people come back and the lights are burning again at night in the houses, and I hear the old voices in my ears and see the old smiles waiting for me on the streets, and everybody going to the post-office on Saturdays for the Chronicle, I'll be the happiest man in all God's green world—and the most grateful."

There was a silence then; the two men looking away across the white plains with dreamy looks in their eyes.

"It must have been hell to be alone here all by yourself, Chas."

"Oh, no. You see it was Granite all the time. It was a little quiet, of course, but it was Granite, anyhow."

Next morning, before the Bergs struck out on their return to civilization behind their eager horses and still more eager driver, Mother Berg bound Chas to a severe contract concerning his behavior until they should meet again. She pledged him to many rules of conduct and wound up by placing him under oath as to his diet.

"You will eat nothing what ain't cooked, Chas?" she demanded.

"I will cook everything," he promised.

"Swear it!" she insisted.

He held up his right hand. "By the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all the other gods!" he declared, as solemnly as he was able.

So it was they parted. That week the Chronicle reappeared with due apologies for the hiatus. And every week thereafter it appeared, its spirit buoyant and hope thrilling through its every printed line. Regularly it was stuffed into the mail-boxes of the deserted post-office. One week it was four hours late, necessitated by a return visit from the bears.

Meantime Herman Berg had been a busy man. He had gone promptly to San Francisco. There, among the tents of Israel, he had unfolded his tale of opportunity in abandoned Granite. He was not unknown to his people, with whom his reputation as a successful merchant of spotless integrity had weight. They considered his proposition seriously and earnestly. It appealed to many of them as feasible. They were not men who lightly disregarded the value of discarded things. Very rich men there were among them who had begun their wealth from rag piles and scrap-iron heaps thrown away as worthless by others. But they were very careful. They checked Berg's scheme up and down and across the middle through many experts. And their faith was strengthened by his faith, for he was ready with his last dollar to back his own belief.

Well, the result of it all was that they bought the old company out, driving a clever bargain. But it took a long time to do these things. It took so long a time, indeed, that the winter had wholly passed and the wild-flowers of the springtime had faded from the mountainside of Granite before Herman Berg returned.

One afternoon, when Chas had gone for his regular search of tidings from the plains below, and just as he was entering into a brown study as to whether it would be possible to print the Chronicle on treebark, his heart bounded fairly into his mouth at the sight of unmistakable clouds of dust rising from the road in the distance. Another hour and he could discern teams and wagons—many of them. Then, hatless and almost beside himself with joy, he started on a run to meet the approaching caravan. When he had covered a distance of perhaps five miles he could see that the first wagon contained Herman Berg, Mother Berg and all the little Bergs, waving their arms and bonnets frantically as they caught sight of him. In the next wagon was Meeks, the grocer, and old John Kevlin was sitting beside him. Other old-timers came crowding up from the halted train of loaded freighters They crowded around Chas with wild halloos of gladness, some of them almost breaking him in their arms. He could not speak, so bursting was his heart within him. There, at last, before them all, he fell on his face in the dust of the road and wept like a child.

Ah, well, it is a story that's told. Granite is passed and gone. It had its day and still another day; but that, also, now is gone. And Chas is gone. There is no longer any need for the Chronicle to stay.

THE HIGH HAND

(Continued from Page 5)

He had had opposition at times. Some of it he had talked to death, some of it he had smashed and some of it he had bought outright, for the treasure vaults of the octopus poured forth a flood of gold at his "Open sesame!"

When Jim Warren appeared on the horizon Lewis was in the ascendency and coming to his zenith. At the previous session he had routed opposition and personally named the speaker of the legislature, one Dwight Tillinghast. Tillinghast was one of those innocuously rich men who had never been dishonest for the sole reason, perhaps, that it had never been necessary for him to be dishonest; and he was blessed with a conscience that worked on a sliding scale. He was an ideal mask for the machinations of Lewis; and, seeing this, Lewis had made him speaker. Immediately after that he had dangled the governorship before Tillinghast's eyes, whereupon Tillinghast became clay in his hands. In the course of events, all things going well, Lewis would make him governor, and then —— The boss licked his chops in contemplation.

This being the condition, it was not odd, therefore, that men smiled at Jim Warren's modest announcement of his intention of making Lewis climb a tree and pull the tree up after him, while the flippant assertion made so little impression upon Lewis himself that he actually forgot to inquire of Franques, who knew everybody, just who Jim Warren was. Instead, he went away motoring.

Now the octopus is legitimate prey. Grasping it firmly by the tail, Jim Warren proceeded to tear great handfuls of feathers out of it, after which he held it aloft and summoned the world to witness its naked shame. It was some time before the octopus noticed that anything unusual was going on—or coming off. The fact that it had noticed became evident one day when Franques received and opened a terse note addressed to Lewis. It contained a few tart inquiries: Who the deuce was Jim Warren? Was he, Lewis, going to beat him? If so, how? Would he need any help?

Franques forwarded the terse note to Lewis.

"Jim Warren is a fool, as any other man is a fool who tries to beat me in my own district," Lewis wrote easily in answer—"a two-dollar-a-day fool, without party affiliation or following. I'll beat him, of course. However, it might be well to make an example of the fellow; so, any help you may see fit to extend in these circumstances—et cetera, et cetera."

Soothed by this assurance of the man who, above all others, ought to know, the octopus didn't squirm again for ten days or so; and it didn't press the offer of help for the simple reason that it would have cost money and the octopus is a frugal fish. The occasion of its next squirm was when Jim Warren related a little of the inside history of a railroad deal by which Warburton had been euchered out of divers and sundry municipal advantages, thanks to Lewis' knavery. He called spades spades and bribery bribery. Another terse note from the octopus; Franques telegraphed it to Lewis in code.

"Guesswork," Lewis replied to the octopus.

"Where does Jim Warren get his information?" he queried of Franques.

"Please take immediate steps to prevent Jim Warren from guessing so accurately," ordered the octopus.

"You can search me!" Franques replied.

"Don't let it happen again," Lewis wired to Franques; and he kept on motoring.

When Jim Warren emerged from the dust he had kicked up he found that he had become the picturesque figure of the campaign. His fight was news; and there it was in the paper—right next to live reading matter. One or two newspapers, not over friendly to Lewis, interviewed him. Where did he get his information? Jim Warren grinned. Whom did he represent? Every honest man. But what party? None. Would he fight in either caucus? No. Oh, he'd be an independent candidate at the primaries? No. Did he mean he'd run with no indorsement? That's what he meant. Well, how did he happen to be in the running anyhow? He'd simply declared himself in. What was his platform? The honesty of Jim Warren as opposed to the crookedness of Francis Everard Lewis. Sort of holier-than-thou candidate? Uh-huh. He never had held office? Not yet. Did he actually expect to be elected? He actually did.

That's all there was to that. On the tail of a tip-cart, with his coat off and his hat slanted over his left ear, Jim Warren knew no master. A night or so later he proved that to the eminent satisfaction of a small crowd of workingmen—he proved it by the reading of two notes. The first was addressed to Francis Everard Lewis. It inquired tartly: Who the deuce is Jim Warren? Are you going to beat him? If so, how? Will you need any help? Then Jim Warren read the answer to that, signed by Francis Everard Lewis. It was like this:

"Jim Warren is a fool, as any other man is a fool who tries to beat me in my own district—a two-dollar-a-day fool, without party affiliation or following. I'll beat him, of course. However, it might be well to make an example of the fellow; so, any help you may see fit to extend in these circumstances—et cetera, et cetera."

Next morning three newspapers published facsimiles of the original letters; incidentally two of them declared war on Lewis. Whoever and whatever Jim Warren was, one pointed out, he was at least to be preferred to this man Lewis, whose long-suspected connection with corporations was now indisputably shown. Or, if the voters felt that Jim Warren was not the man for the place some other man of known integrity and wider experience might be chosen at the primaries. It ventured to inquire if Jim Warren would retire in favor of such a man.

"Not in a thousand years!" declared Jim Warren. "I'm just reaching the point where I'm enjoying this."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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He went to a hotel, registered and asked the clerk how soon breakfast would be ready.

"Breakfast is over," said the clerk.

The Irishman looked at his watch. "It isn't time for it to be over," he asserted.

"Oh, yes it is," said the clerk. "You see, your watch isn't right. We run our dining room on Canadian Pacific time."

"Good Lord!" said the Irishman, in an awed voice. "Does the Canadian Pacific own the time too?"

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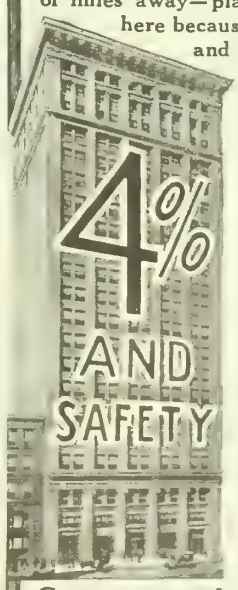

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EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 17)

of him. He has to be his own bar of justice there, and the judge who condemns himself but who has not the courage to inflict the right penalty. In such a predicament a man becomes thankful for a fractious, scolding, suspicious wife. He tells himself:

"Well, there is some excuse for a fellow who has to stand this at home."

But where the "this" lies at the door of death for him, silent, without even the thought of a reproach against him—well, it is just hell, that's all, and a good deal worse than any physical pang she has suffered.

So I regarded Adam. Far within some sunlit space of my spirit I waited to smile at him. I was thinking:

"Having three babies in five years is sobering even Adam."

Really he was acquiring a national air. He had something more than a merely fashionable appearance. He had a fine presence, and he is one of the few men I have seen who could have afforded to pose for the figure on his own monument without doing violence to a single canon of art. Finally it occurred to me that he had not even looked at the new baby. This seemed ungrateful. I puffed up a feeble anger against him.

"Adam!"

"Yes, dear." He arose and came quickly to me.

"You have slighted the baby. You have not looked at him. You needn't think he has not got the little hole in his ear. He has!"

"Oh, Eve," he murmured in a tragic voice, "is it all right?"

"Is what all right?"

"These babies—so many of them."

"Why, Adam, there are only three yet. And they are mine. Why shouldn't it be all right?"

While he was still gazing at me, holding my hand, I remembered no more. When I awakened the pallid light of the snowclad day was streaming over my bed. Adam still held my hand. He had not moved for hours.

"I feel better. You, dear heart—you have given me of your strength all night." I smiled into his serious eyes.

"I did that for you, anyhow," he whispered gratefully.

"And," I added, since he seemed to need comforting, "you are the father of my babies. That is particular, and they are my tokens of you."

He bowed his head and groaned.

"Eve, if you were not so good, just good, I could bear it better."

"If I were less good you would not bear it at all," I laughed, having mercifully no suspicion of what he was really talking about. "But you have not looked at him yet."

I felt that the new baby was to be a surprise to him. He was like me, altogether like me, having no trace of his father in him except his sex and the little blemish in his ear. As time passed this resemblance became remarkable. He was fair, and he had the same vacuous expression, as soon as he arrived at the human dignity of expression, that I had in my own childhood. His good nature was matched only by his sense of humor, which was the most wonderful I have ever seen in a child. He always knew when to laugh. While he was still in long clothes, if a fly alighted on his nose, lifted its hind legs in the air and rubbed them together, he would cross his eyes to look at it and know that he had seen something funny; then he would go off into convulsions of crowing laughter, which invariably gave him hiccups.

He manifested, as soon as he could walk, so profound an interest in doodleholes and bumblebee abrasions in the wall that a new-fangled mother might have concluded that she had a scientist on her hands. But I did not know enough about infant psychology to keep me from fearing he might become a well-digger. He put his whole mind, such as it was, upon every hole he could find. And he learned to talk very early, apparently in order that he might enjoy the privilege of silence. Sometimes he would go for a month without committing the indignity of uttering a word. Then, when he did speak, he was apt to draw blood. Adam the elder—we had named this baby Adam—feared his candor as he did not fear the worst things his political enemies said about him. And the child adored his father.

One night he stood with one foot planted upon each of his father's thighs. This brought his nose on a level with Adam's nose. He stood thus for a moment, gazing so intently with his large, frank blue eyes that Adam thought he was being extravagantly admired by his offspring.

"Mother," said little Adam, with the slow distinctness of the very young, "father smells."

He was delighted. The combined odor of whisky, cloves and tobacco appealed to his young olfactory nerves.

"Here, Eve; take your tick of a baby off of me!" hissed Adam the elder, furiously red.

But from that day forth his little son made an innocent daily practice of sniffing him over, which embarrassed and constrained him.

"Why don't you stop him?" he exclaimed to me one evening.

"Because you are less odorous when you know you must undergo this infantile sniffing when you get home," I replied.

"But, Eve, he wants me to smell!"

"And later he'll know what you smell of. Then he won't like you or your smells."

He groaned. The only way to bring up a man after he is too old to do right is to tattoo him gently and persistently with the far consequences of his deeds done in the body. This does not reform him, but it restrains him. It makes him hold back some in his descent.

I was beginning to change now very rapidly. I saw less of Adam than ever. He was in Washington most of the time. I had entered the maternal trance, so to speak. I was living in the children and for them. Love is a garment, and like any other it must be replaced. And every time the fashion and texture change. When I was Adam's pedestal-angel wife the quality of it was different—fairer and less durable. It had graces and charms that were never to be mine again. Now, as the mother of his children, you might have concluded that it was a mere rag. It is owing to the way you compute a woman as a mother. She is worn, she has no fashion, she has passed out of the sentimental stage that creates fashions in appearance. Her appeal is not to gallantry but to reverence. She is no longer attractive. She is only sacred, poor thing! Her paleness, her little wrinkles, so dreadfully fine, are the Great Poet's epitaph upon her beauty, which has given place to a countenance that is more than beautiful, if you understand. She is like a bough that has shed its blossoms. There is nothing so pitiful in this world, when you consider how women desire to be beautiful forever. It is so depressing—to be no longer lovely, to have your husband praise your bread instead of your eyes, your virtues instead of your charms!

There were days when it seemed to me I could not bear what had happened to me, especially since Adam continued to look so youthful and retained to such a remarkable degree the vivacity of his youth. He paid me compliments still and did not know that he had ceased to make love to me. The awful enemy of all women is time. Nobody but a fool makes love to an old one. Yet I could not forbear now and then, in the evening after the children were put to bed, to go out in the garden where Adam sat with his cigar and sit down beside him, and wait. He never suspected, of course, for he was the most accommodatingly kind-hearted liar in existence. But his mind was upon some affair of state, an issue of his next campaign. When the silence became intolerable I would lay my hand upon his and demand anxiously:

"Adam, do you love me as much as you ever did?"

Instantly he was at my side in spirit, hurrying with all the beautiful words he knew to cover up the truth.

"Love you as much, Eve, dear! Why, the way I used to love you is just nothing to the way I care for you now. You are the mother of my children, the best woman in the world!"

"But, Adam, I am tired of being cared for only because I am the mother of the children, and I am tired of being your 'best woman in the world.' You never can know how tedious it is being 'the best woman.' I want to be just loved the way you loved me at first, before the babies came!"

"Why, Eve, woman, I couldn't live without you, I care so much for you."

"I know, Adam; it is like being a homestead that shelters you and yours, and that you need. What I want is to be loved because I am myself."

"But I do, dear goose! How could I love you if you were not yourself?"

He would laugh and put his arm affectionately around my waist, but I missed certain adjectives as I would have missed jewels out of my casket. When a man ceases to call his wife "adorable" and "darling" she does not need to consult her mirror. She may know that she has lost her complexion. It is dreadful, but it must be borne. He cannot help it. Even a divorce will not grant her liberty from wrinkles and from that inviolate chastity of motherhood which is almost as absolute as that of a child.

I can never forget the shock it was when I realized that Adam kissed me now from habit, just as he bobbed for his foolish dumb prayers. And never once did I consider that, if he had changed toward me, I had changed infinitely more toward him. I thought I was famished for what I could no longer give myself. As a matter of fact it would have been a sacrilege against the blessed dignity of Nature if we had not both changed the fashion of our love. The queer thing about women is that they are made so much younger in their heads than in their bodies that nothing will induce them to accept the inevitableness of just Nature. A wife of fifty will cry for the lover her husband was to her at twenty. And it is no laughing matter. Life becomes to her the mask that tragedy wears. With a man it is different. He can forget love completely in a financial transaction or some other business. Business is his element, just as love is the only orbit in which a woman really moves forever graceful.

And again, the first baby is the entering wedge between husband and wife. The child draws them together in purpose, in plans and hopes, but it separates them as lovers in several ways. A man, for example, is the parent of his child now and then in his leisure hours, by way of recreation. Adam's babies were his zoo, in which he found occasional happy diversions. But a woman who has a child is the mother of it consciously, often almost agonizingly, every moment of its life from the hour of birth as long as she lives. Maternity is her accent. She loves her husband differently, and is now more capable of jealousy than of romantic passion for him. She is a mother-animal and it is the nature of a mother-animal to love her young even to the exclusion of every other interest. And the human mother carries this to an extreme known in no other species, for she never really weans her child except from the breast. She is maternally occupied forever.

This is why brides so rarely renew the beauties and blandishments of their wardrobe. I am writing, of course, about women who are natural, not those who are unnaturally fashionable. With three babies to sew for, I scarcely thought of myself or of my clothes for years. Adam continued too poor to afford more than one servant. His own expenses were frightful and absolutely necessary. Therefore, I economized in dresses and hats and the sweet foolishness of feminine finery generally. I must have made a sad contrast in his mind with the fashion-plate society in Washington. But he never failed to praise my thrift, so that I cultivated the science of thrift until, at thirty-eight, I looked to be fifty. I was just a village woman, faithful to my husband, absorbed in my children, and energetic in my house and garden. They are not a bad type, these village women. They are often the solemn seeds of great souls which have fallen in good ground. Those of the upper, streaked, bedizened, frivolous strata of society, who find it so amusing to observe and record the ways and appearance of such women, have lived in such thin soil all their lives that they do not know we are the real bread of society, the ugly old wheatheads that nourish it morally and make it last.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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AFTER THE FOREST FIRE

(Continued from Page 11)

killed them had been a hot one, and it had burned away most of the limbs and so thoroughly boiled the pitch through the exterior of the trunk that the wood was in an excellent state of preservation.

Another old burn visited was a small one in an Engelmann spruce forest on a moderate northern slope. It had been stopped while burning in very inflammable timber. It is probable that on this occasion either a rain or a snow had saved the surrounding forest. The regrowth had slowly extended from the margin of the forest to the center of the burn until it was restocked.

One morning I noticed two small fires a few miles down the mountain and went to examine them. Both were two days old and both had started from unextinguished campfires. One had burned over about an acre and the other about four times that area. If the smaller had not been built against an old snag it probably would have gone out within a few hours after the Congressman who built it moved camp. It was wind-sheltered and the blaze had traveled slowly in all directions and burned a ragged circle that was about sixty feet across.

The outline of the other blaze was that of a flattened ellipse, like the orbit of many a wandering comet in the sky. This had gone before the wind and the windward end of its orbit closely encircled the place of origin. The campfire nucleus of this blaze had also been built in the wrong place. This was against a fallen log, which lay in a deep bed of decaying needles.

Of course each departing camper should put out his campfire. However, a campfire built on a humus-covered forest floor, or by a log, or against a dead tree, is one that is very difficult to extinguish. With good intentions, one may deluge such a fire with water without destroying its potency—a fire thus secreted appears, like a lie, to have a spark of immortality in it.

A fire should not be built in contact with substances that will burn, for such fuel would prolong the fire's life and might lead it afar—into the forest. There is but little danger to the forest from a fire that is built upon rock, earth, sand or gravel. A fire so built is isolated and it usually dies an early natural death. Such a fire—one built in a safe and sane place—is easily extinguished.

The larger of these two incipient fires was burning quietly and that night I camped within its orbit. Toward morning the wind began to blow and this slow-burning surface fire commenced to leap; and before long it was a crown fire, traveling rapidly among the treetops. It swiftly expanded into an enormous delta of flame. At noon I looked back and down upon it from a mountaintop and it had advanced about three miles into a primeval forest sea, giving off more smoke than a volcano.

Green Smoke and Purple Flame

I went a day's journey and met a big fire that was coming aggressively forward against the wind. It was burning a crowded, stunted growth of forest that stood in a deep litter carpet. The smoke, which flowed freely from it, was distinctly ashen green; this expanded and maintained in the sky a smoky sheet that was several miles in length.

Before the fire lay a square mile or so of old burn that was covered with a crowded growth of lodgepole pine that stood in a deep, crisscrossed entanglement of fallen fire-killed timber. A thousand or more of these long, broken dead trees covered each acre with wreckage and in this stood upward of five thousand live young ones. This would make an intensely hot and flame-writhing fire. It appears that a veteran spruce forest had occupied this burn prior to the fire. The fire occurred fifty-seven years ago. Trees old and young testified to the date. In the margin of the living forest on the edge of the burn were numerous trees that were fire-scarred fifty-seven years ago; the regrowth on the burn was an even-aged fifty-six-year growth.

That night, as the fire neared the young tree growth, I scaled a rock ledge to watch it. Before me, and between the fire and the rocks, stood several veteran lodgepole pines in a mass of dead-and-down timber. Each of these trees had an outline like that of a plump Lombardy poplar. They perished in a most spectacular manner. Blazing, wind-blown bark set fire to the fallen timber around their feet; this fire, together with the close, oncoming firefront, so heated the needles on the lodgepoles that they gave off a smoky gas; this was issuing from every top when a rippling rill of purplish flame ran up one of the trunks. Instantly there was a flash and white flames flared upward more than one hundred feet, stood gushing for a few seconds and then went out completely. The other trees in close succession followed and flashed up like giant geysers discharging flame. This discharge was brief, but it was followed by every needle on the trees glowing and changing to white incandescence, then vanishing. In a minute these leafless lodgepoles were black and dead.

The firefront struck and crossed the lodgepole thicket in a flash; each tree flared up like a fountain of gas and in a moment a deep, ragged-edged lake of flame heaved high into the dark, indifferent night. A general fire of the dead-and-down timber followed and the smelter heat of this cut the green trees down; and the flames from all widely, splendidly illuminated the surrounding mountains and changed a cloud-filled sky to convulsed, burning lava.

Not a tree was left standing and every log went to ashes. The burn was as completely cleared as a fireswept prairie; in places there were holes in the earth where tree-roots had burned out. This burn was an ideal place for another lodgepole growth and three years later these pines were growing thereon as thick as wheat in a field. In a boggy area within the burn an acre or two of aspen sprang up; this area, however, was much smaller than the one that the fire removed from the bog. Aspens commonly hold territory and extend their holdings by sprouting from roots; but over the greater portion of the bog the fire had either baked or burned the roots, and this small aspen area marked the wetter part of the bog, that in which the roots had survived.

On the Trail of the Fire

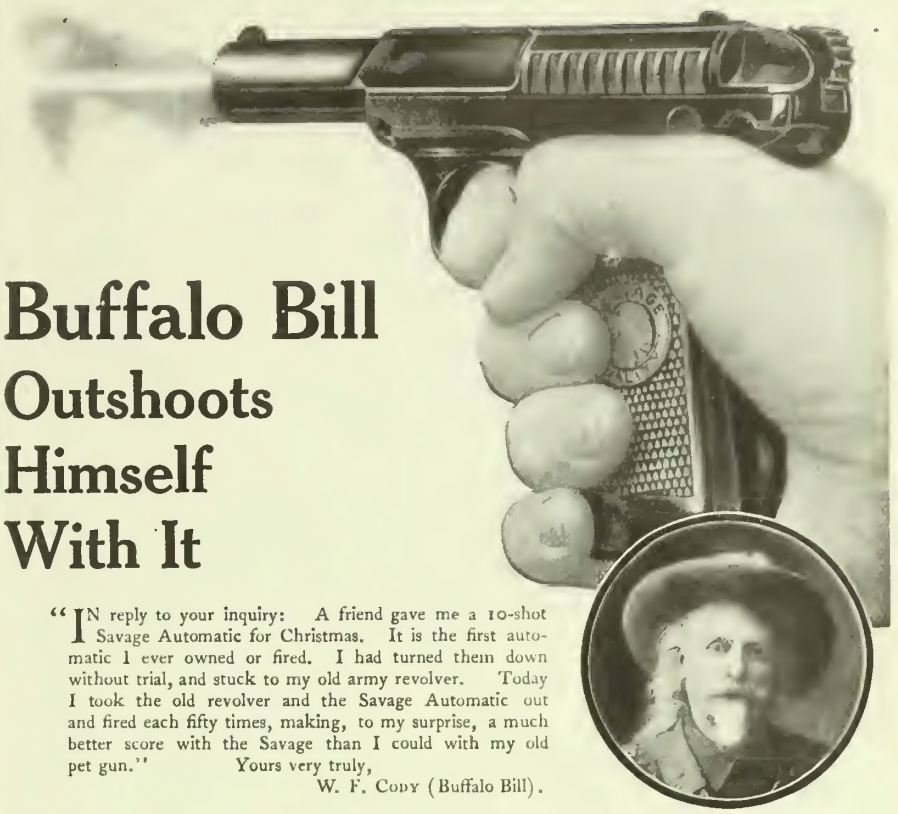
After destroying the lodgepole growth the fire passed on and the following day it burned away as a quiet surface fire through a forest of scattered trees. It crept slowly forward, with a yellow blaze only a few inches high. Here and there this reddened over a pile of cone scales that had been left by a squirrel, or blazed up in a pile of broken limbs or a fallen treetop; it consumed the litter mulch and fertility on the forest floor, but seriously burned only a few trees.

Advancing along the blaze I came upon a veteran yellow pine that had received a large pot-hole burn in its instep. As the western yellow pine is the best fire fighter in the conifer family it was puzzling to account for this deep burn. On the Rocky Mountains are to be found many picturesque yellow pines that have a dozen times triumphed over the greatest enemy of the forest. Once past youth, these trees possess a thick, corky, asbestos-like bark that defies the average fire.

Close to this injured old fellow was a rock ledge that formed an influential part of its environment; its sloping surface shed water and fertility upon its feet; cones, twigs and trash had also slid down this and formed an inflammable pile which, in burning, had bored into its ankle. An examination of its annual rings in the burned hole revealed the fact that it too had been slightly burned fifty-seven years before. How long would it be until it was again injured by fire or until some one again read its records?

Until recently a forest fire continued until stopped by rain or snow, or until it came to the edge of the forest. I have notes on a forest fire that lived a fluctuating life of four months. Once a fire invades an old forest it is impossible speedily to get rid of it—"It never goes out," declared an old trapper. The fire will crawl into a slow-burning log, burrow down into a root or eat its way beneath a bed of needles and give off no sign of its presence. In places such as these it will hibernate for weeks, despite rain or snow, and finally some day come forth as ferocious as ever.

About twenty-four hours after the lodgepole blaze a snowstorm came to extinguish the surface fire. Two feet of snow—more than three inches of water—fell. During the storm I was comfortable beneath a shelving rock, with a fire in front; here I had a meal of wild raspberries and pine-nuts and reflected concerning the uses of



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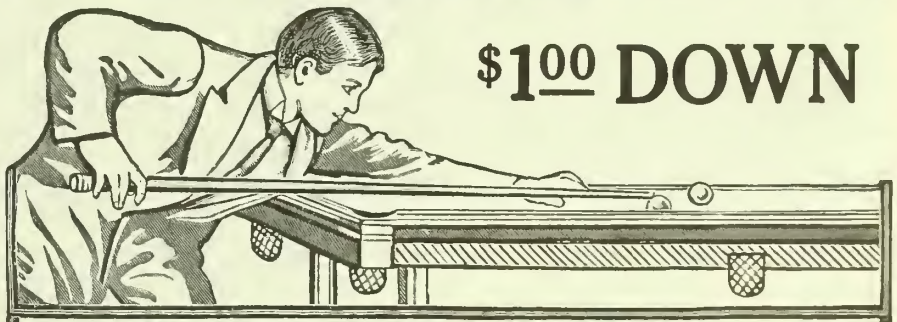

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forests, and wished that every one might better understand and feel the injustice and the enormous loss caused by forest fires.

During the last fifty years a majority of the Western forest fires have been set by unextinguished campfires, while a majority of the others were the result of some human carelessness. The number of preventable forest fires is but little less than the total number. True, lightning does occasionally set a forest on fire; I have personal knowledge of a number of such fires, but I have never known lightning to set fire to a green tree. Remove the tall dead trees from forests and the lightning will lose the greater part of its kindling.

In forest protection, the rivers, ridge-tops, rocky gulches, rock-fields, lake-shores, meadows and other natural fire-resisting boundary lines between forests are beginning to be used and can be more fully utilized for firelines, fire-fighting and fire-defying places. These natural fire barriers may be connected by barren cleared lanes through the forest, so that a firebreak will isolate or run entirely around any natural division of forest. With such a barrier a fire could be kept within a given section or shut out of it.

In order to fight fire in a forest it must be made accessible by means of roads and trails; these should run on or alongside the fire barrier so as to facilitate the movements of fire patrols or fire fighters. There should be with every forest an organized force of men who are eternally vigilant to prevent or to fight forest fires. Fires should be fought while young and small—before they are beyond control.

There should be crows'-nests on commanding crags and in each of these should be a lookout to watch constantly for starting fires or suspicious smoke in the surrounding sea of forest. The lookout should have telephonic connection with rangers down the slopes. In our national forests incidents like the following are beginning to occur: Upon a summit is stationed a ranger who has two hundred thousand acres of forest to patrol with his eyes. One morning a smudgy spot appears upon the purple forest sea about fifteen miles to the northwest. The lookout gazes for a moment through his glass and, although not certain as to what it is, decides to get the distance with the range finder. At that instant, however, the wind acts upon the smudge and shows that a fire exists and reveals its position. A ranger, through a 'phone by the forks of the trail below, hears this from the heights: "Small fire one mile south of Mirror Lake, between Spruce Fork and Bear Pass Trail—close to O'Brien's Spring." In less than an hour a ranger leaps from his panting pony and with shovel and ax hastily digs a narrow trench through the vegetable mould in a circle around the fire. Then a few shovelfuls of sand go upon the liveliest blaze and the fire is under control. As soon as there lives a good, sympathetic public sentiment concerning the forest it will be comparatively easy to prevent most forest fires from starting or to extinguish those that do start.

The Work of the Flames

With the snow over, I started for the scene of the first fire and on the way noticed how much more rapidly the snow melted in the open than beneath a forest. The autumn sun was warm and at the end of the first day most of the snow in open or fireswept places was gone, though on the forest floor the slushy, compacted snow still retained the greater portion of its original moisture. On the flame-cleared slopes there was heavy erosion; the fire had destroyed the root-anchorage of the surface and consumed the trash that would ordinarily have absorbed and delayed the water running off; but this, unchecked, had carried off with it tons of earthy material. One slope on the first burn suffered heavily; a part of this day's "wash" was deposited in a beaver pond, of half an acre, which was filled to the depth of three feet. The beavers, finding their subterranean exits filled with wash, had escaped by tearing a hole in the top of their house.

Leaving this place I walked across the range to look at a fire that was burning beyond the bounds of the snowfall. It was burning in a heavily forested cove and was rapidly undoing the constructive work of centuries. This cove was a horseshoe-shaped one and apparently would hold the fire within its rocky ridges. While following along one of these ridges I came to a narrow, tree-dotted pass—the only break in the confining rocky barrier. As I looked at the fire down in the cove it was plain that with a high wind the fire would storm this pass and break into a heavily forested alpine realm beyond. In one day two men with axes could have made this pass impregnable to the assaults of any fire, no matter how swift the wind ally; but men were not then defending our forests and an ill wind was blowing.

Many factors help to determine the speed of these fires and a number of observations showed that under average conditions a fire burned down a slope at about one mile an hour; on the level it traveled from two to eight miles an hour, while up a slope it made from eight to twelve. For short distances fires occasionally roared along at a speed of fifty or sixty miles an hour and made a terrible gale of flames.

I hurried up into the alpine realm and after half an hour scaled a promontory and looked back to the pass. A great cloud of smoke was streaming up just beyond and after a minute tattered sheets of flame were shooting high above it. Presently a tornado of smoke and flame surged into the pass and for some seconds nothing could be seen. As this cleared, a succession of tongues and sheets of flame tried to reach over into the forest on the other side of the pass; but these finally gave it up. Just as I was beginning to feel that the forest around me was safe a smoke column arose among the trees by the pass. Probably during the first assault of the flames a fiery dart had been hurled across the pass.

Explosions in the Forest

Up the shallow forested valley below me came the flames, an inverted Niagara of red and yellow, with flying spray of black. It sent forward a succession of short-lived whirlwinds that explosively went to pieces, hurling sparks and blazing bark far and high. During one of its wilder displays the fire rolled forward, an enormous horizontal whirl flame, and then with thunder and roar the molten flames swept upward into a wall of fire; this tore to pieces, collapsed and fell forward in fiery disappearing clouds. With amazing quickness this splendid hanging garden on the terraced heights was crushed and blackened. By my promontory went this magnificent zigzag surging front of flame, blowing the heavens full of sparks and smoke and flinging enormous fiery rockets. Swift and slow, loud and low, swelling and vanishing, it sang its eloquent death song.

A heavy stratum of tarlike smoke formed above the fire as it toned down. Presently this black stratum was uplifted near the center and then pierced with a stupendous geyser of yellow flame, which reddened as it fused and tore through the tarry smoke and then gushed astonishingly high above.

A year or two prior to the fire a snowslide from the heights had smashed down into the forest. More than ten thousand trees were mowed, raked and piled in one mountainous mass of wreckage upon some crags and in a narrow-throated gulch between them. This woodpile made the geyser flames and a bonfire to startle even the giants. While trying to account for this extraordinary display there came a series of explosions in rapid succession, ending in a crashing violent one. An ominous, elemental silence followed.

All alone I had enjoyed the surprises, the threatening uncertainties and the dangerous experiences that swiftly came with the fireline battles of this long, smoky war; but when those awful explosions came I for a time wished that some one were with me. Had there been, I would have turned and asked, while getting a better grip on my nerves, "What on earth is that?"

While the startled mountain-walls were still shuddering with the shock, an enormous agitated column of steam shot several hundred feet upward where the fiery geyser had flamed. Unable to account for these strange demonstrations I early made my way through heat and smoke to the big bonfire. In the bottom of the gulch, beneath the bonfire, flowed a small stream; just above the bonfire this stream had been temporarily dammed by fire wreckage. On being released, the accumulated waters thus gathered had rushed down upon the red-hot rocks and cliffs and produced these explosions.

In the morning light this hanging terraced garden of yesterday's forest glory was a stupendous charcoal drawing of desolation.

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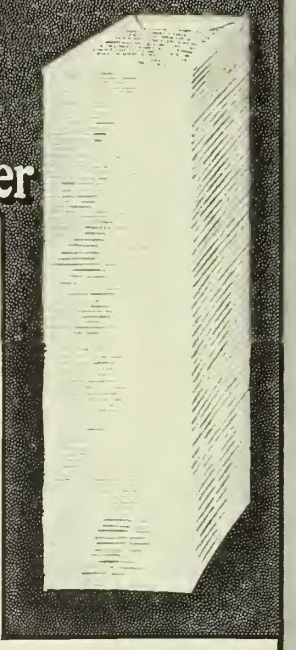

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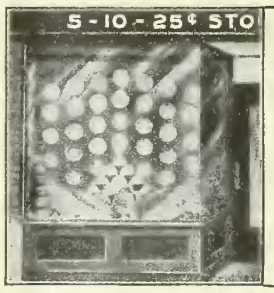

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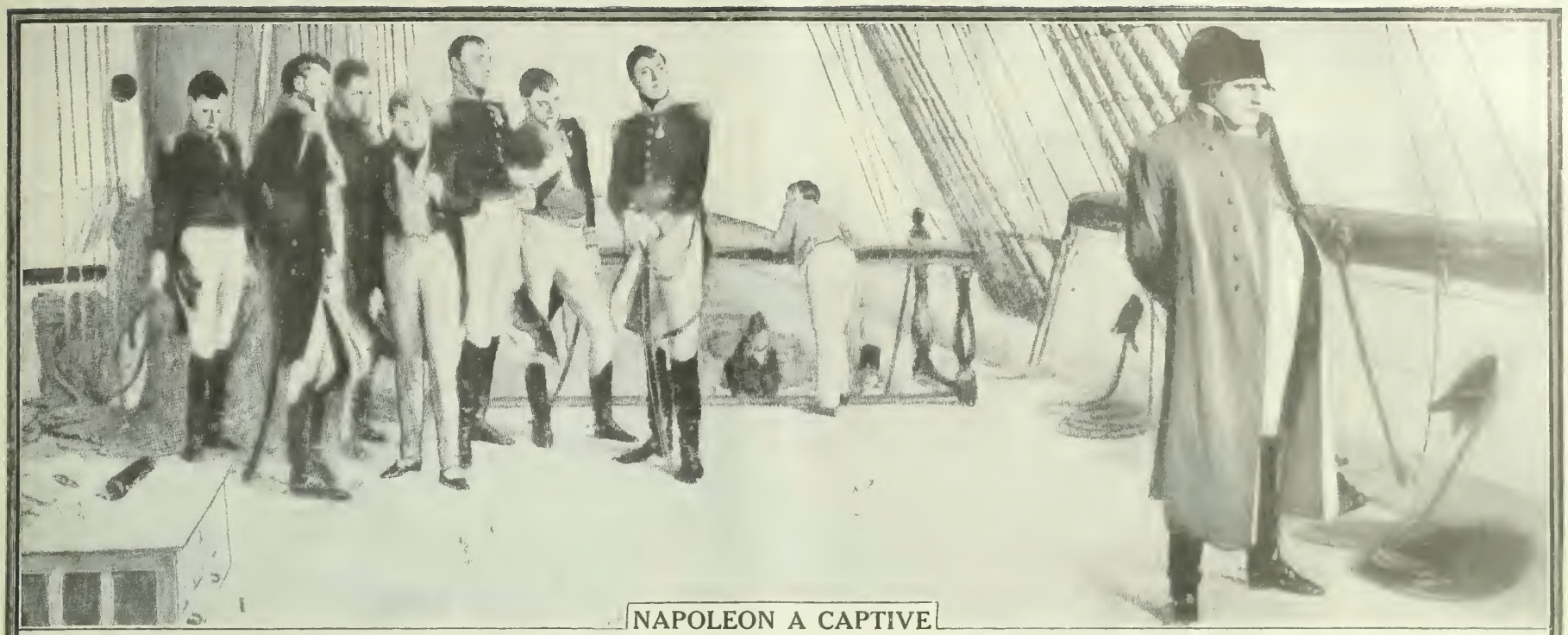

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